

APRIL

CONGRESS STRUGGLES OVER ARMED NEUTRALITY

CURRENT OPINION

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

**GERMANY INVITES MEXICO AND JAPAN
TO DISMEMBER THE UNITED STATES**

**Russia's Struggle With Her German
Sympathizers**

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Taking the Terror Out of Death

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**EUROPE REVISES HER ESTIMATES OF
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CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ALEXANDER HARVEY

ROBERT A. PARKER

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

ON THE ROAD TO WAR WE REACH THE STATION OF ARMED NEUTRALITY

THERE are many diplomatic stations and sub-stations on the road to war, if a nation is not spoiling for a fight. Having dismissed the German ambassador on February 3, we waited for the "overt act." It came in the sinking of the *Laconia* without warning and the loss of two American lives. It was repeated in the sinking of the American ship *Algonquin*, also without warning. Then we proclaimed an "armed neutrality," and waited for the "hostile approach." When that comes we shall doubtless be in "a state of war" with Germany. The sinking of the *Memphis*, *Illinois* and *Vigilancia* may bring it to pass before this is read by our readers. How long this "state of war" will last without an actual declaration of war from either side no one at this writing can say. It may last a year, as it did between this country and France in 1798. At this writing we are in a state of "armed neutrality" announced in the following notice sent by our government to all foreign governments on March 12:

"In view of the announcement of the Imperial German Government on January 31, 1917, that all ships, those of neutrals included, met within certain zones of the high seas, would be sunk without any precaution being taken for the safety of the persons on board, and without the exercise of visit and search, the Government of the United States has determined to place upon all American merchant vessels sailing through the barred areas an armed guard for the protection of the vessels and the lives of the persons on board."

"All American merchant vessels" includes, of course, those carrying munitions of war. "An armed guard" includes, of course, gunners as well as guns. The plan, as further stated, is to place a naval officer with a squad

of gunners on board each ship with a status somewhat like that of a policeman on a street car in times of riot. That is, the officer is not to take orders from the captain nor is he to interfere with the management of the ship. He is to act only for the protection of the ship and to use his own discretion in carrying out his orders. What those orders are is not disclosed, but presumably they contain a clear definition of the rights of "search and seizure" and the nature of a "hostile approach."

Are We Already at War With Germany?

THIS," says the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, referring to the notice of armed neutrality, "is a declaration of war." The *Neueste Nachrichten*, published in Munich, asserts that, if the naval officer takes any part in hostilities or makes forcible resistance, he may be "treated according to the usages of war." This view is sustained by Senator Stone, chairman of the Senate committee on foreign affairs. He says:

"The neutral ship can sell and the neutral ship can convey contraband to a belligerent subject to the hazards of war; but a neutral Government can neither sell nor transport nor aid in the sale or transportation of contraband to a belligerent without committing an act of war. If this Government should arm merchant ships, put gunners aboard, and put armed submarine chasers aboard, and send such merchant ships out loaded with war supplies to be delivered to a belligerent Government, we would become by that very act an ally of the Government benefited. We would be in the war."

Senator Stone, therefore, endeavored to limit the power of the President to the protection of ships that did not carry munitions or contraband. But Philip

Marshall Brown, professor of international law in Princeton University, asserts that it is "practically impossible" any longer to define just what constitutes munitions of war. He quotes Lorimer, an authority on international law, as follows: "All objects are munitions of war if a belligerent is in want of them; and no objects are munitions of war unless, or until, he is in need of them; salt beef and saltpeter are precisely on the same footing in this respect; and steel bayonets may be a superfluity where steel pens are a desideratum." Senator Stone's amendment, therefore, says Professor Brown, would amount to a total prohibition of trade with belligerent nations. He adds: "It would be a most shameful sacrifice of all that we and other nations have fought for in previous wars. It would be an abject and loathsome surrender to that nation which, by every act since its original violation of Belgium, has shown itself to be an international outlaw." Such a course, we are told further, would be not only a betrayal of American trade interests but a betrayal, as well, of the interests of international law and order throughout the world. President Wilson's view, it is evident, coincides with that of Professor Brown. In his message to the Senate asking for a specific grant of power to follow the course he had in mind, he spoke of it as "armed neutrality," and he said: "I am not now proposing or contemplating war or any steps that need lead to it."

**What it Means to Let Our Ships
Be Driven from the Seas.**

SO far from being an unneutral act, says Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, in the *N. Y. Times*, the protection of our merchant ships is a vindication of our neutrality. It is "to protect the great principle that a nation has a right to remain neutral; that it was our international right to refuse to join in the great war, unless compelled to do so by the aggression of belligerents." To fail to protect our ships would be to forsake our neutrality and to sacrifice our

right "to keep alive the great principles of freedom of the seas." To quote further:

"Why not live within our continental shell for a time and let other people destroy each other? Simply because such a peace would cost more than war. If we admit that Germany can drive our commerce from broad areas of sea, we never again can claim the freedom of the seas in any war in which Germany and like-minded powers are concerned. If the United States of America cannot protect its shipping trade, no other neutral can be safe. If we allow such aggressions in time of war they will extend to times of peace. Narrow waters like the English Channel, the Strait of Gibraltar, possibly the Suez and Panama Canals, will be made fortified zones attached to the territory of European powers."

Professor Hart admits that the Allies also have taken "unwarrantable liberties" with our commerce and that we ought to have pressed our protests more strongly. But to have done so, while it might have brought the Allies to terms, would not, he feels sure, have prevented the submarine warfare and the sinking of our ships any more than the general friendliness of Spain and Sweden for Germany has prevented the sinking of their ships.

**Why We Are Friendly With Great
Britain and on the Verge of War
With Germany.**

ON the second of November, 1914, "the whole of the North Sea" was proclaimed by the British admiralty a "military area" and "all merchant and fishing vessels of every description" were warned that they would enter that area "at their own peril" unless they did so "in strict accordance with Admiralty direction." Why, then, are we on the verge of war with Germany and not with Great Britain? The *N. Y. World* answers that question by citing the case of an American schooner caught trying to run Britain's blockade, taken to Falmouth and her cargo removed for the prize court. Says the *World*:

"Now, it may be that the schooner was well within her rights and that the charges are wholly false. But whether



WAITING UP FOR HIM
—Morris in *N. Y. Mail*



A BRYAN PEACE
—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

so or not, there is due process of law on the part of the British Admiralty.

"The schooner was not sunk. The crew were not murdered. The cargo was not destroyed. The ship and her cargo go before a prize court to be judged according to the law, and if injustice is done, the United States Government can intervene.

"The difference between a prize court and a torpedo measures the difference between British and German treatment of American citizens, commerce and rights in this war."

The *New Republic* furnishes a different answer. It thinks that the Germans are quite accurate in pointing out that we have allowed the Allies to bar the road to Germany but have been ready to keep the road to the Allies open even at the risk of war. This, says the

In spite of the fact that the Colonel has offered his services and those of his four sons, it might be well to look to our other defenses.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

Give us more initiative and less referendum.—*Wall Street Journal*.

New Republic, is the real issue stripped of all its technicalities. Then it proceeds to defend our course:

"But when her [Germany's] case has been made with all allowances we are more than ever sure that this nation does right in accepting the blockade and defying the submarine. It does right because the war against Britain, France and Belgium is a war against the civilization of which we are a part. To be 'fair' in such a war would be a betrayal. We would not help Germany to victory. We cannot stand idle as long as there is the least chance of her winning one. If Germany's cause were the better one, this policy would be outrageous as the Germans believe it is. It is because we cannot permit a German triumph that we have accepted the closure of the seas to Germany and the opening of them to the Allies. That is the true justification of our policy, and the only one which will bear criticism."

"Bomb voyage" is fast supplanting the phrase, "Bon voyage."—*Deseret News*.

Now that there are no longer any American interests in Mexico, it seems entirely safe to send an ambassador down there to protect them.—*Savannah News*.

"THE MOST REPREHENSIBLE FILIBUSTER IN HISTORY"

SINCE the Senate of the United States began its existence 138 years ago (transacting all its business for the first seven years behind closed doors), the federal Constitution has been amended seventeen times, the Supreme Court has reversed itself several times, dynasties have fallen, and the map of the world has been changed over and over again; but one thing in this changing world has resisted all change and that is the rule of unlimited debate in the Senate. That is to say, it resisted until last month. Then it also succumbed. No longer can one man or a little coterie of men hold up the ratification of treaties, the enactment of laws,

the appropriation of moneys, the declaration of war, or almost any form of governmental action simply by demanding the floor and holding on to it hour after hour and day after day. Hereafter sixteen Senators can force a vote within twenty-four hours on the subject of curtailing debate, and a two-thirds majority may, without discussion, limit each Senator to one hour's time. This is not as big a revolution as the one in Russia; but it tears up some deep roots and makes



THE ONLY ADEQUATE REWARD
—Kirby in N. Y. World



"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT"
—Tan in Providence Journal

important changes. "The Senate of the United States," said the *N. Y. Times*, just before the change was affected, "is the only legislative body in the world whose powers are limited by such a paralyzing condition."



HOW THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WOULD LOOK HOLDING A REFERENDUM ON A WAR OR PEACE POLICY
—Evans in *Baltimore American*

What Senator Hitchcock stigmatized as "the most reprehensible filibuster in history" was responsible for the quick change.

The President Appeals for Power to Protect Our Ships.

NOT since the Civil War has such a flame of indignation run through the country as made itself manifest in the days succeeding the adjournment of Congress on March 4. The President had made an appeal for specific authority to meet an emergency. He had said to Congress:

"I request that you will authorize me to supply our merchant ships with defensive arms should that become necessary, and with the means of using them, and to employ any other instrumentalities or methods that may be necessary and adequate to protect our ships and our people in their legitimate and peaceful pursuits on the seas.

"I request also that you will grant me, at the same time, along with the powers I ask, a sufficient credit to enable me to provide adequate means of protection where they are lacking, including adequate insurance against the present war risks."

By a vote of 403 to 13, the House had promptly voted to give him the specific power to arm ships, but not the indefinite power implied in the phrase "other instrumentalities." At least 75 of the 96 Senators were ready not only to give him the specific power but the indefinite power as well, and signed a written state-

ment to that effect. (Eleven others, it is said, would have been willing to sign.) But a little group of Senators resisted all efforts to bring the matter to a vote, and as Congress adjourned at noon on March 4, according to the constitutional requirements, the President's appeal was left hanging in the air. Eight days later, after a careful study of the law, the President concluded that he had the requisite power anyhow, and he issued notice of his intention to arm merchant ships at once. But this did not avert the wrath of the nation toward the filibustering Senators, and almost the first thing the new Senate, called to meet in an extra session, did was to change the rule already referred to by a practically unanimous vote.

"A Little Group of Wilful Men" Render Congress Impotent.

BEFORE the change was made, however, the President issued a statement to the public, calling attention to "a situation unparalleled in the history of the country, perhaps unparalleled in the history of any modern government." He said:

"In the immediate presence of a crisis fraught with more subtle and far-reaching possibilities of national danger than any other the Government has known within the whole history of its international relations, the Congress has been unable to act either to safeguard the country or to vindicate the elementary rights of its citizens. More than 500 of the 531 members of the two houses were ready and anxious to act; the House of Representatives had acted, by an overwhelming majority; but the Senate was unable to act because a little group of eleven Senators had determined that it should not. . . . A little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible."

The President does not name the eleven Senators; but the newspapers have been naming them for him, using large and black type for the purpose. They are:

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, Wisconsin.
WILLIAM J. STONE, Missouri.
ALBERT B. CUMMINS, Iowa.
JAMES A. O'GORMAN, New York.
JAMES K. VARDAMAN, Mississippi.
JOHN D. WORKS, California.
HARRY LANE, Oregon.
ASLE J. GRONNA, North Dakota.
GEORGE W. NORRIS, Nebraska.
MOSES E. CLAPP, Minnesota.
WILLIAM F. KIRBY, Arkansas.

In many of the lists the name of Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, is added. Three of the above, O'Gorman, Works and Clapp, terminated their term of service on March 4. Five of the eleven are Democrats—Stone, O'Gorman, Vardaman, Lane and Kirby. The other six are Republicans of the "Progressive" wing, as is also Senator Kenyon.

Burning the Filibustering Senators in Effigy.

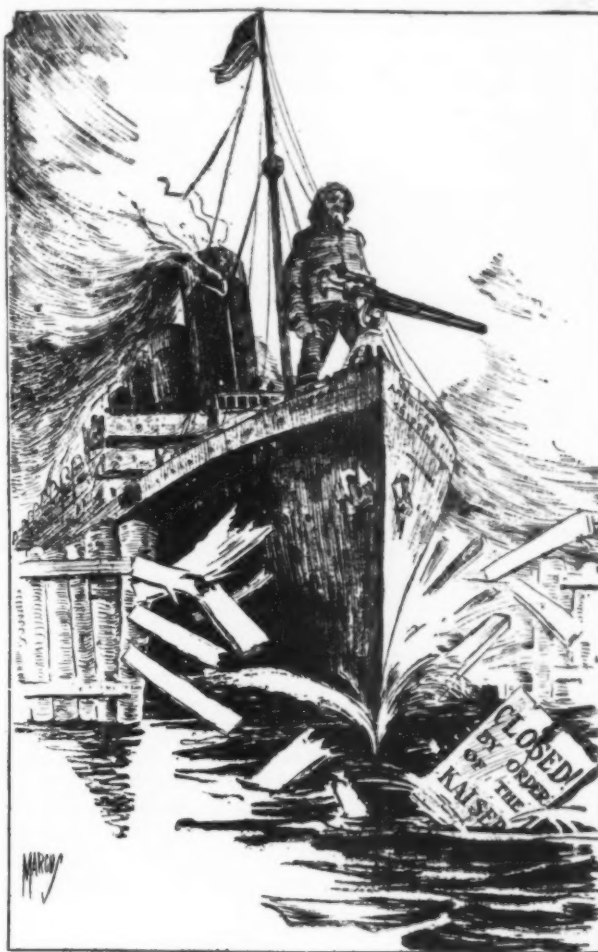
THE news of the Senate's failure to act came hard on the heels of the publication of Zimmermann's note to Mexico and his admission that he wrote it. This conjunction of events set the country aflame at once. In various places La Follette and Stone were hung in effigy. Legislature after legislature and mass-meeting after mass-meeting passed resolutions in sup-

port of the President and denouncing the eleven Senators. These protests were not confined to any section or party. The Texas State Senate accused Stone of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy of his country" and demanded that he be retired from the chairmanship of the foreign relations committee. The whole group of Senators was censured by the Minnesota legislature with but one dissenting vote. The Delaware Senate adopted a similar resolution unanimously. Both houses of the Arkansas legislature commended the President and the Senator from that state who stood by him, and a committee of citizens sent thirty pieces of silver to Senator Kirby with a few invidious remarks about Judas Iscariot. One Democratic candidate for President—Parker—sent to another Democratic candidate for President—Bryan—a caustic note concerning his visit to Washington in order to defeat the President's wishes, with bitter reference to Benedict Arnold. "Only one paper in Wisconsin, aside from the recognized organs of alienism," said the *Milwaukee Journal* a few days after the Senate adjourned, "is supporting Senator La Follette." The Wisconsin Senator was represented as the chief engineer of the filibuster. A number of the eleven Senators have since disclaimed any intention of filibustering; but Cummins, Norris, Gronna, Clapp and Works all seem from the records to have aided actively and persistently in blocking any agreement to fix a time for voting.

What the Filibustering Senators Sought to Do.

THE position taken at the time and maintained since by the filibustering group is that the grant of power to the President to arm the ships and "to employ such other instrumentalities and methods as may in his judgment and discretion seem necessary and adequate to protect such vessels," was virtually a delegation to him of the power belonging to Congress alone to declare war. Some wished the clause "to employ other instrumentalities," etc., stricken out, as was done in the House resolution. Some wished ships bearing munitions to be exempt from protection. But it was not their position on these points that elicited the most severe censure; it was their course in carrying the fight to the point of blocking any action at all, tho they knew a large majority of the Senate was in favor of action. Senator Hitchcock, who had charge of the bill, offered from the floor to give the opponents of it *all* the time for their side of the discussion provided they would agree on any hour for a vote. The refusal to allow any vote has brought forth such a storm of epithets as few living men can remember. The *Baltimore Sun* declared that the group of Senators "formed a league to dishonor the country" and "an anti-treason league should be formed in every state of the Union as a warning to them and other aliens in heart." The *Detroit Journal* couples the twelve Senators and the thirteen Representatives together as "copper-streaked politicians," "mongrels" and "members who have proved treasonable, who have shamed their country

and made a mockery of their oaths of office." The *N. Y. Evening Sun* speaks of "the group of moral perverts" and declares that "it is impossible to retain the smallest vestige of respect or consideration" for



"DAMN THE TORPEDOES! GO AHEAD!"

—Marcus in *N. Y. Times*

them. The *Chicago Herald* refers to them as "a few inflamed and egotistic obstructionists" and calls upon the Senate to change its rules and "muzzle that breed at once." The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, that has been almost a pacifist journal, thinks the group of filibusterers "disgraced themselves in the eyes of their country and of the civilized world." Even the *N. Y. Evening Post*, Oswald Garrison Villard's paper, speaks of "intense irritation" and "exasperation" that "we must all feel." One voice, however—that of William Randolph Hearst—was promptly raised in defense of the Senators. He calls President Wilson's censure a "diatribe," says the Senators were animated by motives "as pure and as patriotic as those of any patriots who ever served their country self-sacrificingly under trying conditions," and interprets their course as simply a refusal "to surrender the powers of Congress to the Executive."

Nearly all Europe has now adopted the saving-daylight scheme. It seems to be about all there is for Europe to save.—*New York World*.

Married congressmen are probably looking forward glumly, but with resigned hopelessness, to the inevitable announcement that the lady from Montana has the floor.—*Baltimore American*.

"Small potatoes" has ceased to be a phrase of depreciation.—*Wall Street News*.

The results of the New York food riots suggest that women do not need the vote if they get hungry enough.—*Savannah News*.

Wall Street is worried to death lest peace break out at almost any minute.—*Los Angeles Times*.

GERMANY INVITES MEXICO AND JAPAN TO DISMEMBER THE UNITED STATES

PROBABLY the most naive document in the history of diplomacy came to light last month. It is the communication from the German foreign minister to the German minister in Mexico, which our State Department intercepted and made public on March 1 through the Associated Press. It is dated January 19, twelve days before Germany announced her intention to resume unrestricted submarine warfare. It consists, in translation, of but 184 words; but in that brief compass these things are proposed: that Mexico enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany; that Mexico reconquer and annex New Mexico, Texas and Arizona; that Japan repudiate her alliance with Germany's enemies and join a new alliance for the invasion of this country. It is, perhaps, the largest-sized scheme ever put into 184 words since the annals of history began. Here is the document in full:

Berlin, Jan. 19, 1917.

"On the 1st of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this, it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America.

"If this attempt is not successful, we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement.

"You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain that there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the President of Mexico, on his own initiative, should communicate with Japan suggesting adherence at once to this plan. At the same time, offer to mediate between Germany and Japan.

"Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico

that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months. "Zimmermann."

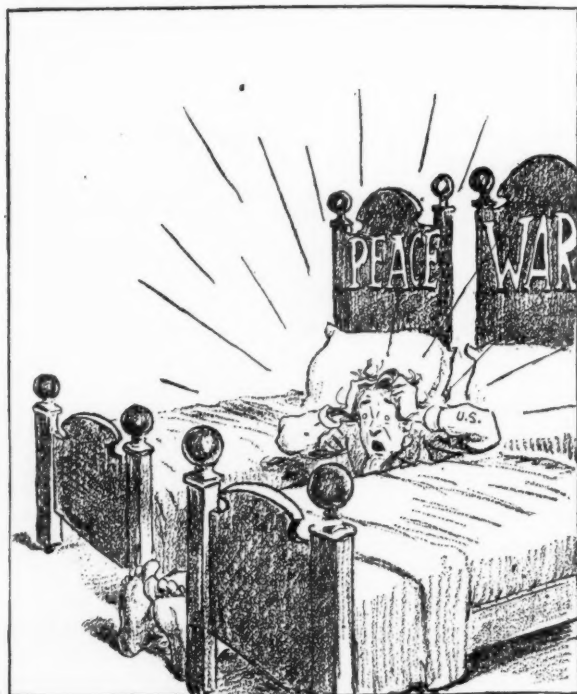
Zimmermann, of course, is the name of Germany's foreign minister. He has acknowledged the letter, which was transmitted to Bernstorff and was secured, in some manner not yet revealed, by our secret service agents on its way to Mexico.

Evidence of German Plots in Mexico.

AS soon as this note was made public, many facts and rumors that had passed lightly on their way began to take on a new significance. When Count von Bernstorff was given his passports, for instance, he expressed a desire not to return to Germany but to be given an asylum in Cuba. Some time before that, Baron von Schön, secretary of the German embassy at Washington, who had been but recently detached from the embassy at Tokio, was again transferred, this time to Mexico City. The German naval and military attachés at Washington, Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, were busy men while they were here, but not too busy, it is known, to make at least one visit to Mexico. The return of Rafael Zubaran, Carranza's minister at Berlin, to Mexico City, was announced a few weeks ago. It was followed by Carranza's proposal to the neutral nations to make a joint effort to end the war and, if it were not successful, to act together in placing an embargo upon all exports of food and munitions to the warring nations. The closing by Carranza of the Banco Nacional and the Bank of London and Mexico, owned by French and British capitalists, in an endeavor to force a loan from them, was ascribed at the time to German influence. Huerta's trip to El Paso, followed by his imprisonment and death, has remained more or less a mystery; but it is known that prior to that time he had been in touch with Captain Boy-Ed and Rintelen, the German agent now in a London prison. Luis Cabrera, while in this country attending the meetings of the Joint Commission, "had numerous conferences with persons connected with the German embassy in Washington," according to information obtained by the *N. Y. Times* "from reliable sources." According to the same informant, the German intrigues in Mexico date back prior to the outbreak of the European war and Carranza himself has been kept "absolutely ignorant" of them. Indeed the plan was to depose Carranza ultimately and replace him with Obregon.

German Intrigues that Cover the Globe.

BUT German plots, as disclosed almost daily since the break with Germany, have a wide range. The papers seized in the raid on von Igel's office last year contained the names of hundreds of persons implicated in a plan to instigate an uprising in India. Several arrests of Hindus and Chinamen were made in this connection last month. China, it is said, has been almost as much of a breeding-place for intrigues as the United States. The recent insurrection in Cuba has been linked up closely with German intrigues by the (official) Bureau of Publicity of Cuba. Ex-President Gomez, head of



"GOSH, I AIN'T ANYWHERE!"

—Brinkerhoff in *N. Y. Mail*

the insurgents, is reported to have transferred his vast wealth, just before the insurrection began, to a wealthy German resident of the island, who left for the United States the day before the trouble was started. Incriminating documents found in the home of Dr. Divino, a member of Gomez's cabinet, are said to have stated that Germany promised to Cuba freedom from "the odious yoke which weighs on the country"—meaning the right the United States still retains to intervene in Cuba to preserve order. In Salvador, in Colombia, in Brazil, in the Danish West Indies, it is claimed that traces of German intrigues have been found. One estimate of the number of German reservists in Mexico to-day runs as high as 100,000. "It is clearly among the possibilities," says the *N. Y. Herald*, "that there is now, or soon will be, a German-Mexican army stronger than the regular army of the United States and that the day of the attempted invasion promised in the Zimmermann note is not far off." In *Viereck's Weekly* (new name of the *Fatherland*) it is said that this plan for an invasion by way of Mexico seems fantastic; but "it is possible that our security may be imaginary," and "we must not be caught napping."

Did Carranza Participate in the German Plot?

WHILE the danger of an actual invasion by way of Mexico, into the Mississippi valley, is generally treated by the press as hardly worth considering, the suspicion that the Mexican government was at least listening to such suggestions is treated as a serious matter. The *Springfield Republican* (far from being a jingo paper) thinks the Zimmermann note becomes intelligible only when viewed as a final pledge "following upon extended previous communications." The *Detroit Journal* takes the following view:

"There is no doubt at all that Carranza and other of the bandit leaders have been lending indulgent ears to the representations of the German agents and have welcomed the whispered plans for the introduction of German arms and German military leaders into their country. The 'first chief' betrayed himself utterly when he sent out his extraordinary 'peace note' to the neutral powers. The letter might have been written in Berlin."

The *Providence Evening Bulletin* sees many signs of "the German virus working in the Carranzista system." Carranza's failure to issue a prompt disclaimer of the German intrigue seems odd to the *Charleston News and Courier* if his hands are clean. The *N. Y. Times* says:

"There are good reasons for continued watchfulness in all our relations with Carranza. He has not yet answered the inquiry regarding the Zimmermann proposal. He has tried to enter into certain negotiations with the South American governments in regard to the European belligerents in which the United States can play no part. The mystery concerning the reported presence of German submarines in the Gulf has not been cleared. He has it in his power to set at rest all doubts about that matter, but now, as always, he sticks to his rôle of proud potentate and seems to feel it beneath his dignity to be obliging."

Germany Tries to Cause Trouble Between Us and Japan.

WHILE the Zimmermann note has thus resulted in embittering the feeling felt in this country toward Mexico, it seems to have had a contrary effect in regard

to Japan. Explicit repudiation of any such proposal is made by Japanese officials. The Premier, Terauchi, says that it would be "sheer madness" for Japan to lend an ear to such a thing, and he speaks of "the persistence



EXPLODING IN HIS HANDS

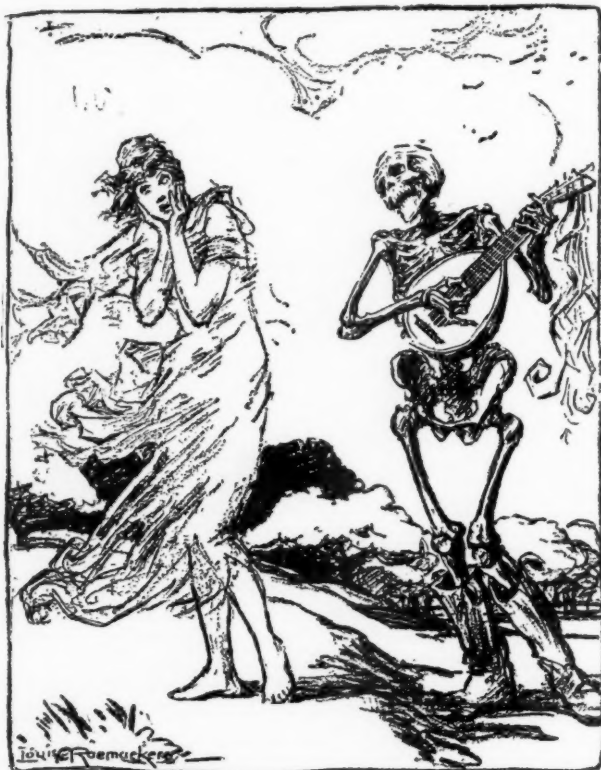
—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

with which the Germans are exerting themselves to estrange Japan from the United States." A statement from the Japanese embassy at Washington denounces the Zimmermann suggestion as "a very monstrous story," and "an absolutely impossible proposal" for Japan to entertain. Dr. T. Iyenaga, editor of a news bureau and described as an "unofficial spokesman of Japan," says that the aim of Germany has been to instil in this country the fear of attack from Japan the moment we adopted a definite policy to defend our honor and our rights. He says positively that such a propaganda has been "most assiduously carried on" for a long time, with the idea, first, of preventing action on our part, second, of securing an opening for negotiating a separate peace with Japan, and, third, of transferring to Japan the burden of enmity America has come to feel for Germany. Ever since the close of the war between Japan and Russia, in 1905, says William Eliot Griffis, in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "European governments have been trying to engender war between the United States and Japan and most Europeans would be glad to see it." Germany, he says, has been especially desirous of "a union of hostile forces" against us; but "the last thing Japan wants or would join in is a war with or an alliance against the United States." Hamilton Holt, editor of the *New York Independent*, says that as far back as 1911, when he was in Japan, he asked a high administrative official to explain the periodic friction arising between the two countries about every seven months. The reply was: "We in the government are not absolutely certain just how that happens with such regularity, but evidence is accumulating that Germany is trying to stir up trouble between Japan and America for her own interests in world domination. It is my belief, and the belief of my associates, that dangerous German propaganda is

"behind all this friction caused by a series of systematic lies."

**Why Japan Could Not Entertain
Zimmermann's Suggestion.**

BUT the press of this country do not base their conclusions upon Japanese protestations alone. The conclusions they draw from facts are that Japan would be flying in the face of her own interests if she consid-



"SPRING SONG," REVISED TO 1917: EUROPEAN EDITION
—By Louis Raemakers

ered Germany's suggestions. Thus the *St. Louis Star*, while crediting the German intriguers with a measure of success in Mexico, thinks it is impossible that Japan has been contemplating treachery to her European allies, since this would be to stake her all upon German success. The *Topeka Capital* recalls the fact that we are the only customer Japan has that buys regularly more than we sell. It recalls also that there is in Canada and Australia a more intense feeling against the Japanese than in this country, which would force Great Britain to block the way to any extension of Japan's power over the Pacific at the expense of this country. "It is known," says the *Topeka* paper, "that the matter has been discussed in the western British colonies to the extent that actual secession from Great Britain and alliance with the United States has been hinted in the event that England failed to come to their support in case of conflict between America and Japan." Japan is looking out for Japan, says the *Charleston News and Courier*, and until the British sea-power is doomed she can not afford to turn to Germany. The *San Francisco Chronicle* also scouts the idea that Japan would be blind enough "to enter into an arrangement with a nearly extinguished European power, and an ineffective American republic, the result of which would be to array the whole effective world against Japan." Besides, remarks the *N. Y. Times*,

Japan has just concluded a treaty with Russia by which she obtains "practically a free hand" to carry out her plans in China. The *Los Angeles Times* is almost alone among influential journals in believing that Japan may have connived in the Zimmermann plot. It says: "It may well be suspected that Germany did not make an offer to aid, with money and ships and soldiers, an invasion of the United States by Japan, without having first received from Japan some intimations, if not some actual assurances, that the proposition would receive favorable consideration."

**"A Cruel Blow to Americans of
German Descent."**

HARDLY an apologist for the Zimmermann note has risen, so far as we can see, outside of Germany and Austria. Even the German-Americans, while some of them can see nothing immoral in it, regard it as a clumsy and foolish effort. "No one," says the *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*, "could have expected such nonsense of a practical statesman," as to propose to Mexico, torn with dissensions, the conquest of the United States. *Viereck's Weekly* thinks the German government "was entirely justified in attempting to provide a counterstroke to meet a possible declaration of war"; but the scheme as evolved "hardly seems to merit serious discussion," and "deals a cruel blow to Americans of German descent." Amazement at the folly of the plot, rather than indignation or alarm, is the dominant note in most of the American comment. Thus the *N. Y. Evening Post* speaks of it as "inconceivable folly," "final proof that the German government has gone stark mad." It says further:

"Among German-Americans, in particular, it will deepen the conviction that the German government has ceased to speak for the German people. As for the ultimate and cumulative effects, they will doubtless be to strengthen the belief that the desperate acts of the German rulers argue the existence of an international madman, whom it is becoming increasingly an international duty to place under restraint."

The *Rochester Post-Express* speaks of this "latest and incredibly childish blunder," and moralizes thus:

"The probable fact is that no man can understand his fellow men if he is absolutely contemptuous of them, holding himself superior to them in every way. This is the



THE GREAT SPRING DRIVE
—Morris in *The Independent*

proclaimed Prussian attitude and on it they openly base the claim of right to impose their kultur and their rule upon the world. This war, however, is leading the Germans to reevaluate their rulers. . . . All the indications are that this most masterful and arrogant autocracy of modern times is to be numbered now and finished."

It would be well if Carranza's attentions were called from trying to make peace in Europe to a few little peace details on the border.—*Baltimore American*.

It was almost as hard for Mr. Gerard to get out of Germany as it is for the Allied armies to get in.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

So foolish does the Zimmermann note seem to the *Chicago Tribune* that it even expresses a suspicion that it might have been intended to come into the possession of our government in the hope that it would so alarm us as to deter us from going to war!

With food riots, high prices, and a war tax, we are having all the sensations of war without damage to our Army or Navy.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

The Kaiser says that, in order to escape the submarines, we must paint our ships in red and white stripes. The barber-pole color-scheme suggests a close shave.—*New York Telegraph*.

THE SWIFT SUCCESS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

THE land that has stood to most of us since our childhood days as the most complete symbol of autocratic power—Russia—has by one swift stroke ended the reign of the Czar, scrapped the doctrine of "divine right," proclaimed a government that is to rest on the consent of the governed, pledged itself to "universal, direct, equal and secret suffrage," freed to political prisoners, recalled the political exiles and promised the removal of all religious disabilities. It has done this, as it would seem from the first reports, almost without bloodshed, in the midst of a stupendous war, with the Duma, the soldiers, the laboring classes and an important element of the nobility working in most surprising harmony. In the imperial manifesto in which the Emperor of all the Russias, the Czar of Poland, the Grand Duke of Finland and the head of the Holy Orthodox Church, Nicholas II., announces his abdication, for his son as well as for himself, he says: "We hand over the government to our brother in full union with the representatives of the nation who are seated in the legislative chambers, taking this step with an inviolable oath in the name of our well-beloved country." This brother, Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, announces that he will accept the throne "only with the consent of the Russian people, who should by a plebiscite establish a new form of government and new fundamental laws." In the meantime he urges submission to the new government.

Invisible Government at the Court of the Czar.

TO the authority of this Provisional Government, according to the cable dispatches, the General Staff of the Army and the General Staff of the Navy made haste to submit. The military forces of Petrograd, Moscow and other cities quickly did likewise. The chief element of uncertainty for the next few weeks must be the attitude of the six million soldiers at the front. Assurances on this point are not lacking but they are not yet convincing. It may be noted, however, that on the Stock Exchange in New York City Russian securities, which on the first day fell off a point, quickly recovered and there was a sharp movement in international exchange in favor of Petrograd. At the time of the uprising in 1905 Russian five per cent. bonds dropped off from 119½ to 94, and it was months before they recovered even one-half the loss. The results of the revolution are on the knees of the gods; but the causes have been emerging for weeks. Last November, Professor Milyukoff, the foreign minister in the new provisional government, made an attack, in his address at

the opening of the Duma, upon the "dark forces" which represented pro-German influence in the Court. Ever since then it has been possible, despite the close censorship of all European journals, to trace a rapidly rising resentment against these mysterious "dark forces." The *London Telegraph* and the *London Nation* have been allowed to voice their suspicions of treachery to the Allied cause on the part of these "dark forces," which, according to the London papers, had the autocracy in their grip and were working desperately for a separate peace between Germany and Russia. The Revolution is, to all appearances, a movement to crush these "dark forces," replace the autocracy with a constitutional government and prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion. "One fact about which there can be no doubt," the *Berlin Tageblatt* admits, "is that the leaders of the new movement, above all other things, intend a determined prosecution of the war."



THE ROAD TO VICTORY

GERMANY: "Are we nearly there, All-Highest?"

ALL-HIGHEST: "Yes; we're getting near the end now."

—Partridge in *London Punch*

Pro-German Intrigue In Petrograd.

THE Paris *Temps* has for weeks been giving much space to German intrigues in Russia and to the charges of treason with which Russia has been filled ever since Stürmer became premier. According to the *Temps*, the center of pro-German intrigue affecting Russia has been transferred from Sweden to Switzerland. Diplomatic adventurers of doubtful standing are made emissaries from Petrograd to Lucerne, undertaking sometimes to speak in the name of Mr. Protopoff himself. Efforts to apprehend these mysterious agents are blocked, sometimes by powerful influence. They live in luxury without visible means of support. Their activities are attended by insinuations in such German dailies as the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* to the effect that a separate peace with Russia is all but arranged. The greatest of the mysteries is the well-informed condition of the German press on Russian affairs at a time when the *Reich* and even the *Novoye Vremya* are censored. In communication with agents of the Wilhelmstrasse will be found Russian bureaucrats important enough to be connected as officers with the secret police. Russian ladies famed for their pro-German proclivities open salons in neutral lands and these salons are thronged with bureaucrats from Petrograd, now and then ostentatiously using the

German language. The gossip of these salons will include rumored collapses of ministries at Petrograd that are verified by the event. Agents of Prince von Bülow hint at the separate peace. Matters were made worse by the veil of mystery dropped upon the Russian scene so that even the names of foreign ministers remained unknown to the outside world. What has been worse, the efficiency of the army has been seriously affected, as the Paris *Temps* has been permitted to say indirectly and as the Rome *Tribuna* has said very directly. The Japanese have performed prodigies, all French organs agree, in sending munitions across Asia. The British have done everything possible to establish order in the finances. The men in the ranks of the Russian battalions march bravely and fight heroically. Nevertheless, everything is a welter of confusion. Trains bearing supplies to the field forces are stalled for miles. Traffic is so congested on all lines that a town will be on the verge of starvation while vast stores of food accumulate a hundred miles off. The first work of the new provisional government is to bring order out of this chaotic condition and to bring efficiency into the conduct of the war. The second is to inaugurate a constitutional government and to determine whether it shall take the form of a limited monarchy or a republic. According to Lloyd George "one of the landmarks of history" has been reached.

SOUTH AMERICAN ATTITUDE TO THE WILSON POLICY

IN any summary of South American newspaper opinion on the subject of the submarine crisis, allowance must be made for a personal prestige won by President Wilson. His failure to act upon the "strong man and big stick" policy in Mexico, as a phrase in the *Prensa* (Buenos Ayres) has put it, conciliated South American newspaper opinion in a marked degree, so that even the great Argentine daily just named, which can scarcely be called a champion of this country, accorded Mr. Wilson a measure of discreet praise. With the development of the Wilson policy in Colombia and the effort to soothe national susceptibilities ruffled by action at Panama some years ago, the Washington government has come into unusual favor with South American dailies as far apart in standpoint as the *Jornal do Commercio* (Rio de Janeiro) and the *Montevideo Siglo*. It is true that the Chilean newspapers, prone to suspicion of this country, have now and then ridiculed the Wilson "notes." One or two of them, like a stray contemporary in the Argentine, will be found saying that President Wilson bewilders the republics to the south of us. Nevertheless, even the Chilean dailies admit that Mr. Wilson has tried to get the South American point of view in international relations and that he, more than any President of the United States in recent years, is entitled to lead the western hemisphere in the present crisis. His submarine policy is endorsed by the influential South American press as a whole.

Rio de Janeiro to be Guided by Washington.

THE great service rendered to the western hemisphere by President Wilson, to follow another utterance in the *Paiz* (Rio de Janeiro), has been the unifica-

tion of the diplomacy of the whole continent. Time was when the Washington government adhered to a dollar diplomacy subordinating national pride and national sensitiveness to vested interests. That day has passed, as the events in Mexico prove. Only a strong President in Washington, we read, would have had the courage to refuse intervention at the behest of powerful interests merely because South America was looking on with suspicion. President Wilson has not taken his South American policy from Europe, and hence the Brazilian daily feels it can applaud him. In words that imply something to the same purport, the influential *Jornal do Commercio* (Rio de Janeiro) adds that Brazil will participate in the action of the Washington government relative to the crisis with Germany, for a duty is laid upon the leading republic in the south to stand with the leading republic in the north. This is all the easier, the paper proceeds, because the present government in Washington has striven to conciliate South American opinion and susceptibilities in all things. The *Correio de Manhã* says: "We should lend all the moral support we can to the action of the United States government at Washington and that republic will be the natural and proper guide for us in this world crisis. There is not seated at Washington in the presidential chair a blusterer but a statesman." A certain vacillation has characterized the attitude of the new world to the old in the matter of neutrality, suspects the *Razão*, one of the important newspapers of Brazil. The difficulty of the new world has been to find an authoritative spokesman; but now that difficulty is got over. The attitude of the United States under President Wilson, it says, points the way to Brazil, which has likewise shown her hand."

GERMANY'S READINESS TO DEFY THE WHOLE WORLD IN ARMS

THAT troublesome interview with Sir Douglas Haig, promising a reverse to the forces of Hindenburg all along the western front by next May, had its effect upon the Berlin general staff. A definite purpose was formed by the Germans, if we may trust the *Paris Journal*, to anticipate the allied offensive. Hindenburg is well known for his doctrine that an offensive is the best of all defensives. The Paris dailies report a very rigid inspection of the German lines in all western Europe under the personal supervision of Ludendorff. This is the invariable prelude to a tactical movement of some kind. There were retirements along the Somme front within recent weeks, but the military expert of the *Paris Gaulois* observes that too much can be made of these tactical "accidents." The retirements of the Germans are proof positive to the expert of the *Matin* that some "conception" is in process of development. The Berlin general staff takes the threat of Sir Douglas Haig very seriously. The words of that soldier, given in the *Paris Journal* and later repudiated, are taken, all the same, as authentic. This interview was sent in proof to headquarters in northern France before publication and by some blunder failed to come under the eye of Sir Douglas himself, being passed in the usual order of business by the censor. He said positively that the Allies will begin a "drive" when the warm weather dries the soil sufficiently to hold the heavy guns. That is inferred in the London press to mean that operations on a great scale have been fully prepared.

An Allied Misconception Regarding Germany.

THE court circle in Berlin, to follow an account in the *Rome Tribuna*, has made up its mind that the war must go on indefinitely. While military experts of well-informed English organs like the *Manchester Guardian* affirm confidently that the war is to end next spring at the latest, we find the Italian daily and its Roman contemporaries far less confident. There has grown up in the British mind, and even in the American mind, as the Italians view the subject, an erroneous theory of Germany's power of endurance. Then, too, the reports from the Central Empires are invariably those of first-hand observers who are not expert in the subject they discuss, men and women without the professional training to enable them to interpret signs of starvation or illness in relation to a war. The suffering of a civilian population is always excessive in a period of prolonged hostilities. There is no evidence as yet that the limit of German endurance has been reached. Manifestations of German popular discontent on a great scale in the industrial districts are characteristic of peace times. There were food riots at Crimmitschau before the war began. They may signify no more than food riots in other cities outside Germany. Members of Ambassador Gerard's returning party have expressed, since their arrival in America, the view that Germany, by means of rigid economy, may be able to hold out until she finds relief from new crops. In short, the evidence that Germany is starving does not convince the Italian press, which admits that privation due to war may prevail for a long time without affecting the destinies of the conflict. Italian dailies accept very gener-

ally a revised impression among the Swiss that the Germans are reconciled to a grim, stern siege.

Progress of the Conflict in the Bundesrath.

FOR an explanation of the series of events which began with the revival of Germany's submarine war and reached a climax in the break with Washington, we are referred by the neutral papers, such as the *Journal de Genève* and the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*, to the persistent deadlock in the Bundesrath. This central institution of the whole German imperial system has for months been torn by the dissensions between the friends of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg and the uncompromizing Prussian Junkers. The *Reichsgesetzblatt* or official organ of the Bundesrath has long ceased to be a guide to its proceedings, while in other newspapers the baldest summaries of its acts are given. To this deadlock in the Bundesrath was ascribed by some Socialist organs the failure to come to a separate peace with Russia. One of the many suppressions of the Socialist *Vorwärts* followed that newspaper's denunciation of the Bundesrath for bringing on a crisis with the United States. Every European daily following this crisis admits that the facts are obscure, altho inferences are many. There is no doubt, however, according to the neutral organs named, that the uncertainties, evasions and inconsistencies of the Wilhelmstrasse under Jagow as well as Zimmermann reflect the fortunes of the struggle in the Bundesrath. Control passes from one faction to another, the Wilhelmstrasse taking orders and cues accordingly, the Bundesrath committee on foreign relations having American affairs under its eye.

Guesses at the Secrets of the Bundesrath.

ON one point only does there seem agreement among the delegates to the Bundesrath. Germany must fight the war to a finish without thought of making peace tho the struggle last twenty years. That is how the attitude is set forth in those Swiss dailies which are in touch with Prince von Bülow. In the main, conflicts rage around such subjects as eastern or western offensives, the submarine, the possible invasion of Switzerland, the attitude to Holland and the correspondence with Washington. It is said that within a recent period Bavaria abruptly changed her delegation in the Bundesrath in connection with the submarine crisis. The war, as the *Paris Débats* has observed more than once, is imposing a tremendous strain upon the constitution of the German Empire. Matters have now reached such a stage that no correspondence of any importance can be conducted with a neutral without a scene behind the doors of the Bundesrath, echoes of which reach the outside world and add to the mystification. The chancelleries must, therefore, be prepared for dramatic modifications at any time of Germany's attitude to her foreign relations. Even the submarine policy, firmly determined upon by the extremists of the Pan-German type, may in its application to circumstances be given a new aspect with reference to neutrals. The foreign relations of Germany, suspects the French daily, will be conducted in the same fantastic

fashion until the struggle in the Bundesrath is settled either in favor of the Prussian Junker policy or in accordance with the views of the more liberal element which has kept von Bethmann-Hollweg in power. It is presumed that the Chancellor deems the difficulty with America a huge Berlin blunder.

Germany's Undiminished Faith in Her Army.

SO unified is the German higher command under the staff in Berlin that the discord in the Bundesrath, as all the organs of the Allies concede, does not affect the fortunes of the land war even on its strategical side. The land war has of late drawn German newspaper comment away from the submarine issue. In fact, there are German dailies which warn their readers against excessive optimism on the subject of submarines, pointing out that for Germany the war is to be decided on land, the sea forces being merely auxiliary. In the words of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

"The strategical foundation of the decisive effect of the submarine campaign lies on the continent of Europe, that is, on our land fronts. The fronts must hold firm. Only in that event will success be of a kind to decide the war. On this head, Hindenburg, the competent authority, has set our minds at rest. The purely material effects of the submarine campaign will not take place in a day and those people who are at present talking of England being laid low in a very short time are rendering no service to the people of Germany. What we have to do is to bring down the nation which is mightiest at sea. This cannot be done through a simple decision to conduct a ruthless submarine war. Our determination will provoke the most drastic measures to counteract it. Great power, great resolve and a high degree of skill on the part of the enemy will be opposed to the practical carrying out of our design. . . .

"The enemy press declares every day that Germany has already lost the war, that she is playing her last card at sea because she perceives no further prospect of triumph on land and that the war has become a gambler's hazard for Germany. In marked contradiction to the blind confidence of the enemy in his own favorable situation, discussions are becoming ever more frequent about the possibility of a German offensive at Odessa, about the menacing of Monastir and about the prospect of success for a German offensive in the West. To all this is added the formation of an English volunteer corps for the defense of that country from an invasion by our troops."

Germany wants its place in the sun and the United States insists on its place on the ocean.—*Detroit Free Press*.

German View of the State of the Anglo-Saxon Mind.

NOT since the beginning of the war has there prevailed throughout Germany, so far as her press is a guide, a more serene confidence in the outcome of the contest. The great offensive of this spring will be a German offensive and not an Allied offensive, declares the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin). The *Vorwärts* (Berlin), which may be regarded as an organ of official Socialism, professes astonishment at an impression in the outside world that Germany is trembling on the brink of a catastrophe, and it gives details to suggest that the English are cowering in fear of what is in store for them this summer. English newspapers conceal their fear of the immediate future, observes the *Neueste Nachrichten* (Munich), by outbreaks of rage against Germany. After dwelling upon the murderous tendencies which it ascribes to England as the moral assassin of the world, the Leipzig *Neueste Nachrichten* utters its scorn of "the Yankees." When those Yankees find their own house afire, it adds, Americans will be able to thank their cousin John Bull, for the methods of Germany soon to be employed will before long compel John Bull and his lackey, Woodrow Wilson, to recognize the limits of what they consider their own omnipotence. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, professing the characteristic confidence of all German newspapers in the military outlook for this spring and summer, observes on the subject of England:

"England's aim is to prevent Germany from affecting the balance of power in any and all circumstances, and to make the continent of Europe rend itself asunder that England may reap more power and glory. This time, indeed, matters have turned out rather differently. England herself has to bleed and that to an extent which in the past two and a half years has already exceeded all the sacrifices of blood and treasure England has made since the days of Sir Walter Raleigh for the purpose of establishing and retaining her enormous power. It is with a feeling of satisfaction that we take note of this fact. Since England has been aptly styled a new Carthage, we will trust that her fate will one day be fulfilled with all the severity that attended the doom of Carthage. We trust that the Roman Empire of modern times is none other than the new German Empire, the destruction of which England has vowed, just as in ancient times the shop-keeping people of Carthage vowed the destruction of firmly united and tireless Rome."

The Turks claim that they are fighting for liberty. It is not improbable, for it is a free fight all around.—*Deseret News*.

EUROPE'S SUSPICION REGARDING PRESIDENT WILSON'S DESIGNS ON THE OLD WORLD

A GOOD deal of uneasiness prevails in the foreign office at London with reference to President Wilson's theories of sea power. He needs to be informed with frankness, says the *London Post*, a daily in touch with diplomatic opinion, that no designs upon British sea power, disguised as they may be as pleas for freedom of the seas, will be entertained by Downing Street. This is an echo of the view expressed in one form or another by the *London Spectator* to the effect that no project for the reduction of the squadrons of the mistress of the seas, whether labeled "freedom of the seas" or "durable peace," can even be considered by the British. All comment in England tends to take the form of

reminders to President Wilson that Great Britain, as the *London Post* says, "lives by the sea." Mr. Wilson seems to forget, adds the *Yorkshire Post*, that projects affecting sea power concern England more than any other nation. The point is taken up by the French newspapers, which likewise cherish suspicions that the words of President Wilson have a tendency to promote German ideas of international relations rather than the purposes of the Allies in waging the war to a final decision. There is, indeed, a tendency in some European dailies to defend Mr. Wilson as a noble dreamer of lofty ideals who does not know what he is talking about. Other organs of responsible opinion fear that

the President is meditating a vast project of interference in the affairs of the old world, the Madrid *Epoca* saying, for example:

"President Wilson's words are indeed a striking instance of breadth of view and of loftiness of purpose. Liberty of commerce, freedom of the seas, permanent peace, limitation of armaments and of fleets, the end of all violence, the reign of justice on the earth—who does not long for the realization of this fine dream? When men are angels and when a supreme power, purged of all passion and provided with sufficient force, can impose its authority on every nation, President Wilson will at last be in a position to intone his chant of peace. What confidence can he have in his own words when side by side with his pacifist message he encourages measures for improving and strengthening the army and the navy of his own country? What confidence can we have while we preserve the memory of the ill-omened year 1898? The words of Wilson are susceptible of two constructions, one based upon his ideals and the other upon a theory of a more vigorous intervention of the United States Government in European affairs."

German Bewilderment at the Course of Mr. Wilson.

WHEN the head of the Wilhelmstrasse, Herr Zimmermann, told a Reichstag committee that Germany was unable to fathom the mind of President Wilson and was constantly bewildered by his words and deeds, he gave without intending it an exact summary of the press comment of his own country upon the development of Washington diplomacy. That organ of popular opinion in Cologne, the *Volkszeitung*, persisting in its well-known view that Woodrow Wilson strives to dominate the world after the fashion of a colossus, affords this impression of the President's latest designs:

"Even admitting that President Wilson possibly permits himself to be swayed by the desire to establish the future relations of governments and peoples on a certain foundation, one must be afflicted with blindness who does not perceive that Mr. Wilson has the burning ambition to step forward as the leader of a new humanity and to create for his country an authoritative influence in world questions.

"It is this which chiefly characterizes Mr. Wilson's pronouncements and causes him in individual passages at times to adopt a tone bordering closely on the limits of the endurable. No chief of state has ever before addressed other powers in a tone resembling his. Mr. Wilson has chosen a forum from which he sees all the nations of the globe assembled as his hearers. He speaks to the great powers of Europe in the capacity of the preacher of a new system of justice and freedom. While asserting that he does not depart from American traditions, Mr. Wilson has, for all that, made an abrupt breach with them in regard to abstention from dealing with European politics and alliances with European lands. Nevertheless, he declines to tolerate interferences by the latter in American affairs. The day may come when he will reflect upon the consequences growing out of his claim in behalf of his own country which his own country refuses in behalf of the old world. . . .

"That America is interested in the conclusion of the war is no adequate justification of the all-embracing international activity which Mr. Wilson frames."

Germany Takes Issue With Woodrow Wilson.

THE demand for a completely liberated Poland is but one of the details seized upon by the press of Germany in its criticisms of President Wilson's latest utterances. Poland, complains the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*, is to be liberated by German blood

in order that Mr. Wilson may enforce international ideals that are hostile to Germany. This journal heartily endorses, however, the project for freedom of the seas upon which Mr. Wilson lays stress. He is believed in other German journals, including the democratic *Frankfurter Zeitung*, to realize the evil of British domination of the deep. There are German dailies which interpret the President's demand for freedom of the seas and of access to it on equal terms as a tacit adhesion to the German policy of retaining Belgium. What the Dardanelles mean for Russia the English Channel means for Germany, according to the great organ of the industrial interests of the Rhein. The German newspapers of Austria and Switzerland are somewhat more deferential in tone in dealing with Mr. Wilson, the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* observing that even powerful European nations cannot ignore the views of the great republic on the other side of the ocean. The Berne *Bund* heartily welcomes the words of Wilson because they are in harmony with the views of people who deem themselves democratic; but the Berne *Tagblatt* advises Mr. Wilson not to blink military facts and to remember that the Central Powers will reject impossible demands even from him.

French Sarcasm at the Expense of Woodrow Wilson.

IN any summary of the press opinion of the French on the subject of the policy of President Wilson in world affairs, it must be borne in mind that the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street are, in the words of the Paris *Temps*, a diplomatic unit. The whole policy of France as regards freedom of the seas is made in the British foreign office. Great weight attaches, from this point of view, to the words of an inspired expert on world politics, given in more than one Paris daily as editorial utterances, approved by the ministry. "President Wilson," it is said in the *Gaulois* and the *Matin*, "still puts all belligerents on the same plane. He does not know what Germany is. He leaves out of account the origin of the war. He implies that a combination of alliances was the cause of the war. The entente was formed only as a defense against German ambition and to reestablish the balance of power in Europe. Mr. Wilson dismisses somewhat too summarily the vital interests of the Allies." There are many of the now familiar reminders to Mr. Wilson of the course of Abraham Lincoln when France joined Great Britain in suggesting joint European action in our own Civil War. Woodrow Wilson is famed for his fine language, observes the *Rappel*, but Lincoln used even finer language in the vindication of a policy of war for liberty. The Paris *Echo* remarks:

"Was not Lincoln victorious over the English, Dewey over the Spanish? What Mr. Wilson has in mind, no doubt, is that no one nation should be broken and annihilated as a result of this struggle. He would not wish that Germany, criminal as she is, should be treated as she has treated northern France, the Belgians and the Serbs. He may rest assured that the Allies are incapable of committing the crimes that Germany has perpetrated. . . .

"Mr. Wilson suggests that Russian ships could be guaranteed free passage through the Straits without Constantinople's being given to Russia. But was it not understood before the war that Russian merchantment should pass freely through the Straits? Turkey herself, impelled by Germany, tore up all treaties and attacked Russia. The United States knows how firmly a maritime strait must be

held by those who need to use it and what America expended to fortify Panama. Until the moral law is vindicated it is useless to talk of freedom of the seas."

The *Victoire* is most sarcastic of all, for it feels little faith in Woodrow Wilson:



AN ADVANCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT

This is the scene of an incident in an engagement that resulted in the capture of nearly a mile of German trenches by the British. Under cover of smoke-bombs, a detachment has crept up on a couple of machine guns. One officer is putting one of the guns out of action with a hand-bomb, another is picking off the crew of the other gun with his revolver. The event is depicted by the war artist, Ernest Prater.

"Monsieur le President, if you can persuade the Hohenzollerns to give up Alsace-Lorraine, Prussian Poland and Danish Schleswig-Holstein according to the principles you so eloquently expound, you will have won the greatest victory that philosophical eloquence ever brought off on this earth. Unfortunately, we Allies have abandoned our faith in miracles."

Italian Views of the Wilson Policy.

ITALIAN dailies deprecate the tendency of certain organs to dwell upon the personality of Woodrow Wilson in discussing his international policy. The *Tribuna* at the same time observes that the eloquent and distinguished President of the United States obviously suffers from his aloofness from the conflict. He does not get the European point of view in what is, after all, a European conflict first of all. The champions of liberty must either prevail or go down in defeat, and this the President does not see. "President Wilson is inspired by high ideals," adds the *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome), "but his policy cannot be translated into reality without forcing the war to its logical end, which is the triumph of the nations which are fighting to prevent the consummation of a plan of violence and oppression." The difficulty of Mr. Wilson, according to both the *Stampa* and the *Corriere della Sera*, is in realizing that the European War, from its very nature, is one for supremacy in Europe between two conflicting theories of government and society, that of autocracy and that of democracy, that of reaction and that of progress. The *Stampa*, nevertheless, warns its readers against the practice, growing common in Europe, of judging Mr. Wilson's policy by phrases torn out of the context of his utterances and venting a general irritation at the situation of Europe upon his head.

English Press in Alarm at Woodrow Wilson.

WERE it not for the propensity of Woodrow Wilson to employ in his expressions of policy a language susceptible of different interpretations in different countries—phrases like "freedom of the seas," "armed balance of power," and so on—there would be less suggestion in England regarding "dark forces" behind him, says the *London News*. The sinister suggestions of the dark forces behind him are not made by the foreign office, this paper declares, which feels confident that no subterranean or back-stairs influence sways the President.

"His detachment is excessive; his demand for peace without victory invites misunderstanding; his reference to the freedom of the seas is partly unintelligible, partly irrelevant, partly provocative. Let all that be agreed, if it will clear the air. Anything is better than ignoring the fundamentals in our anxiety about the incidentals. And the fundamental fact is that Mr. Wilson



MIDNIGHT IN A GALICIAN VILLAGE

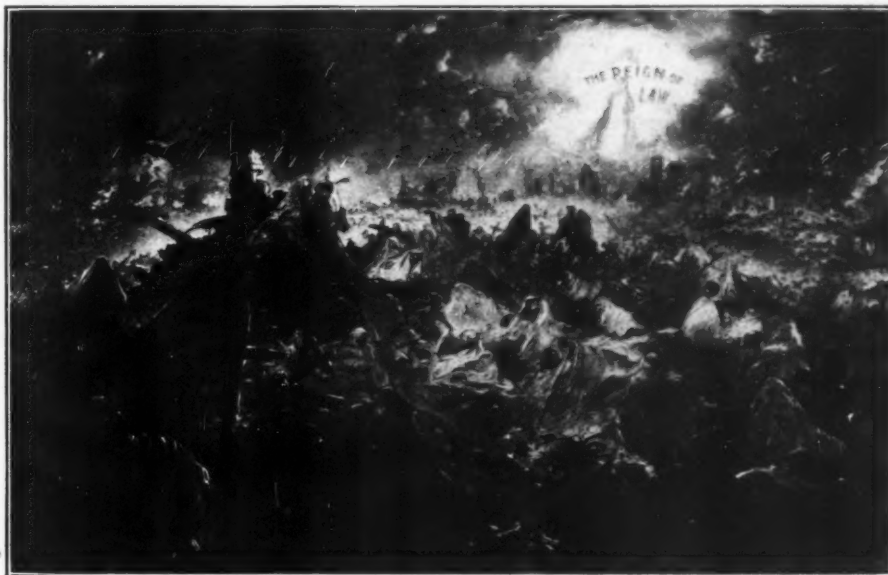
A sudden attack under cover of the night, flaming huts lighting up the scene weirdly, the Russian soldiers hurrying in confusion to repel the invaders, through the muck the spire of a church rising with their gleaming crosses—such are the details of a *mélée* seen by Wladimiroff in suffering Galicia.

wants what we want—a settlement based on equity, justice, and the rights of nationalities, and a future world order in which the organized force of the whole family of nations will be turned against the first disturber of the public peace. The *Novoye Vremya* derides the idea of America as the constable of Europe. America has coveted no such rôle. What she has proposed is a constabulary enlisted from the nations of Europe and America and Asia—and that would give the world a stability it has never known. The fact that our first business is to carry the war to its appointed end gives no justification for postponing thoughts of peace conditions till peace conditions are restored. If our fight is in truth for humanity our vision must be broad enough to comprehend the future not of a nation, or an empire, or an Alliance, but of humanity. It is a lesson that we seem curiously slow to learn."

British Idea of the Aim of Wilson.

SO much which is purely querulous gets into all British comment upon the policy of Mr. Wilson, concedes the *London Telegraph*, that the strength of the popular forces behind him is forgotten. The President

makes one declaration of high importance—that his country will lend the weight of its armed might to a plan for the permanent maintenance of world peace when it is secured. Says the London paper:



AFTER THE WAR—A FRENCH ARTIST'S VISION

With his back against a shattered rock, with the ruins of a home behind him, the Kaiser stands confronted by the risen wraiths of the countless dead who have perished in the war and who demand reparation. Brooding over the scene of desolation, in the background rises the Reign of Law, like the sun breaking through the storm-clouds. The conception is that of M. Thiriat, a French artist.

"Mr. Wilson lays down a policy for his country. How that country will take it is not our affair; but we have to realize that the question raised involves a vital change in its traditions and national practice, and that if the President and his compatriots believe, as they do, that the end of the war is not far distant, they will naturally set about making up their minds about this matter."

President Wilson Regarded as a Dreamer.

WHAT inspired Mr. Wilson, "a learned historian of high ability," to undertake an excursion into the "realm of fantasy"? The explanation, replies the conservative *London Post*, from which the question is taken, would seem to be that Mr. Wilson is essentially a moralist. "Now it is part of the business of a moralist to discover justification for conduct." If President Wilson's speeches of late be studied as a justification of the course of his government in the war, it immediately becomes intelligible:

"Between the serene vision of President Wilson and the blood-darkened prospect in which the Allies are groping there opens a gulf deep as the sea, as wide as the difference between reality and what the President calls 'soft concealments.' He affects, and doubtless sincerely, to 'uncover realities.' These are not our realities of the Old World. But among Mr. Wilson's aspirations, which we may admire, tho without conviction, is a definite proposition that intimately concerns this country above all other countries. It is the proposal to establish the 'freedom of the seas.' The President was careful not to define that expression. But if he means that he desires so to alter the law of nations as to confer upon neutrals and belligerents on the sea privileges which they do not, and cannot, use on land, and at the same time to impose limitations upon naval strength as well as upon its use, we tell President Wilson in plain terms that Great Britain and her allies will have none of it."



A COMMON SCENE IN THE RUSSIAN TRENCHES

The priests of the Holy Orthodox Catholic Church, in their robes, bearing ikons and with an attendant bearing a bowl of holy water, are sprinkling the devout soldiers on the fighting-line. This is the photograph of a drawing made by a Russian war artist, I. Wladimiroff.

A NEW WAY OF VITALIZING THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN SCHOOLS

This letter comes from a teacher in a small town in North Carolina. It was not written for publication; but it seems to us to be important and we publish it by permission. What Miss Minish has done any teacher may do and many other teachers are doing. Any man or woman who remembers the devitalized lessons in history which he or she pursued in school-days will see what potentialities this plan of relating general history to current topics possesses.

PUBLISHERS OF "CURRENT OPINION":

I began using CURRENT OPINION in a Modern History course in November. At first I was a little doubtful about using a monthly magazine to teach current topics, but my results have been so much better than I expected that I feel I must tell you about my experience.

I have used two leading weekly magazines in similar courses and we are using a leading weekly in our senior class now. We find that CURRENT OPINION is quite as satisfactory in teaching current topics and is more satisfactory in teaching modern literature and art.

My method has been very simple. I make four lesson plans. The first Friday after I receive the magazine we have a "Review of the World." I assign four five-minute reports to four students and take up the rest of the time in a general discussion. We have never finished this discussion when the hour is over. I think this is the most popular lesson of the month.

THE next Friday we have a very intimate discussion of "Persons in the Foreground." "Who's Who in America" was never used by this class before. We try to make this discussion as "snappy" as possible and I find the class bringing facts from other magazines about the "Persons in the Foreground." In one of these lessons we had a class of observers from the University of North Carolina Department of Education. Emperor Karl was one of the persons discussed. Those "educators" were most agreeably surprised at the clever way the class discussed him as a typical Hapsburg. A comment after the class was: "How well they relate current topics to general history."

Our next lesson is a discussion of modern music, drama, literature, and art. For the February issue I was requested by a student to give them *written lessons* on their history and have four lessons on modern literature. Did you ever receive a more sincere compliment?

WE ordered a copy of Miss Wyman's "Lonesome Tunes" and have been learning them. Three volumes of English ballads were taken from the library and read as a consequence. Four other reviews of the book were brought to class and read. (All this interest was voluntary.) Then the ques-

tion came up, were there any folk-songs characteristic of North Carolina mountains also? It happens I was reared in the North Carolina mountains and could answer that question. A good lesson on the history of the North Carolina mountaineer, and a small folk-lore club was the result. This folk-lore club has charge of the opening exercises for Wednesday of this week. We shall have a talk on the origin and arrested development of our own mountaineers, and illustrate this with four of Miss Wyman's "Lonesome Tunes."

We discussed "Raymond" [by Sir Oliver Lodge] very thoroly, and various reviews from other magazines were brought to class. Several students used the encyclopedia to look up Sir Oliver Lodge. It seems to me that these are very desirable results to secure with High-School students.

The play of the month is given a pretty good place in our discussion. I usually assign it to a girl who tells a story well and then I read the more dramatic parts myself. We compare it with the plays they have in English. These discussions never drag.

Modern poetry is not as easy to "get across" to them as the other departments. They loved "Sheila" tho, and found much music in "Highgate Hill."

MY chief reason for teaching current opinion to this class was to give them the value of cultural knowledge as opposed to a mere accumulation of bare facts. They were memorizing West's "Modern World," and loathing history. Now they are learning history and relating modern events with the past. They are also developing a spontaneous interest in modern literature and drama.

I wish CURRENT OPINION would introduce an educational department. This would make the teaching easier. In interest it comes easily first, its cultural value in school work cannot be overestimated.

I made my plans for the March lessons to-day, and assigned the first lesson to the class. I wish you could see how glad they were to get the paper and how dull they found the French Revolution afterwards.

MAUDE PENNELL MINISH.

Chapel Hill High School,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

EUROPE'S NEW ESTIMATES OF WOODROW WILSON

TARDY as they have been in their recognition of Woodrow Wilson in the capacity of man of genius, the European dailies generally more than make amends by the splendor of the gifts they now ascribe to him. From the liberal *News* in London, which sees in the President a supreme master of statecraft, to the *Tribuna* in Rome, which must go back to Cavour for his parallel, there comes a chorus of admiration. Perhaps these various journals gain inexact ideas of the seclusion in which Mr. Wilson loves to live, the *Paris Rappel*, for instance, comparing his solitude to that of a monk or even of Bismarck, and some of the comparisons of the President with the great ecclesiastical statesmen of the middle ages sound an unfamiliar note. The plain truth is, for all that, that Mr. Wilson ranks abroad as a statesman for whose like one must revert, perhaps, to the days of Disraeli and even as far back as Talleyrand. The chorus of comment is not always one of praise. German dailies, conceding his great ability, tend to denounce him as crafty, artful, hypocritical. It is but fair to note that the impressions of Berlin papers reach us indirectly through versions of them in western European organs. It would seem, quoting at second hand, that the *Kreuz-Zeitung* deems Woodrow Wilson an altogether sinister figure, devious in his methods, subtle in his policy, lacking all scruple. He has not hesitated, in the opinion of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, to play the part of tool of the British. There can be no doubt of his genius in befooling the American people. His talents are, however, all for dissembling. He is the born trickster. He has succeeded Sir Edward Grey in the estimation of the German press as the world's arch-demon.

Time was when European dailies deemed Woodrow Wilson a second-rate schoolmaster, equipped with the qualities of that type. The *London Post* was once prone to disparagement of him as a pedant living aloof from a world in arms, without comprehension of the fact that he was a figure in a time of stress. The lines of Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters" were applied to him by that journal. He knew books well, but not life. He was petty, parochial. Nor was the comment of French dailies, if more polite, a bit more flattering, while in the German press his capacity

was too evidently deemed contemptible. The complete revolution in this European estimate is based upon considerations which have been set forth most elaborately, perhaps, in the *London News*. The President's ability to lead, for one thing, strikes this journal as amazing. There has been no example in Europe to compare with his since the going of Gladstone, altho the traits and the temperaments of the two, we are reminded, are as the poles asunder. Furthermore, Mr. Wilson shows in all his acts a comprehension of politics on the scientific side which statesmen of the European countries to-day lack conspicuously.



"I KNOW WHAT THE TASK MEANS"

So said Mr. Wilson in his second inaugural. He added: "I pray God I may be given the wisdom and the prudence to do my duty in the true spirit of this great people."

In him, at any rate, exults the *Tribuna*, the Germans of the Wilhelmstrasse have met their match. They were quite sure that in Woodrow Wilson they had a scholarly recluse to overreach. This man of fine phrase, this dealer in terms so spontaneous and unforced that he seemed to do his thinking aloud, this idealist and democrat, can read the Austrian Metternich as easily as he divines the Prussian Junker. No American before him, no American in power, at any rate, has comprehended Europe as anything but a great and remote generality. Woodrow Wilson makes distinctions, he differentiates essences, he penetrates combinations, he moves with the art of a diplomatist whose past has been

spent among Bourbons, Florentine in the tactfulness of his approach, Roman in his scope, French in his politeness, British in forthrightness and yet American in his daring and his freedom from trammels of tradition. These qualities include many not familiar to his countrymen, bewildering to many of them. He is a man of thought to whom action is not at all repugnant. He mingles with his intellectual inferiors without despising them. He can be sarcastic without cruelty. If Europe has been slow in getting the measure of this great man, at least she sees him more accurately than his countrymen see him.

What particularly strikes the French journals, notably the *Figaro*, in studying Woodrow Wilson, is his lack of the traits supposed to be dear to Anglo-Saxon democracy when it chooses its political leaders. He is without passion, says the Paris paper, and he is vaguely aware of it, since he speaks in public of having a passion for this, that and the other. He can not unbend to the multitude altho he reveals every now and then a longing to do so. His eloquence is on the whole cold, like his gesture. We are dealing, obviously, in none of the poetry of politics when we follow Woodrow Wilson; we must dispense with melodrama and tears and vehemence of the Viviani and Briand kind. Mr. Wilson ventures now and then in a speech to tell a story but he does not make his hit with anecdote, being no raconteur at all. His prestige with his countrymen depends entirely upon his intellectuality, their perception that he is a scholar. They see that he is not a man of the people altho they give him credit for understanding the people. His position in his own country is, indeed, extraordinary, says the *Débats*, for he has imposed himself upon the American imagination from above instead of rising from below in the democratic fashion of the republic he rules. He is undoubtedly a masterful nature, eager to take the lead rather than to follow; but he is not self-willed, as the misguided Dumba declared. He wishes to make his own decisions, that is all. He is bewildering owing to his complex mentality, for this man misjudges himself in assuming that he has a single-track mind.

The essential trait in Mr. Wilson to the *Petit Parisien* is his sense of justice. He has shown a markedly

judicial temperament in deciding the issues of a conflict which shocked him. Europe's first impressions of this man were based upon criticism emanating to a great extent from his own countrymen. Europe, so involved in a struggle for world power, did not distinguish at first the voice of mere partisan detraction from that of the competent critic. There spread quickly over the old world the legend of a mincing pedant, writing meaningless notes. It was the old Roman suaviter in modo that came before—a long way before—the fortiter in re. The Jagows, the Bethmann-Hollwegs and the Zimmermanns failed to realize the determination of character which followed them up, step by step, until they found themselves bested, baffled. The European statesmen who criticized Mr. Wilson might imitate him with advantage to themselves—his coolness under extreme provocation, his self-restraint, his ability to control events, his self-effacement even, for he has not taken the center of the world stage like a man on horseback. The Germans have striven to make it appear that Mr. Wilson is consumed by his own vanity and would thrust himself forward as a peacemaker, but not once has a trace of egotism shown itself in his attitude.

Turning to the critics of Mr. Wilson again, we find the *Victoire* in Paris railing at him for his blindness to the cause of civilization. Has he a heart of stone? The *Hervé* organ fears it. He can watch unmoved the spectacle of a people enslaved, a pledged word violated. This man is clearly lacking in the bowels of compassion. He has a head, a mentality, but he is not human. No wonder he lives aloof from his kind, for he loves nobody and nobody loves him. He has a soul that contemplates without horror the prospect that every ten years the Turks will massacre Armenians. His blood



THEY FOUGHT TOGETHER AT SAN JUAN HILL AND TALK OF FIGHTING TOGETHER AGAIN

The military ability of Major-General Leonard Wood is everywhere recognized on the battle fronts of Europe where he is regarded as a commander admirably equipped to lead the American forces in case we are drawn into the war.

does not boil at the thought that the Czechs are slaves. He has no generous indignations. Cold, distant, impassive, he contemplates the misery of mankind without one pang, fearful only lest his countrymen lend to the Allies without adequate security. And those Americans insist upon four years more of the

monster! When the history of this age comes to be written, affirms the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, its sinister figure, its evil genius, will be discerned less in Sir Edward Grey than in the sly schoolmaster, Woodrow Wilson. Germany is convinced that Woodrow Wilson is doublefaced—and she says so.

AN AMERICAN GENERAL WHO LOOMS LARGE IN THE EYES OF MILITARY EUROPE

IT was somewhere in northern France—not many miles behind the first line of trenches—that Isaac F. Marcossin and an officer high in command of the Allies were talking a few weeks ago of America. They spoke of her unpreparedness and of her apathy to all the lessons of the stupendous struggle. Most of all they spoke about the men who would be needed in case the grim thunderbolt struck her.

"You've got one great soldier over there," said the European officer, sticking a thumb toward the setting sun.

"Whom do you mean?" asked the American correspondent.

"Why, General Leonard Wood, of course," was the answer. "He is what you Americans would call 'some soldier.'" And Mr. Marcossin, reporting the incident in an intimate study of General Wood for *Everybody's*, confesses that he beamed with pride. "This fresh praise of an American general at a time when respect for our military prestige was at its lowest ebb in Europe, was as refreshing as a cooling draft on a torrid day." And moreover, "what the British colonel said was echoed all up and down the flaming front where human worth is appraised at its real value."

The Commander of the Department

of the East, toward whom the country looks for military leadership in event of war, has long been a major prophet of preparedness, and in his crowded career, we are reminded, has also been healer, administrator, builder, diplomat, statesman and fighting-man. To-day he occupies a more conspicuous place in the national eye than ever before. It lies in the fact, as this biographer points out, that he is not only "the symbol and instrument of the most significant force set in motion in this country since the fateful sixties," but he has likewise been "its most effective and eloquent voice."

Nevertheless, General Wood at one

time was on the point of quitting the army in disgust, and had resolved to try sheep-ranching in New Mexico. In fact, we read, he was actually packing up to go west when in 1898 the break with Spain changed his plans materially and put him on the military road to fame, along with Theodore Roosevelt. It appears that the then Colonel (Wood) and the Lieutenant-Colonel (T. R.) of the Rough Riders had met two years previously at a dinner in Washington. Wood was then Presidential surgeon attached to the White House. The manner of their meeting is interesting:

"Just before the guests started in to dinner a sturdy, deep-chested, spectacled man entered the room with a smile on his animated face. Instantly the host had him by the hand and, turning to the army surgeon who stood alongside, said:

"Doctor Wood, I want you to meet Mr. Theodore Roosevelt."

"Their hands met; there was a really, sincere 'delighted-to-meet-you' salutation, and a pair of remarkable men, whose careers were to be closely entwined in action and history, came together.

"That night Roosevelt and Wood walked home together. No two people ever had more in common. They were both Harvard graduates; strong, athletic, and fond of strenuous sports; both had fought Indians in the West, and they shared a feeling about the inevitableness of the conflict with Spain that was brooding over the horizon of peace."

Then came the war and San Juan Hill, among other hikes on which the

two were shoulder to shoulder, followed by peace and the military occupation of Cuba, with Wood as military governor of the island, and Roosevelt as governor of New York, with eyes on the White House. Also, later on, came for General Wood a trip to Germany where he officially attended the military maneuvers and met, we are informed, Generals Sir John French and Ian Hamilton, of the British mission, also the Kaiser, "who conceived a strong liking for the brilliant young American general with whose exploits he was familiar."

When Wood returned to Washington, he was a general without a job—but not for long. For Roosevelt was now in the White House and they saw a great deal of each other.

"One afternoon they were fencing in the White House library. During a brief rest Roosevelt said: 'I have been wondering whom I could send to the Philippines. There is some rough and important work to be done out there.'

"Why not send me?" asked Wood.

"Bully!" responded Roosevelt. "Go over and see Root about it to-night."

Wood went, saw and "conquered" the Philippines. All he achieved there, as elsewhere, was simply the result of systematic preparation and fitness to meet the emergency. More than once he blocked savage cunning with his knowledge and foresight, as in the following instance:

"On one occasion he received a delega-

tion of Mohammedan polygamists who had come to plead for their harems and justify slave-holding at the same time. The Sultan of Jolo, who sat cross-legged on his rug, spoke up:

"The Prophet has said that a man may have many wives. It is so ordained in the Koran."

"That is quite true," replied General Wood. "I have read it there myself." All the Mohammedans looked up with pleasure and satisfaction.

"But," continued the general, "the Prophet also says that 'a wise man will be content with one.'"

On another occasion, in which the Sultan of Sulu figured and which is not without an element of humor, General Wood, having stripped the polygamous ruler of all power save that invested in him as head of the Mohammedan church, was taken to task by this "most accomplished lady-killer of the far East." When he heard that his suzerainty existed only in spiritual matters he demanded:

"But, sir, how about selecting wives when I see women that please me?"

"All that is done away with," answered Wood.

"Then," pleaded the Sultan, "what is the good of being a sultan?"

His majesty ultimately accepted the situation with the best grace possible, and, under the quiet but forceful domination of the Governor-General, "became a constructive and useful influence throughout the province."

HOW HIRAM JOHNSON BROKE THE POWER OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC

CALIFORNIA, in the "good old days" when everything from roulette and race-tracks to railroads and the Abe Ruef regime ran "wide open," boasted a pugilist who stoutly maintained that "the bigger they are, the harder they fall." Evidence is lacking that Hiram Johnson ever had this framed as a motto in any office he has occupied or held, tho it aptly expresses the bulldog, fighting courage of the man who "kicked the Southern Pacific Railroad out of California." His election to the United States Senate, in which he takes his seat as a member of the Sixty-fifth Congress, by a majority of 270,000, is an event that has greater than local significance. If the past offers any augury for the future, there are some 2,500,000 Californians, besides a great and watchful citizenry elsewhere, who believe that Senator Johnson still carries in either boot a kick of the same caliber as Governor Johnson carried, and will not be too proud to use it on occasion.

In the six years since Johnson began kicking at and about railway dominance in California, much water has flowed under corporate and political bridges without, however, washing away the traces of his monumental work. Burton J. Hendrick, reviewing, in the *World's Work*, the California revolt which swept Johnson into the Senate and lost California (and the Presidency) to Hughes, recites the origin of the fight on the Southern Pacific and the laughter inspired in the railroad-dominated legislature by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League of the State. He says:

"One day, in 1909, a member was hailed before the bar to receive the nominal punishment for absenting himself at quorum. 'I sentence the member,' the speaker said, amid howls of mirth, 'to join the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League.' 'I object, Mr. Speaker,' said a wit from the floor, 'to the punishment as unusual and cruel and, therefore, unconstitutional.' In truth the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, in its early days, did move somewhat vaguely, in doubt as precisely

how to use the new means to freedom. One day a California leader ran against Senator Bristow in Washington. 'Haven't you got some man in your state,' said this Kansas Senator, 'who can get into an automobile and make a complete tour in every county and talk directly to the farmers? That is the way we do it in Kansas.' The Lincoln-Roosevelt League began to look for such a man. It didn't require much looking, for Hiram Johnson was clearly the person 'indicated.'

"Johnson now gave the country a new type of political leader. Young—he was then only forty-four—rather handsome in appearance, with a round, florid face topped by brown hair, rapid in his movements, with a gift for staccato oratory and a fine aptitude in personal appeal and invective, he now started out, backed only by a handful of men in the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, to capture the Republican nomination from the Southern Pacific machine. His working capital was merely his energy and enthusiasm; his means, that direct primary which the supreme rulers had granted a turbulent people. Under this direct primary the votes themselves selected the party candidate, the old convention ceasing to exist.

The California Republicans, therefore, faced the direct issue: did they wish the Southern Pacific dummy for their candidate, or a man like Johnson, whose platform was the violent ejection of that corporation from political power?"

His method was, of course, the obvious one—to take his cause directly to The People—this is the way in which the phrase is capitalized in all the Johnson State papers. Only a face-to-face meeting with the voters could carry the situation against these tremendous odds. Johnson went out, like a Salvation Army revivalist, in pursuit of political souls and began his Billy Sunday sermons under the shadow of Mount Shasta. In fact, he had been denouncing the Southern Pacific Railroad for several weeks before the corporation had any inkling of the fact. The campaign funds increasing, he hired an advance man to advertize the meetings, and San Francisco papers now sent reporters to gather daily reports of the progress. Says Mr. Hendricks:

"In a month or two the Johnson procession had grown to be a cavalcade, and the farmers, at the first sign of approach, would leave their fields and hasten to the meeting place. The Johnson party attached cowbells to their automobiles—they were still in a country without railroads—and this tinkling signified that Johnson was near by. And he found the people alert and eager. 'They were, heart and soul, opposed to the Southern Pacific Railroad,' he told me once, recalling the events of this primary campaign. 'But I was slow in winning their support. They had been fooled many times by the promises of false prophets and were wary. The thing that affected me most, and stayed with me after the campaign, when I was seated in the governor's chair, was the way the farmers would come, take my hand, and, looking into my eyes, say: 'Johnson, will you keep the faith? If we nominate you, will you do to the Southern Pacific just what you say you will do?' That phrase, 'Will you keep



AFTER ALL, HE CAN SMILE

Those who have seen the new Senator from California engaging in a convention row, with a voice that sounds like a rip-saw and a face that looks like a meat-ax, will be surprised to learn that he can smile or grin in a really genial manner.

the faith?" is the most impressive question I have ever been asked."

According to the prevailing opinion in California—rather strongly emphasized in the latest election—Johnson did "keep the faith." Is it an augury of what is to happen in the next four

years? Is the Republican Party in the nation to transform itself after the California pattern? That is the pressing political question of the hour, and it is because Johnson so personalizes this issue that his career and character have such an immediate interest.

A CONGRESSMAN IN WHOM DIOGENES WOULD HAVE FOUND A MAN AFTER HIS OWN HEART

DIOGENES could no doubt have found a financially honest man in a minute. The protraction of his labors must have been due to the fact that he was looking for a mentally honest man. It is the opinion of William Hard, writing in *Collier's*, that Congressman Augustus P. Gardner, enemy of pacifism and forespeaking friend of militant preparedness, "certainly comes a whole lot nearer qualifying than most of us," for he began his historic attack on the unpreparedness of the United States by rising in the House and saying:

"For a dozen years I have sat here like a coward, and I have listened to men say that in time of war we could depend for our defense on the National Guard, and I have known all the time that it was not so. I am a former militiaman myself.

"The truth is that each one of us is afraid that the National Guard in his district would say: 'Why, that man Gardner says I am no good. I will teach him.'

"So I have been afraid, all these years, to turn around and say to the National Guard in my district (the Sixth Massachusetts): 'We cannot depend on the greater part of the National Guard to do effective service in time of war against really trained troops.'

"In all the dozen years I have known

that fact, till this minute, I have not said so."

Then—foreseeing that a misapprehension might arise—and forestalling it, he added:

"But now, owing to the blessed fact that my congressional district is amazingly one-sided, I shall make bold to say what I really think."

The same mental honesty, observes Mr. Hard, which drives Congressman Gardner to make confession of cowardice also drives him, as in the matter of restricted immigration, in which he agrees with the American Federa-

tion of Labor, to make confessions of faith and then to fight for that faith—often with disastrous results. When, for instance, in his candidacy for governor of Massachusetts, he stated with customary conciseness that "if we want to keep up our standard of living, we must restrict immigration . . . reduce it by one-half," the "Europeans and the manufacturers and idealists of Massachusetts read this plank and started moving toward Gardner and never stopped till they had traveled over him inch by inch." Nevertheless:

"He became state senator and member of the Republican State Central Committee and congressman; and he stuck to being congressman so industriously that now, out of 435 members of the House of Representatives, only 34 exceed him in length of service, and he is second ranking Republican member of the one and only Ways and Means Committee; and his superb vigor of body and of mind, combined with his seniority, makes it inevitable now that he will be one of the chief political figures of the United States whenever Congress is next captured by the Republican Party."

How has he done it? asks the writer in *Collier's*, and answers that "it is not because he ever thought his country was (or is) calling him," but because "Gardner runs a political department store which yearns to satisfy every individual peculiarity in the Sixth Massachusetts. . . . Don't suppose for a moment that Gardner, consummate statesman that he is, would send you, even if you were a Democrat, a package containing promiscuously a seed of the



AN ARCH-ENEMY OF PACIFICISM

Congressman Gardner woke up long ago to the perils that beset America and to the pressing necessity of military preparedness to insure the country against invasion or worse.

sweet pea and a seed of the nasturtium. Such business methods would appall him. Gardner would find out, if he

could, that you detest the sweet pea and dote on the nasturtium, and he would send you two seeds of the nasturtium."

We read that the Gardner wealth—the congressman being a rich man and incidentally a son-in-law of Henry Cabot Lodge—was of New England clipper-ship origin, and that in appearance he might have made a pretty fair skipper for one of the old ships such as fill the library walls of his house:

"He is a tight-coopered barrel of a man, rounded but hard-beaten, deep through the chest and thick through the fists, with a complexion total gules, which is polite heraldic language for red all over. His nose is long and thoroly fortified, up and down, with the cartilage one needs in resisting the insubordinations of a bucko mate. His eye is blue—a weather blue—with the puckers about it that tell of sun and wind. His lips—there we perhaps begin to see several generations of comfort—are full. They are the lips of a man who has lived in the midst of civilization, amply. But they are also extraordinarily firm-pressed—the lips of a man who has met even civilization combatively. And his chin is massive, with creases in it, commanding ones."

In other words, Congressman Gardner, as befits a champion of effective preparedness, is that most aggravating specimen of the possessor of inherited wealth—the kind who looks as if it would be terribly hard to take it away from him. Politically he is a hard-headed, hard-hitting man, whose principal occupation is daring the electorate of the Sixth Massachusetts to catch him napping.

THE SOLDIER WHO ROSE FROM THE RANKS TO BE THE BRAINS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

THE career of Sir William Robertson, chief of the Imperial General Staff at Whitehall, stretches back through nearly sixty years to a humble home in Lincolnshire and dire poverty, with no educational advantages until he became a trooper in the Sixteenth Lancers just as he reached the twenties. Unlike the average Briton who has risen from nothing to renown, the chief-of-staff has no trace of his own past about him, no touch of the soil. He might be a born aristocrat and a member of the House of Lords so far as distinction of manner is concerned. He uses none of the slang of the officers' corps, not even such phrases as "jolly well right," or "old top"; nor does he pronounce "morning" as if it were spelled without the final consonant. The voice is rich and ringing, like the ready laugh. The appearance is one of extreme "smartness," and it is said of him that he shaves himself

without a mirror and can cook anything. His success is ascribed by some to genius, by others to hard work, by a third class of eulogists to the fact that he can make himself so pleasant and agreeable. There is no denying, as one reads the tales of which he is the hero, that courtesy, good humor, consideration for the feelings of others and qualities of that sort had much to do with his destiny.

He had not been in the ranks a year when he secured the stripe of a corporal and found himself in charge of the regimental mess. His healthy outdoor life as a boy in Lincolnshire afforded him valuable experience to draw upon, and he catered to the troops with such skill that their table was always well heaped at the lowest cost. At this stage of his career he made his famous official report that the soldier does not eat proteins, fats and carbohydrates, but meat, butter, bread and sugar. This disdain for the purely theoretical out-

look upon his profession characterized him when he passed up through the non-commissioned grades and acted as signaling instructor and musketry master to his regiment. He was the best man in his troop at skill-of-arms with sword and lance. He soon became a crack shot. He adopted the habit of running ten miles every Saturday afternoon. The physical training of the period in the British Army was ridiculously acrobatic. The man in the ranks would be put through all kinds of movements which were absolutely useless from the standpoint of actual battle. The strain seemed altogether absurd to Robertson. He ventured to point this out in an examination paper. "That exercise," retorted the medical officer in the course of a subsequent discussion with the non-coms, "strengthens the muscles needed for climbing." "Why not climb, then?" asked Robertson. The query made a decided impression. Subsequently Rob-

ertson devised a series of exercises for enlisted men which put them to the actual tasks for which their muscles were being strengthened. The result was an immense diminution in the number of "breakdowns." From this period dates his well-known saying that it is better to have little intelligence that you know how to use than to have a great head that you don't know what to do with.

The absorption of Robertson in the military life accounts for the strictly professional nature of the anecdotes respecting him. They smell of the regimental mess and barracks, as the *London Chronicle* observes. The best-known of them all dates from the time when he got a commission. Prior to that, while taking his oral examination in Dublin, he was required to take command of all the officers and men drawn up on parade. Several movements were made, when, to the astonishment of the higher command, they assumed a steadily growing complexity. He had been not only a diligent student of both tactics and strategy but he had worked out problems involving more delicate maneuvers than the average British colonel had any experience of. On this critical day for him, Robertson concluded his demonstration by ordering an evolution of all ranks so tortuous that it was unprecedented on parade. The result was that the aristocratic lieutenants and captains began to perspire with a coming sense of being themselves found deficient. In no long time two of them got on the wrong flank of their respective regiments. Robertson saw what was the matter. So did the highest field officer. He felt that the candidate for a commission was dooming himself, but he waited events. There was a pause. "Now, then, sergeant-major," roared the officer, "give your order." "I will,

sir," replied Robertson, "when the base is placed in the right position." The episode became famous in the whole army, and Robertson, his genius manifested to the professional eye by one brilliant stroke, got his commission instantly.

Promotions from the ranks have always created difficulties of a social kind; but the sweetness of Robertson's disposition, his native charm, and, above all, his fine personal character,



ONCE IN THE RANKS, HE NOW IS CHIEF OF STAFF

The rise of William Robertson from the humblest sphere to one of supremacy over the British military machine has made him a subject of interest to every raw recruit in the British Empire.

soon won a way for him into the hearts of his brother officers. He was immensely aided by the fact that he had not married, for, as the *British daily* observes, it is the wife of the man risen from the ranks who occasions the social difficulties. Robertson did not marry until he had become a staff captain and was known to be on the road to the highest command. His bride was the daughter of an officer of high rank whom he won through his sheer charm, illustrating a point sometimes made with regard to him that he got on by being such a good fellow quite as much as by his ability and his hard work. The hard work was never intermitted. In India he learned to use five native Indian dialects fluently. He has followed the practice of Macaulay, it is said, and can acquire ability to read an unfamiliar language by simply following it in a version of the New Testament. The standard translations of the artillery manuals of the Berlin general staff were made by him.

There is one principle to which Robertson attaches supreme importance. The officer should share not only the perils of his men but their fatigues likewise. His rank should not exempt a man from physical labor when that is essential to efficiency. He favors the French plan of close personal contact between the man in the ranks and the man in command. He favors unrestricted freedom of action for competent subordinates. He denies that his own career is essentially phenomenal and he is fond of affirming that any man in the ranks can rise to the highest command. The secret of his own success in life he explains as a refusal to despair. He has been stretched for weeks upon a hospital cot, wounded, there were times when promotion seemed impossible, but he would not accept defeat.

AN AMERICAN SINGLE-TAXER TO REFORM THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD

A MODERN American millionaire has started a modern model city in ancient Andorra, the smallest republic in the world.

In the heart of the Pyrenees mountains, between France and Spain, the republic of Andorra, eighteen miles long, sixteen miles wide, with 6,000 inhabitants, was founded in the time of Charlemagne. While wars have rent the world around it, while nations have risen and fallen, it has sat tight in its mountain fastness and kept its independence. The president is a farmer whose official salary is ten dollars a year. There are no public schools, there is but one printing press; few of the inhabitants can read and write.

Into this queer little hidden country where few travelers have been and of which few people have heard, Fiske Warren, a distinguished Boston sociologist, has penetrated with his millions and his modern theories. Mr. Warren, according to the *Springfield Republican*, has four single-tax colonies in America, of which the most picturesque is Tahanto, at his own home near Harvard. For these colonies he makes over to trustees the land he provides. In this way he plays the part of the government to the dwellers of the substantial cottages he has erected in the midst of woods and gardens.

Now Mr. Warren has started the same experiment on a small scale in the

primitive republic. He has bought land and turned it over to three trustees, of which he is one. He has also bought more land which he will turn over to the trustees when more mountaineers join the colony and, in single-tax fashion, pay taxes only on the land and not on improvements. This settlement is called San Jordi.

Mr. Warren spent a share of his millions sixteen years ago fighting for the independence of the Filipinos. Now he is spending another share working out his theory of up-to-date government in the tiny republic that was independent a thousand years before the signing of our own Declaration of Independence.



"A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY"—CLARE KUMMER'S COMEDY OF THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

WE had almost come to the conclusion that the tired business man was a myth. But Clare Kummer, newest and most praised among all the new and praiseworthy American playwrights, has convinced us that he is real, that he is rich, and that he is very, very tired. In the person of the distinguished William Gillette, the "t. b. m.," as he is known in New York, appears in Miss Kummer's new comedy entitled "A Successful Calamity," which is now crowding the Booth Theater. And this authoress, best known perhaps as the composer and lyricist of that saccharine ditty called "Dearie," has written but one other play. Yet even that first one—"Good Gracious Annabelle"—was a success.

Clare Kummer, if we may accept the opinions of the New York critics, shows an ability to reach up to the heights of comedy where the laugh is tempered by just the echo of a sob, as Heywood Brown of the *Tribune* ventures to remark. Her dialog is said to excel that of Langdon Mitchell; and she possesses something of Clyde Fitch's knack for quick definition of character. "Miss Kummer's advent as a writer for the stage," says the critic of the *N. Y. Times*, "brings an entirely fresh humor to our theater. Her airy and very feminine wit is quite her own, and it is just because she uses none of the familiar formulae that her work is so hard to measure and describe. It is marked by a profound sense of nonsense and by a gift for happy nonchalant dialog." We are indebted to Mr. Arthur Hopkins, producer of this comedy, for permission to reprint the excerpts which follow.

Bored to death by the enforced social activities into which his pretty young second wife drags him, Henry Wilton, the tired business man (a multi-millionaire incidentally), longs for one evening at home, in the bosom of his family. Upon the rise of the first curtain, the audience is immediately initiated into the feverish and hectic social activities of the Wiltons. Yet poor Henry Wilton, "a charming tired gentleman in the forties, whose hair is turning gray," has outlived the giddiness of extreme youth. He is guilty of a secret affection for an old smoking-jacket. He even permits him-

self to contemplate the delight of sleeping through an opera, if the conventions of society would permit him to wear pajamas abroad. Returning home from a busy day in Wall Street, he is met at the door of his home by Connors, the butler:

WILTON. (*Going to fireplace.*) Am I going out to-night, Connors?

CONNORS. Why, yes, sir! You're to dine at the Longleys with Mrs. Wilton, sir—and if you won't do that, she will stop by for you at about nine and take you to the Opera, sir. And then there's a reception after, I think, sir.

WILTON. Oh! (*Looks into the fire and sighs.*) Do you know, Connors, I have an idea that I'm getting old.



SHE CAN ALMOST WRITE A COMEDY

Clare Kummer has forsaken the field of popular song writing for that of high comedy. At times her dialog scintillates and coruscates, but sometimes she resorts to melodrama, tricky situations and conventional scenes. But she is our most brilliant beginner.

CONNORS. (*Distressed.*) Oh, no, Mr. Wilton—no, you're a young man yet, sir.

WILTON. Well, then, why is it that I feel I would like to spend a quiet evening at home—dine with my family, perhaps play a game of cribbage and—go to bed?

CONNORS. Well, that's a nice way to do sometimes, sir.

WILTON. I should think it would be! I don't know anything about it, of course.

CONNORS. Why, you're tired, sir—that's all's the matter.

WILTON. Is that all that's the matter, Connors?

CONNORS. Why, yes, sir. You go out every night—and you can't sleep mornings like the rest do, sir.

WILTON. Do I go out every night, Connors?

CONNORS. Why, you certainly do, sir. WILTON. Did I go out last night?

CONNORS. Why, yes, sir. You went to the Copley-Pritchards last night, sir.

WILTON. So I did; but I don't remember much about it.

CONNORS. It was a song recital, I think, sir—and charades. Mrs. Wilton took part.

WILTON. Oh, yes, Mrs. Wilton took part. I think I went to sleep—in fact, I'm sure I did. But I didn't rest very well—I was in a camp-chair.

CONNORS. That's not like being in your own bed, sir.

WILTON. No, it's not, Connors. And even if it were—you're not dressed for it.

CONNORS. No, sir. A man that's used to his pajamas wants them, sir, when he's sleeping.

WILTON. Yes, yes;—and yet if you wore pajamas to a song recital people would think it odd. . . .

CONNORS. I suppose they would, sir.

WILTON. Oh, yes, certain they would, Connors, not realizing how appropriate the attire would be. (*Sits wearily in chair.*)

WILTON. Now, if I could only put on my old brown velvet smoking-jacket for dinner—and change into pajamas later, for the opera.

CONNORS. Your old smoking-jacket is in there, sir. It's on its way down-stairs. Mrs. Wilton ordered it thrown out.

WILTON. Thrown out?

CONNORS. Yes, sir.

WILTON. Well, Connors, suppose we make a rescue. You just put it back in my wardrobe when I get through with it.

CONNORS. Yes, sir. Oh, Mr. Eddie is expecting some tickets to-night, sir—they'll be fifty dollars. It's a prize-fight, sir. He said I was to ask you for the money.

WILTON. A prize-fight! Does he go to those things? Well, that's rather encouraging. (*Pulling out pocket-book, he extracts a bill and gives it to Connors.*) Is Mr. Eddie dining at home to-night?

CONNORS. He's not dining at all, sir. I don't think he's feeling quite well.

WILTON. Oh. . . .

CONNORS. And Miss Marguerite wants to see you too, sir.

WILTON. (*Hopefully.*) Is she going to be here for dinner?

CONNORS. She's dining in her room, sir.

John Belden, one of his business associates, calls, and more and more the radical, preposterous idea of spending an evening at home grows in the mind of Henry Wilton. A further conversation with the faithful Connors crystallizes this thought into action.

WILTON. I certainly would like to stay at home to-night, Connors, but not alone. I wonder how people arrange with their families to do it. Have you any idea? How was it with you—your father—your mother—did they—

CONNORS. Well, sir, of course, for the poor it's a very simple matter. They've no money to spend and they don't get to go very often, so they stay at home more or less together.

WILTON. Hm! They don't get to go very often! They don't know, I suppose, how fortunate they are.

CONNORS. No, sir, I suppose not.

WILTON. The poor don't get to go very often!

This last remark of Connors takes root in the mind of Wilton. By a curious association of ideas he looks to poverty as the best solution of his difficulty. He resorts to the subterfuge of being "ruined" in order to attain his quiet evening at home, and incidentally to test the loyalty of his wife and children. Therefore he sends for Mrs. Wilton, to announce the news of his calamity. She comes down-stairs:

EMMIE. Is anything the matter, Harry, that you couldn't come up-stairs?

WILTON. I wanted to see you alone.

EMMIE. Well, hurry, then, because I mustn't keep Strogelberg. He has millions of people to do.

WILTON. Who is Strogelberg?

EMMIE. He's the man who does my hair.

WILTON. Tell him to go away. Wear your hair as it is to-night—it's more fitting.

EMMIE. More fitting?

WILTON. Yes, that's what I said—more fitting. We're not going out!

EMMIE. Oh, but we are! We're going to dinner at the Longleys and then to the Opera, and then to a reception at the Briscoes for some cousin of theirs who's invented something or other—something that explodes. He's going to tell us about it.

WILTON. (*Calmly.*) My dear child, we don't need to go out of our own house to-night to hear about things that explode.

EMMIE. Why, what do you mean, Harry?

WILTON. I'm ruined, Emmie—that's all.

EMMIE. Ruined! (*He nods.*) But how can you be ruined? You can't be really ruined. You don't mean that you're really ruined, Harry?

WILTON. Don't keep saying it over like that—will you?

EMMIE. No, I won't. But ruined! . . . I can't believe it—it's so sudden.

WILTON. Well, that's the way those things are.

EMMIE. Well, of course, if we're ruined—really ruined—we can't do anything.

WILTON. No, we can't do anything. (*Crossing to fireplace.*) Well, we can have dinner.

EMMIE. Where?

WILTON. Here. It's all ready and no extra expense to eat it.

EMMIE. Ruined! Are you going to tell anybody, Harry?

WILTON. I don't think it will be necessary.

EMMIE. Ruined! It doesn't seem like us, Harry. Are you sure? Mightn't there be some mistake?

WILTON. Haven't you any confidence in me at all?

EMMIE. Of course I have, Harry! You must know—you know everything about business. Yes, I believe you. But I wish I'd known it this morning. I made so many engagements. And I went to so many shops.

WILTON. Oh, well, never mind!

EMMIE. Oh, how I wish now I'd kept all the things I've seen about what people can live on. We've been a terribly expensive family the past year, Harry. My being at Palm Beach so long, and Marguerite at Hot Springs, and Eddie in Canada studying aviation. . . . And Katherine Longley says the cost of living alone is going up so . . .

WILTON. Well, we'll try living together for a while.

EMMIE. Ruined! Will it be in the papers, Harry?

WILTON. Not yet a while.

EMMIE. I'm glad. It will be nice to have the first few days quietly together. (*Suddenly.*) Harry! Isn't it a good thing we bought the new car—for now we can sell it and get almost as much as we paid for it.

WILTON. I hadn't thought of that. What a pity I didn't buy half a dozen of them!

The stupendous news of Henry Wilton's "ruin" is soon broken to the other members of the family, with the result that all decide to stay home, and actually to eat the dinner prepared there for them. Emmie informs Marguerite, the flighty daughter with two fiancés:

EMMIE. The matter is that your father is ruined! Don't make a fuss about it, for we've decided not to. Don't say anything, Harry, until I come back. (*She runs up-stairs.*)

MARGUERITE. Father, it's not true, is it? (*Looking into his face.*) Oh, you poor darling—and you kept it from us all the time.

WILTON. No, no—it was quite sudden!

MARGUERITE. Oh, no, dear—you must have known it for weeks. Oh, how beautifully you behave about it!

WILTON. So do you.

MARGUERITE. What did Sweetie say when you told her?

WILTON. She was splendid, really. Very encouraging.

MARGUERITE. It's surprising, isn't it?

WILTON. Is it?

MARGUERITE. Yes, because she's not related to you, like Eddie and me.

WILTON. Not in the same way, of course. Do you think Eddie will be all right about it?

MARGUERITE. Of course—why shouldn't he be? When you've worked so and done everything for us and given us everything!

WILTON. Why, I didn't think you'd noticed that.

MARGUERITE. Let Eddie go to work. It will do him good.

WILTON. It seems rather a large order for Eddie—to take care of us all—doesn't it?

MARGUERITE. Well, I'm perfectly will-

ing to help him, if he'll do something that I understand. We might give riding lessons.

WILTON. Yes, or walking lessons. By the way, Peggy— (*Catching himself.*) Oh! you don't like to be called Peggy, do you?

MARGUERITE. Oh, yes! If we're ruined, darling, you can call me anything.

WILTON. I was going to say, George Struthers came—

MARGUERITE. Did he?

WILTON. I didn't know about your engagement, did I?

MARGUERITE. Didn't you? No, I suppose you didn't. Well, we were.

WILTON. So he said.

MARGUERITE. It happened at Hot Springs. It was awfully stupid there and George seemed to think it would be a good idea.

WILTON. He said something about writing me a letter.

MARGUERITE. Yes, he wrote you a terribly long letter. I was afraid it would make you take a dislike to him, father, so I persuaded him not to send it.

WILTON. Oh, you didn't want me to take a dislike to him?

MARGUERITE. Not then.

WILTON. But now—

MARGUERITE. Well, of course, there's more to do in town. Did George say anything about me?

WILTON. He said he was coming to-night, but I didn't know whether you were going out or not. Are you?

MARGUERITE. Of course I won't go out. I'll have dinner with you and Sweetie. You must eat, you know, darling. You will, won't you?

(*Eddie, in a bath-robe, followed by Emmie, who has told him the news, comes hurriedly down the stairway.*)

EDDIE. (*Going to Wilton.*) What's this I hear, Dad?

EMMIE. I told him, Harry.

EDDIE. (*His arm round Wilton.*) Now, listen—don't you worry. I'll go right to work to-morrow. Old Partington's crazy to have me in his office.

WILTON. He certainly is.

EDDIE. Maybe you don't think I'm cut out for business. But you watch me, Dad—and while I'm about it— (*Pulls bill out of his pocket that was given him for the tickets. Emmie seizes it.*)

EMMIE. Give it to me! We ought to have an old shoe or something to put it in. Isn't that what people do? That makes a hundred, Harry.

WILTON. One hundred and three—don't forget old Strogelberg!

EDDIE. I can take care of all of you—if not in the style you're accustomed to, some other kind, and I'll work up. Father knows it can be done. There's nothing small about you, Dad. You must have failed for at least fifty million dollars.

EMMIE. Think of starting with nothing at all and failing for fifty million dollars! It's simply magnificent!

WILTON. Really, you embarrass me. Do you think, perhaps, I'm the greatest failure in the world?

EDDIE. Why, of course, Dad! Nothing to it!

MARGUERITE. Father, you do everything better than anyone else.

WILTON. Why, this is delightful. I'd



HOW TO BE HAPPY THO RUINED

When Henry Wilton announces to his pretty young second wife, his flighty daughter and his dissipated son that he has been ruined on Wall Street, they express their loyalty by spending a quiet evening at home. Could more be expected of a fashionable New York family?

no idea you'd all appreciate it like this. This is really one of the most delightful—I mean, under the circumstances.

EMMIE. I suppose we'll go and live in the country, Harry. I should think an abandoned farm would be just the very thing for us.

MARGUERITE. Yes, you can get them for nothing, Father, up in Connecticut.

EMMIE. Maybe you wouldn't like an abandoned farm, Harry?

WILTON. Well, I would like it if it were sufficiently abandoned. It might be a little hard for Eddie to commute from an abandoned farm.

EDDIE. Oh, well, I can stay at the Turkish bath—except Sundays. There'll be trains I can get to the farm Sunday morning and come back Sunday night.

EMMIE. We can raise all kinds of things, Harry, and now that eggs have gone up so, why not keep chickens?

WILTON. Yes, if we can persuade them to stay. I thought perhaps their ideas had gone up with the eggs and that they might not be satisfied with anything less than an apartment in town.

MARGUERITE. I know lots of ways, it will be a sort of relief. Just think, Eddie, we won't have to take part in those dances for Charity. The Foundling Home things!

EDDIE. That's right!

WILTON. I never could understand dancing while you're thinking of those poor little foundlings.

EMMIE. You don't think of them, Harry. Don't you see? You don't have to think of them, because you've paid five dollars.

WILTON. Oh, I see—very reasonable,

too. To be able to stop thinking for five dollars! It's what we call dirt-cheap.

EDDIE. I'm going to phone Julie. If I've reformed, she ought to know it. *(Goes to phone.)* Give me 8000 River. Is Miss Partington in? *(To Wilton.)* Julie and I are engaged, you know, Father.

WILTON. No, really?

EDDIE. That is, we were—maybe we're not—I don't know.

WILTON. Let me know when you find out.

EDDIE. Hello—hello, Julie. All right, how are you? Just wanted to tell you that I've cut out everything you don't like. Yes, I've cut her out, too. Now, listen, Julie—I know—I know all that—but will you listen! Just listen! *(Disgusted.)* All right, I'm listening.

WILTON. I just wanted to tell you that we'll all be here for dinner, Connors.

EDDIE. *(Telephoning.)* But I can explain that.

CONNORS. Yes, sir. Very good, sir. Lizzie will be pleased. She was just saying what fine broilers came in from the country.

EDDIE. *(Telephoning.)* Well, of course, if you won't let me.

WILTON. Yes. It—er—it really looks as tho I'm going to have a quiet evening at home, Connors.

CONNORS. *(Smiling.)* Yes, sir.

The quiet evening at home in which the Wilton family indulges out of respect for Henry Wilton's ruin proves quite too fatiguing for his children, who for once in their young lives retire at

quite a respectable hour. Later the following conversation takes place between Wilton and his young wife:

EMMIE. Of course, everyone comes to our house, Harry. But that's on your account.

WILTON. Does Rafaelo come on my account?

EMMIE. No, not Rafaelo, but everyone else. Katherine Longley says I'm not the sort of woman to get people together. Of course, she's wonderful about that.

WILTON. Wonderful about getting them apart, too, perhaps.

EMMIE. She says I never will be, either; that I cannot make myself into anything different than what I am.

WILTON. Good! I'm glad to hear that. But to what do we owe all this singular interest on Katherine Longley's part?

EMMIE. Well, your friends, you know, always tell you things.

WILTON. Well, but I didn't realize that she was as friendly as all that.

EMMIE. Oh, yes. We saw so much of each other at Palm Beach. She used my balcony, you see, because her rooms hadn't any. It was an awful nuisance, but we got very well acquainted. She entertained her friends there and they were very clever and talked so loud that sometimes we were really driven out and would go and sit somewhere else.

WILTON. We?

EMMIE. Yes, Rafaelo and I. We spent nearly all our evenings together.

WILTON. I didn't know he was down there.

EMMIE. Oh, yes, he went down because he wanted to paint Katherine's pic-

ture. That's the way artists get orders, you know, Harry. They hang around people until someone asks them to paint their wife or dog or something. It's pathetic, isn't it?

WILTON. And did he paint Katherine's picture?

EMMIE. No, he painted mine as it turned out.

WILTON. Oh, I see.

EMMIE. Katherine was terribly obstinate about it, and it was so expensive for poor Rafaelo that I said, "Don't bother her any more, paint me."

WILTON. You didn't mind being bothered?

EMMIE. You—you see, Rafaelo and I are very much alike, Harry. He isn't deep, you know, and he likes to look at things—I mean the stars and the sea and the simple things like that, without saying anything, just as I do. He's not very clever. Of course, Katherine's friends are, and we were awfully lonely together when we were with them, so we would go off by ourselves.

WILTON. He's a nice fellow, is he? I mean, respectful, and all that?

EMMIE. Well, no, Harry, you can't expect that of the Latin races, you know. In a way he is—but not as you would be. But they have more feeling than we have, you know, so they would have to have lots more self-control than we do to act like us.

WILTON. But he never did anything that you objected to?

EMMIE. He would always stop when I told him that I didn't like it.

WILTON. Well, I had no idea of all this, really.

EMMIE. Yes. Oh, Harry, if only when we could, you had gone down there with me.

WILTON. Oh, would you have liked that?

EMMIE. Oh, yes, I'd have been so flattered that you'd take time away from business and important things—to go and just be with me.

WILTON. Good heavens! why didn't you say so?

EMMIE. Tho you think I don't, Harry, I do notice things. I know that if I were more intelligent you would like to talk to me better, and I don't blame you. I'm just nothing at all compared with you. I did try to be different, but I don't think you noticed it.

WILTON. Did you?

EMMIE. I read about things I thought you would be interested in and told you about them; but you only went to sleep. There was one thing I remember, about why car wheels squeak going around curves. I thought you, being a railroad man, would like to hear it; but you went to sleep.

WILTON. Why! you dear child!

EMMIE. I knew you were disappointed in me.

WILTON. Disappointed in you?

EMMIE. Katherine Longley told me how it would be, but she was wrong about one thing, Harry. She said I could never hold you for a year and we've been married two.

WILTON. Hold me? Why, my dear, don't you know the question is—can I hold you?

The climax of the first act comes when a man calls with the tickets for a prize-fight—tickets which had been ordered by Mr. Eddie Wilton. Connors breaks the news to Wilton:

CONNORS. It's the man with the tickets for the prize-fight, Mr. Wilton. I took the liberty of telling him that Mr. Eddie has changed his mind about going, sir, but he don't seem inclined to leave.

WILTON. I guess the best way to get rid of him is to give him the money for them.

CONNORS. (*Doubtfully.*) Fifty dollars, sir?

WILTON. (*Giving him the money.*) We can't let him lose it, Connors, so you might as well take the tickets.

CONNORS. Mr. Eddie has gone to bed, sir.

WILTON. I know it. Everyone has gone to bed except you and me, Connors. And I feel wide awake and strangely exhilarated.

CONNORS. (*Admiringly.*) Do you, sir? Well, now, that's good.

WILTON. What would you think, Connors, of our going to the prize-fight?

CONNORS. Why, Mr. Wilton, sir—

WILTON. Do you like to see a fight, Connors?

CONNORS. Well, sir, I confess that I did, sir; but it's been so long since I've seen one. I used to get to go in England once in a while to a really fine bout. I saw The Sparrow when he knocked out Hurricane Harry Wells, sir—perhaps you remember reading of it. Hurricane Harry was by rights a heavy-weight, sir.

WILTON. The Sparrow was a feather-weight, I take it.

VOICE. (*In hall.*) Well, what are you going to do about the tickets?

CONNORS. And when the Hurricane weighed in, sir—

WILTON. You'd better pay that man and get the tickets.

CONNORS. Very well, sir.

WILTON. Get your coat, Connors—and mine. (*Exit Connors—reenters with coats and tickets.*)

WILTON. What did the man say?

CONNORS. He seemed much relieved, sir.

WILTON. So was I, of fifty dollars. (*Connors helps Wilton on with coat and hands him tickets.*)

WILTON. (*Looking at tickets.*) Having spent a quiet evening at home, we will now see Frederick Ebbets, the Sierra Cyclone, and Billy Huffhauser, the sledgehammer of Seattle, fight it out at the Garden. (*Exit Wilton and Connors.*)

In the second and last act, which takes place the following morning, Miss Kummer is not so successful in maintaining the high-comedy level of these scenes. Unwisely, the critics believe, she tries a trick on her audience by an apparent introduction of melodrama. After the previous effective scene of reconciliation with her husband, Mrs. Wilton is shown leaving her home with her adoring Italian portrait painter, taking her jewel-box with her. Not only this, but we are led to believe that she has given her husband an overdose

of drugs. All this creates a rather unpleasant series of situations. More in the spirit of high comedy is the revelation that Eddie, the repentant prodigal, has told everybody of the family disaster, starting a panic which enables his father's partner to make millions. In the end, everything is happily explained, even the overdugging of Wilton, in a manner that is not lacking in ingenuity.

Concerning her pseudo-elopement, Emmie Wilton declares: "I took Pietro with me, Harry, because he knows the man who runs the place awfully well. Such a nice man, Harry. He takes everything you've got and gives, and gives you money for it, then lets you have it back for a few cents. She has started to pawn her jewels to raise money for her ruined husband. The latter informs her that he is not really ruined, and the comedy ends:

EMMIE. Let me see! (*She takes the letter and reads it.*) What does it mean, Harry?

WILTON. It doesn't mean anything. They told me you had gone away with Rafaelo. What they told me was nothing—but think of my believing it! Only if you had, I would have understood it. You are both so young and it is such a beautiful morning—

EMMIE. Leave you for Rafaelo? Why, I wouldn't leave you for anyone, Harry, especially when you're in trouble.

WILTON. I must manage to keep in trouble all the time.

EMMIE. (*Reads.*) "Oh, my dear, if you ever regret, come back to me." What a wonderful love letter, Harry!

WILTON. Is it?

EMMIE. Oh, yes—may I have it? Who opened it, Harry?

WILTON. Albertine. She went off with your steamer-coat, they said, and all the trunks and hat-boxes in the house.

EMMIE. I gave her the coat, Harry. It was wearing a little and I didn't know we were going to be ruined. Where has she gone?

WILTON. I don't know, dear. Very likely she hasn't gone anywhere. She's probably up-stairs. You can't believe anything people say.

EMMIE. She was going to Norwich today. Her sister's got a new baby and I told Albertine she could go.

WILTON. Norwich! Clarence Rivers went to the wrong pier. He would, of course—how fine it all is. (*Enter Connors.*)

CONNORS. Excuse me, sir, Mr. Rafaelo forgot to give you these. (*Gives pawn tickets to Wilton.*)

EMMIE. Oh, the tickets from Updejohns! . . . You forgave me, Harry. Oh, it's wonderful to be forgiven even if you haven't done anything.

WILTON. I'd like to be forgiven, too, if you don't mind.

EMMIE. I'm so happy, Harry, but, of course, happiness isn't everything.

WILTON. What is?

EMMIE. I don't know—

WILTON. Well, I don't. Let's let it go at happiness.

A VIGOROUS DEFENCE OF COMMERCIALISM IN THE AMERICAN THEATER

EVERY dollar that passes in through the box-office window is dedicated to the service of true dramatic art, and every dollar carried around to the back door in a bag, to supply the deficiency indicated in the ticket-rack, helps to pauperize and degrade it. To this effect speaks James L. Ford, coming to the rescue of the much-maligned "commercialism" of our drama. "I have long since arrived at the belief," he asserts in *Scribner's*, "that commercialism in the theater means a great deal more than mere money-making; that it is absolutely essential to the highest forms of dramatic art, and that the ticket-rack, on which the box-office critic writes his opinion in indelible ink, is an almost unailing barometer not only of popular taste but of the merit of the entertainment that lies behind it."

"The greater the sums carried in through that back door to supply the deficiency indicated by the ticket-rack, the greater the danger to the American drama. For every one of those dollars paid into the box-office is a ballot cast in favor of the play at a polling-place where men, women and children have equal rights of suffrage. Quite appropriately, too, for the stage is a democracy, designed for the masses rather than the academic classes, and the keen judgment shown by the voters frequently causes me to regret that a like intelligence is not always manifested on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November."

By commercialism, Mr. Ford pro-

ceeds to explain, he does not mean gambling in doubtful plays or newly-made stars, but high-class business principles, like those employed by the late Sir Henry Irving, "one of the best commercial managers this country has ever seen and, incidentally, the one who did more to raise our standard of dramatic representation than any manager of his time."

In reply to the objection that the merit of a play has nothing to do with the number of people who see it, that some of the greatest books in the world have not sold well, and that some of the best pictures have been neglected, Mr. Ford replies:

"It is quite true that the value of a book is not affected by the number of its purchasers and that the merit of a picture remains the same until its colors fade; but in the theater the audience is literally a part of the play, representing, in the opinion of experienced men, an equation of one-third. To obtain the highest artistic results in a dramatic representation it is necessary to have a paying audience that fills every portion of the theater. It takes a commercial manager to get this audience together. It is impossible to make benches laugh, and deadheads have but little better sense of humor than benches. It is impossible for even the wisest manager to predict the popularity of a play by reading the manuscript, and it frequently happens that a finished dress rehearsal fails to give him the information he so anxiously desires."

Mr. Ford even comes to the defence of such box-office hits as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ten Nights in a Barroom,"

"Ben Hur" and "The Music Master." Of the first, he declares that it contains "the pure gold of drama in the form of one of the greatest dramatic themes of all time—the selling of a man's body without selling his soul." "Ten Nights in a Barroom," he asserts, "contains the great world-wide domestic tragedy of drunkenness." He continues:

"All of these entertainments are regarded by thinkers of the 'Hoot-Owl' school as 'mere box-office successes,' for theirs is a philosophy that considers only the manager's profits and never takes into account the other side of the window where the voters stand in unbroken line waiting for a chance to register their opinions on the ticket-rack, nor the enormous amount of clean, wholesome entertainment that they have received for their money. And in that very quality of cleanliness every one of these dramas accurately reflects the taste of the American public."

"I do not pretend for a moment that these audiences are made up exclusively of the so-called 'educated' classes, but it is those learned in life rather than in books who really love the drama and can tell the difference between good acting and bad. Just now the academic mind is supplying us with an immense number of books dealing with the stage, and of all those that have been written since commercialism became a crime I have read scarcely one that was not penned by the hand of ignorance. The Gospel that nearly all of them preach is that the righteous manager should produce dramas that nobody wishes to see instead of sinking into the slough of commercialism with those that fill his theater."

THE BALKANS PRODUCE THEIR FIRST MUSICAL GENIUS

RUMANIA, the latest victim of the Teutonic steam roller, famous chiefly for its oil wells, grain field and political intrigue, is also a country of more than elementary culture. That fact has recently been brought home to the musical world by the appearance of Georges Enesco, of pure Rumanian blood, in the front rank of Europe's composers. Enesco's success must be looked upon as a significant incident in current musical history, for it signalizes the spread of nationalistic musical movements to the farthest corner of Europe.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries Italy, Germany, France and England were virtually the only countries that produced music of universal appeal. But after the various revolutionary movements of the first

half of the nineteenth century, the outlying regions, awakened to new national consciousness, began to sound their own individual note. Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Hungary, and the Slavonic lands, one by one produced their national musical heroes. And now the war-swept Balkans, after a brief period of troubled national existence, are beginning to assert themselves. What Grieg was to Norway and Dvorák to Bohemia, what Sibelius is to Finland, that Enesco is to Rumania.

Primarily Enesco was a violinist. He was court violinist to the late Queen of Rumania, known as Carmen Sylva. But since 1897, when Colonne brought out his "Poème roumain" in Paris, his reputation as a composer has gradually overtopped his virtuoso fame. America first came to know him in

1902, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra produced the same work, and since 1911, when Mr. Walter Damrosch played his E-flat symphony in New York, Enesco has gradually made his way into the rank of the "accepted" modernists. During the past month or so several hearings were accorded to his works in New York and aroused considerable enthusiasm. Aside from his melodic spontaneity, his orchestral coloring was especially admired.

Enesco is one of the youngest of living composers, for he was born in 1881, in Cordareni, Rumania. From an account by Mr. Philip Hale in the Boston Symphony program we gather that his genius has come straight from the soil and cropped out at a surprisingly early age. In Mr. H. F. Peyser's words, writing in the London *Musical Standard*, he was "all in all

something like the precocious Jean-Christophe." Says Mr. Hale:

"Enesco's father was a farmer. The boy at the age of three asked him to bring him a fiddle from the town where he sold his produce. The father brought him one, but it had only three strings and the boy was disgusted: 'I wanted a fiddle, not a plaything.' A real violin was obtained, and Georges soon played the tunes he had heard at village weddings and made up tunes of his own. A wandering musician, staying in the village, taught him his notes, and Georges began to compose before he had seen any treatise on harmony. Another musician persuaded the father to take the boy to Vienna. Joseph Hellmesberger, the elder, was then at the head of the Vienna Conservatory and conductor at the Royal Opera House. He was at first unwilling to admit the seven-year-old boy. 'The Conservatory is

not a cradle.' But the father pleaded earnestly. Hellmesberger heard the boy, admitted him to the Conservatory, and took him into his own family, where he lived for four years. Georges took the first prizes for violin and harmony when he was eleven."

Later the boy was taken to Paris, and there repeated his success at the Conservatoire. Studying violin with Marsick and composition with Faure, while Massenet took great interest in him, he took an *accessit* for fugue and counterpoint at sixteen, and the first violin prize at eighteen.

Subsequently he toured all over Europe and became recognized as a virtuoso of the first rank. A prodigious list of important works has already been produced by him—two violin sonatas, the "Rumanian Poem" and

"Pastorale" for orchestra, a symphony, an orchestral suite, a *symphonie concertante* for cello and orchestra, three Rumanian Rhapsodies for orchestra, besides a host of minor compositions.

In some compositions he makes use of Rumanian folk-song material, a rich and unexploited mine; but the best clue to Enesco's style is given by himself when he confesses to the joint influence of Wagner and Brahms. Nevertheless, his long residence in Paris and association with the modern French schools has left its impress upon his work. He is not, however, in sympathy either with Debussy or d'Indy, the two outstanding figures in modern French music, but confesses his admiration for the more "solid" Dukas.

AN AMERICAN OPERATIC INTERPRETATION OF CHAUCER

ANOTHER American opera, the fifth in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House, has just passed across the boards. The composer is Reginald de Koven, of comic opera fame, and the librettist is Percy MacKaye. It is a thoroly American combination, but the subject, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," is British. The work celebrates the spirit of that England of old which Mr. de Koven has in his comic opera, "Robin Hood," reproduced with success. Mr. de Koven, according to the *N. Y. Times*, when asked why he had not before attempted to write grand opera, promptly gave the lack of a good book as his reason, and assigned to the same cause the various failures in recent American opera, thereby laying unexpected emphasis

upon the libretto. But Mr. MacKaye seems to dissent on this point. He magnifies the importance of the libretto in an interview in the *N. Y. Times*, saying:

"They call the drama of an opera a libretto—a 'little book.' Now what under heaven has a little book to do with an opera? Perhaps 5,000 words, and few of these understood—and they call this the librettist's work! Just as everything that is heard in the opera house is the composer's work, so everything that is seen on the stage is the dramatist's. The author must provide a drama with a universal emotional theme, so fashioned that all, or nearly all, of it can be expressed in lyrical music. So little has the 'book' got to do with this that all the words could be omitted without taking much away from a good opera if it were not for their relation to the singers. The

last of the librettist's duties is to write words. Words exist in opera merely because the singers must, of course, have something to sing."

But it seems all that is to be changed. The opera must henceforth be a good drama and the librettist must be a dramatist as well as a poet. The action must be simple and it must tell the story to the eye. There is no doubt, if current judgment is accurate, that Mr. MacKaye has accomplished this purpose. To quote another writer in the *N. Y. Times*:

"The 'sunshine and gay turmoil of checkered life' that vivify Mr. MacKaye's opening act, take the spectator back across the centuries, beyond the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, in literary episodes of blended wit and fancy that find their only living counterpart in the 'star dust'



CHAUCER AT THE METROPOLITAN

All of the famous Canterbury pilgrims who set out with the poet from the Tabard Inn, which is here pictured as the first act of Reginald de Koven and Percy MacKaye's "grand" comic opera, are also depicted. This latest attempt at opera in English, by American composers and librettists, is hardly more successful than its four predecessors at the most famous opera house of the new world.

with which Rostand has sprinkled some of his captivating pages of romance. MacKaye's pilgrims are 'modifications,' without being 'falsifications,' of Chaucer's own; the hero is brought from 'free and blithe dishevelment' of the poet into a semblance of modish regularity, and the plot is novel 'through excess of virtue' for strictly post-Elizabethan taste—a 'cox-combical' story, to borrow a coined word, in which the figures recall a famous but ribald engraving of them, familiar in sedate American homes more than a generation ago."

The book of the new opera is based upon Mr. MacKaye's play of the same name, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," already familiar to American audiences. In the course of its four acts we are introduced to the well-known characters in Chaucer's tales, with the poet himself as the central figure and the Prioress, the Wife of Bath, the Friar, the Knight, the Squire, Joanna, the Miller, and, at the end, Richard Cœur de Lion, as the principal personages. We see them first in the court of the Tabard Inn, where Chaucer is recognized by the Squire as the Poet Laureate, and the Wife of Bath reveals her matrimonial designs upon him. In Act II they are on the high road and the Wife of Bath hatches a deep-laid plot to discredit the Prioress, of whom she is jealous, while another amorous tangle ensues between the Squire and his Joanna. In Act III, as bells toll for chapel, a double love-scene is enacted, interrupted by the Wife, who now consummates her plot and brings about complications that result in a challenge. The last act brings them

all to Canterbury. King Richard appears and the case of the Wife of Bath, who has already been married five times, is laid before him.

An interesting bit of information concerning the making of an opera book is given by Mr. MacKaye. Having taken five of the characters of his earlier play to carry on the action of the opera, he has robbed these five of "all but the most striking traits of characterization." The conditions of opera necessitate this. The Wife of Bath must indicate her jovial character far more in her manner than in her speech. As for Chaucer, tradition makes him a fat man, and such a character offers "many psychological subtleties" to the dramatist; but in opera it is different. The audience would probably fail to see the subtlety in a fat lover. So Mr. MacKaye has simplified and broadened his play for operatic purposes.

Mr. de Koven has worked in full sympathy with his librettist, and his music well conveys the rollicking spirit of the play.

If we are to believe Mr. Henderson, writing in the *N. Y. Sun*, it "discloses exquisite sentiment and a singular felicity in the gracefulness of its melodic style." "All the dialog of the opera," Mr. Henderson explains, "is inflowing arioso. There is no recitative. In some cases the accompaniment, independently conceived, is somewhat frivolous in manner, but it is generally tuneful."

Altho the work is written in the "continuous" style of the music drama, however, Mr. de Koven, according to

the same critic, has consciously "avoided the pitfalls of the Wagnerian system of leading motives," and instead has adopted the system of recurrent themes, as employed by Massenet in "Manon," a choice upon which he is to be congratulated. These themes "can be detected in the act of occurring and recurring, but they do not tax the memory nor thrust foolish problems about their significance into the midst of a comfortable and unperplexing score."

Indeed, neither the memory nor the intelligence in general are "taxed" by Mr. de Koven's music. It is frankly and admittedly light, and all critical comment seems to take that fact for granted, without questioning the propriety of producing light opera in such a place as the Metropolitan. Both Mr. Aldrich in the *Times* and Mr. Henderson in the *Sun* accept it without adverse comment, tho the latter admits that the choruses, which he calls the "cheapest part of the score," are sometimes "banal to the verge of musical vulgarity."

More discriminating critics, like Mr. Halpern of the *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*, find little to praise. Mr. Halpern calls the opera a hybrid, showing its relation to grand opera chiefly in the noisy, ambitious *finale*, while its "shallow melodic stream" recalls the operetta, and he deprecates the "faulty technique and the absence of all musical characterization" shown in the score. As an attempt at "national American opera," he concludes, this great effort of the Metropolitan must be regarded as a failure.

HAVE WE A RIGHT TO CUT SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS TO FIT THE MODERN STAGE?

THOSE enthusiasts who insist that Shakespeare's plays, when produced on the modern stage, should be acted precisely as they were fashioned, are unreasonable, in the opinion of the venerable Shakespeare lover, Mr. William Winter. The dramatist is not treated fairly when treated that way, so Mr. Winter protests, in the third volume of his series on "Shakespeare on the Stage" (Moffat, Yard). "There is no sacrosanct quality in the writings of Shakespeare or of any other author," he maintains. Descriptive passages that become manifestly superfluous when the scene described is properly shown, passages of literary quality which neither facilitate exposition of character nor expedite movement, can well be spared, provided scrupulous judgment is exercised. Some passages in Shakespeare, says Mr. Winter, are tedious as a twice-told tale, some are obnoxious to decency and good taste.

"He wrote for an ill-provided stage, and there is reason to believe that some of his plays as they have come down to us contain language that was foisted upon them by other writers. He was constrained sometimes to furnish passages that either would measurably supply the place of scenery or would subscribe action and change of circumstance that he did not or could not choose to show. He was often careless of congruity. Agreeable presentment of some of his plays, precisely as they stand in library editions, might, perhaps, be effected, but that method of exposition applied to others of them would certainly tend to display their defects in bold relief. . . . It is not true, as urged by sticklers for the exact, literal 'original text' (not all of which exists as it fell from the pen of Shakespeare), that every word is essential to the development of plot and the revelation of character, and therefore necessary to be spoken. 'Hamlet' is as well understood by an audience as he ever can be, even tho he forbear pronouncement of a part of his long speeches."

Mr. Winter calls attention to the fact that he has spent more than sixty years as an advocate of Shakespeare, and that he is a reverent and loving disciple; but he loves him for his beauties, not his defects, and he deprecates "extravagant, unintelligent effusive laudation of him."

"The plays of Shakespeare, fine and precious as they are, are not perfect, and all of them are not of equal value or equally worthy of production in the theater, and I venture to maintain that the endeavor to discriminate between the merits and the faults in them is neither to fail in love and reverence for a marvelous, beneficent genius, nor to assume a narrow, Puritanical attitude toward what the cant of modern 'progressive' criticism (which is not criticism at all, but merely blather) designates 'the great realities of life.' Let us have Shakespeare, but not too much of him; and let us not make ourselves ridiculous and the dramatist tiresome by talking of him as if he were Uriel, the Angel of the Sun."

MOTION PICTURES

DO MOTION PICTURES MERELY FEED OUR PREHISTORIC APPETITES?

TO attend a motion-picture play is to be primitive; to listen to an orator is to be a cave man; to read is to be civilized.

It is the printed page on which we must put our hopes for progress rather than on the spoken word. As for the sense of sight—on which the whole structure of the photodrama, of course, depends—it is the most primitive and automatic of the faculties, and therefore, says John Cotton Dana, in the *New York Sun*, is responsible for the "frightful" popularity of the photoplay, "appealing, as it does, to the appetites and fancies of prehistoric man." He argues ingeniously, if not convincingly:

"The movie eye is primeval, while the ear of the happy auditor is merely pliocene. But by so much as pliocene antedates the birth a few thousand years ago of the art of writing, by so much does hearing surpass in ease the practice of the art of reading. The movie was born almost in the mud of the world's first seas; the orator, the master of the car, has had his way with men a million years or two, and long practice has made submission to him easy; but reading was painfully conquered only yesterday, and must be reconquered by each new generation. . . . The movie-seeing habit provokes no cerebration."

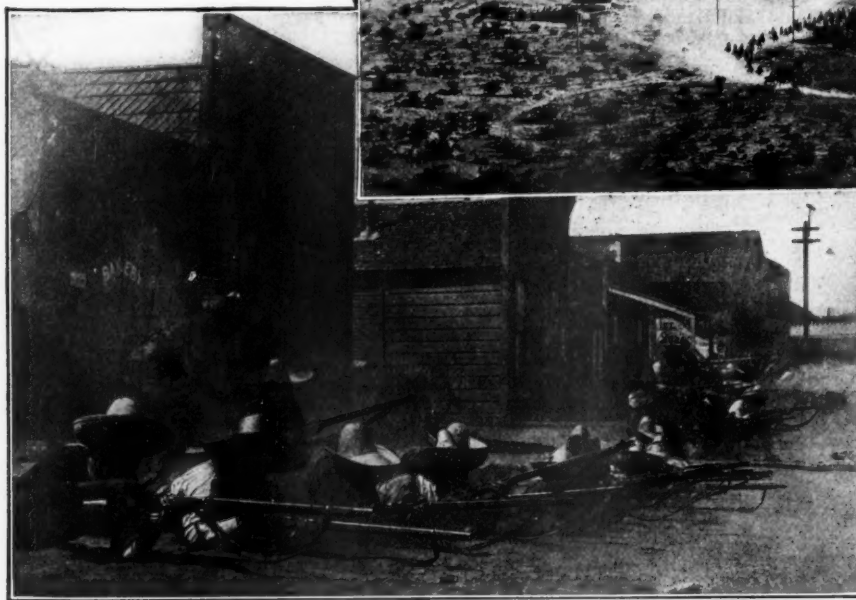
In other words, producers of films and managers of photoplays have unconsciously tapped the prehistoric man and have found the vein as wide as all humankind and marvelously rich. No blame is found with them for working it. Indeed, Mr. Dana is hopeful that the film magnates will, in time, by the very zeal which rich profits promote, "discover to movie lovers their own madness," will "curb a base appetite by overfeeding it," and will at last "find and cultivate the field in which a moving picture may be used with fine pleasure to many and with sound profit to some." He goes on:

"My indictment does not lie against the obvious stupidity, dulness, inanity and frightful banality of the movie play itself, nor against the pardonable tho lamentable activities of the movie promoter. An indictment laid in those quarters would gain slight support from our fellow cit-

izens. To many the marvelous, wonder-working quality of the moving picture is ample evidence of its supreme excellence. It has made so many very rich, it gathers so many dimes and nickels for its promoters in its 20,000 temples with their 20,000,000 daily worshipers, and it has promised, tho it has never achieved, such astounding improvements in the education of old and young that argument against it seems to most almost irreligious. The movie to-day is touched with a certain divinity.

"My argument against it lies elsewhere, to wit, in the constitution of man himself. . . .

"We can safely assume that for thousands of years, and probably for millions, it was easier for man and his predecessors to learn helpful things about the world by vision than by sound or smell or touch. When consciousness arrived and man began to acquire what we now call knowledge, the eye, with its optical center in the brain, was the tool through



MEXICAN BORDER WARFARE AS SHOWN IN MOTION PICTURES

At the top is a film panorama of American rangers and cowboys riding to the rescue of their comrades in a neighboring town which is being raided by Mexican bandits, as shown in the bottom picture. These are two scenes in "The Honor System," the new cinema spectacle.

which he most readily acquired that knowledge. . . .

"In other words, the world, as man first began to know it and to be conscious of his knowledge, and to remember what he knew, and to combine his memories and to use the combinations, was very largely and probably fundamentally a world of visions rather than a world of smells or of sounds or of touch."

In short, it was a moving picture; and from the remote period when that first moving picture was dimly seen down to the present era, the moving picture of the world was always present and always useful. To look upon the moving picture is merely

to do that which the human animal and his predecessors have for millions of years been daily in the habit of doing.

"We see by nature, we talk by nurture. Every normal man can see and understand the movies, no matter how unintelligent he may be. A few chosen spirits learn to talk, and a few more learn to understand the talkers. Obviously, then, nearly all of our fellows prefer the movie to the spoken word. . . . It grows by the very ignorance and the lack of reading power on which it feeds. It makes daily more difficult the one supremely important task, that of making all men readers, and therefore more intelligent and therefore more self-restrained."

Edwin H. Blashfield also sees in the movies a bridge between prehistoric and civilized man; and in the N. Y. *Times Magazine* attributes their popularity to the passion human beings have for taking "a short cut," the road from the eye to the brain being the shortest of all.



HALL CAINE HAS PUT THE ISLE OF MAN INTO THE MOVIES
Derwent Hall Caine, son of the novelist, as the character of Dan Mylrea in "The Deemster," is being persuaded by a fisherman to adopt a seafaring life.

PIRACY IN SCENARIO WRITING

IT is estimated that approximately a thousand scenarios a day are submitted to the leading motion-picture producers of the country and that the average number accepted is something less than one in a hundred. This disproportion, supplemented by the rich rewards offered and paid for the few that are chosen, has stimulated piracy in filmdom much as high duties stimulate smuggling.

It was easy in the early days to secure scenarios—an incident would do. A little story or a visualized poem would make an acceptable script. But when plays lengthened, the demand came for better scripts, and gradually there has developed a numerous class of writers, ranging from "daylight plagiarists to dark-lantern thieves," that are likened by Jasper Ewing Brady to spiders among the flies in scenario writing. This well-known scenario editor takes the floor, in the *Woman's Home Companion*, to blame the producers themselves for having brought about such a condition by luridly advertizing the sums they would pay simply for ideas.

Are ideas ever stolen? he asks, and promptly answers in the affirmative. The numerous suits for violation of copyright are proof of this. For instance:

"Not long ago a certain author of international reputation had a few minutes' spare time on his hands, and decided to see a movie. The first theater he came to had an attractive sidewalk display, and for a moment the author glanced over the photographs. Suddenly his eye lighted upon one which had a most familiar look. It was a replica of an illustration, substi-

tuting, of course, human characters, from one of his best-known books. This was interesting indeed. Ten cents was the open sesame of the theater, and within a few moments the author saw, thrown on the screen, a most elaborate film version of his book. The original story had been rigidly adhered to, and only the name had been changed. Beyond question it was a splendid picture. Well cast, well acted, excellent locations, and superb photography. The company producing it was one of the very best in the country. There was no name given as author of this play; but the leading part was portrayed by one of the leading screen artists of the profession.

"The author sat through the production, getting madder every minute. After the entertainment he procured a copy of his book and hid himself forthwith to the film company responsible for this production. His prominence in the world of letters procured him an instant audience with the president.

"'Good afternoon, Mr. Blank, come to let us have a story?' greeted Mr. President.

"'No,' laconically replied the author. 'I've come to make you pay for one you have produced without so much as 'by your leave.'"

"'You mean to say we've stolen something of yours?'"

"'I haven't used the term 'stolen,' but I've just witnessed a most remarkable photoplay made from this book. I wrote it, but have never sold the motion-picture rights. I'll be around to-morrow with my lawyer. Good day!'"

"President took the book, and a glance at the illustrations showed conclusively the author was right. It was a stolen script.

"'Wait, please!' requested president. Author resumed his seat while president made a little investigation, and this is what he discovered:

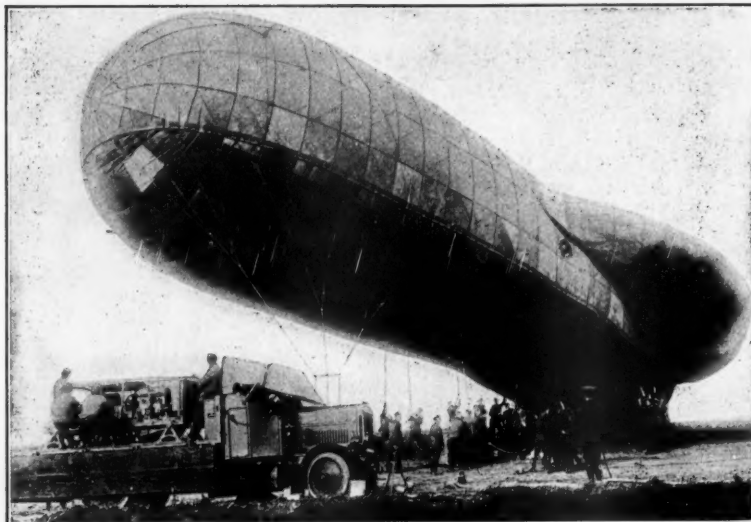
"Some months before, the star mentioned as having played in the picture brought a five-reel script to president, who read it and saw it was a masterpiece. The film company paid the star five hundred dollars for the scenario, one hundred dollars per reel, and made an immediate production. The company bought the manuscript in good faith, and really was blameless in the matter, save, perhaps, the editor, who should have caught the deception.

"The author did not have to return the next day with a lawyer, because president ascertained the amount of sales of the film and handed author a check for seven and one-half per cent. royalty, and a contract for a like per cent. on all future sales."

On the other hand, an anonymous scenario editor asserts in the *New York Sun* that piracy is very rarely practiced and that authors have only to keep their eyes open to protect themselves. His advice is:

"If a scenario editor has had your manuscript longer than you think necessary, say four weeks or so, sit down and write him a nice polite letter of inquiry. Then if you do not hear from him write again and tell him that if you do not hear from him by a certain date you will submit your scenario to another company. If he has any intention of producing your play himself you will hear from him in short order."

The trouble with most authors who have become masters of fiction is that they have apparently considered photoplay writing as an absurdly easy task that any one who has the slightest ability to write can make a success of. The scenario editor is more imposed upon than imposing, complains the one in the *Sun*.



SENDING UP AN OBSERVATION BALLOON ON THE SOMME FRONT
From a remarkable series of motion pictures, authorized by the British government, in which the great battle of the Somme has been filmed and which are being shown for the benefit of the American Ambulance Field Service in France.

ORIGINALITY THE CRYING NEED OF THE PHOTODRAMA AS MÜNSTERBERG SEES IT

A CAUSTIC critic of the photoplay and its kaleidoscopic audience might say that the average American is a mixture of business, ragtime and sentimentality. He satisfies his business instinct by getting so much for his dime or quarter; he enjoys his ragtime in the slapstick humor, and he gratifies

his sentimentality with the preposterous melodramas which so often fill the program. "This is all quite true," observes the late Hugo Münsterberg, who then, in the same breath, asserts that "it is not true at all." Success has crowned every sincere and intelligent effort to improve the photo stage; the better the plays are the more the

audience approves them. The most ambitious companies are the most flourishing.

In his psychologic study of *The Photoplay* (Appleton's), Professor Münsterberg is both hopeful and apprehensive regarding the moral and intellectual influence of the photo drama. His apprehension is that the dangers (intellectually) are negative rather than positive. "It is not the dangerous knowledge which must be avoided, but it is the trivializing influence of a steady contact with things which are not worth knowing." As to the moral dangers:

"Certainly it is not enough to have the villain punished in the last few pictures of the reel. If scenes of vice or crime are shown with all their lure and glamor the moral devastation of such a suggestive show is not undone by the appended social reaction. The misguided boys or girls feel sure that they would be successful enough not to be trapped. . . . The true moral influence must come from the positive influence of the play itself."

Professor Münsterberg hopefully concludes that, on the principle that communities at first always prefer Sousa to Beethoven, the motion-picture audience "could only by slow steps be brought from the tasteless and vulgar eccentricities of the first period to the best plays of to-day, and the best plays of to-day can be nothing but the beginning of the great upward movement which we hope for in the photoplay."

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

TRILBY. World, 5 reels: This screen adaptation of the famous Du Maurier story and play is naturally and charmingly enacted. The plot of the story needs no repeating, but its somewhat exacting situations are handled most capably by Clara Kimball Young, as Trilby; Wilton Lackaye, as Swengali; Chester Barnett, as Little Billee, and others.

THE HONOR SYSTEM. Fox, 10 reels: Nothing to compare with this production, as a sheer masterpiece of photography, has been filmed since *The Birth of a Nation* and *Cabiria*. It dramatizes the barbarities of the old prison system and is a powerful plea for reform. Aside from its propaganda, it tells a story of admirably sustained interest.

PRINCESS OF PATCHES. Selig-K. E. S. E., 5 reels: A picture of life in Mississippi since the Civil War, in which the characterizations are exceptionally well done. Those of Judas, the villain, as posed by Charles Le Moyne, and Patches, the shabby heroine, by Violet De Bicarri, carry the picture to success.

THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE. Metro, 5 reels: Adapted from the popular novel of the same title by Margaret Deland, this photoplay affords Ethel Barrymore an unusual opportunity to give a sympathetic emotional interpretation of the heroine. A clean, finished production that every member of the family will enjoy.

SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT. Essanay, 5 reels: High-class comedy, plus a clever, original story by Henry Irving Dodge, that had already found a popular magazine audience, distinguishes this cinema comedy drama of the month. It is the story of a young husband who decided, with some wifely assistance, to bluff his way to fortune, and who succeeded.

THE DEEMSTER. Arrow, 9 reels: Admirers of Hall Caine will find little to disappoint them in this screen version of the novel of the same title, with Derwent Hall Caine, son of the novelist, as Daniel Mylrea. Scenically, the picture is a delight, tho the jail looks large enough to house half the inhabitants of the Isle of Man.

INTRIGUER. Greater Vitagraph, 5 reels: The novelty of this Russian melodrama in pictures is that the star is a youngster of six or seven, Bobby Connelly, who triumphantly carries the five heavy reels on his slender shoulders. Otherwise the picture is commonplace.

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI. Famous Players, 5 reels: Paris in the time of Napoleon is the background of this photoplay, which offers Marguerite Clark, and no one else, every opportunity to star. She acquits herself creditably, as does whoever is responsible for the fine atmosphere which envelops a somewhat negligible story.

EASY STREET. Chaplin-Mutual, 2 reels: This shows the comic screen favorite, Charlie Chaplin, at his funniest, and without certain cheap vulgarities that have marred much of his work. It pictures his adventures, or antics, as a diminutive cop, with an Easy Street bully.

A SQUARE DEAL. World, 5 reels: This is a picture of Greenwich Village folk, the accredited bohemians of New York City. A society butterfly figures, not very convincingly, in some episodes, but the rest of the picture is strong to a fine point of realism. The argument of the story is that friendship is greater than love.

THE SCARLET LETTER. Fox, 5 reels: This immortal Hawthorne classic offers material for powerful photodramatic visualization; but admirers of the book may shudder at the introduction of voodoo men, burning witches at the stake and getting rid of the villain by having him seized by a pirate crew and made to walk the plank. Such liberties taken with a masterpiece are apt to be regarded as an impudent license.

THE WAR. General Film-Official War Pictures, Inc.: Probably the most remarkable motion pictures of battle scenes ever filmed. Mainly of actual fighting and military maneuvers on the Somme front and of the grand fleet in the North Sea. Officially authorized by the British Government.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

NECESSITY OF A NEW METHOD OF ATTACK. UPON THE PARASITE

MORE pressing than any other emergency in the whole field of what is called "pure science" is that occasioned by the growing variety and elusiveness of parasite life. To this emergency much attention has been paid by the specialists of the Royal Microscopical Society in London, its investigations of the parasites of the human mouth alone promising results of the greatest importance. Its experts are ranging, indeed, over a much wider field, according to reports in London *Nature*, involving a study of bacteria and yeasts as well as that of insect larvae. The net result of its labors suggests that what is technically known as microbiology is in need of a great innovator—some genius who will revolutionize present methods after the example of Lister in surgery or Becquerel in physics. The accumulation of facts is enormous. What is required is a great generalization to facilitate an attack upon the bulwarks of parasite life as a whole.

The parasite remains a mystery. He is not an organism belonging only to the animal kingdom. He or "it" may be vegetable or animal, may be bacteria or fungi, may be protozoa or a biting insect. The name of the parasite is legion and the application of the term "devilry" to its activities by Professor J. Arthur Thomson has seemed felicitous to many experts. It is not the destructiveness of parasites that some object to, notes Professor Thomson, nor their ugliness, nor their aimless life, but this "devilry," this production of disease or decay. The ichneumon fly lays her eggs in a caterpillar. The hatched grubs feed on the living tissues and they make their way out eventually to begin a new phase of life, having killed their host. Perhaps, concedes Professor Thomson, whose paper is in *The New Statesman*, it does not

matter much to the caterpillar whether it is devoured from the inside or from the outside. Perhaps the ichneumon larvae are rather beasts of prey than parasites. Says Professor Thomson:

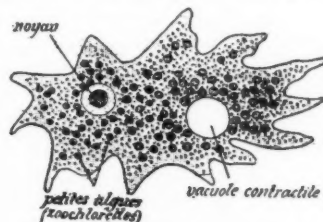
"The association between parasite and host is often very specific; thus the larvae of some of the fresh-water mussels become temporary parasites on particular species of fishes and on no others, and the larva of the liver-fluke does not develop in Britain except within one particular kind of fresh-water snail. The relation of dependence—always nutritive, and often more—between parasite and host varies greatly in intimacy, for there are external hangers-on, like fish-lice, and intimate endoparasites which become almost part of their host. There are partial parasites which spend a chapter or two of their life in freedom, and there are complete parasites which pass from host to host in a never-broken vicious circle. In proportion to the intimacy of the dependence is the degeneration of the parasite, which affects especially the sensory, nervous, muscular, and alimentary systems. The reproductive system, on the other hand, is often highly developed and the multiplication very prolific. This may be correlated primarily with the abundance of stimulating food available without exertion, and secondarily with the enormous chances of death in the life-history. For most of the parasites owe their survival to being many, not to being strong. The intricacies in the life-histories are often extraordinary, and are due in part to the fact that the parasite has to share in the knots in which their hosts are involved in the web of life, for it is natural enough that the bladderworm of the mouse should become the tapeworm of the cat. Ugly parasites are common, but many are conspicuously well adapted. Thus the tapeworm absorbs food by the whole surface of its body; it is fixed to its host by muscular adhesive suckers and often by attaching hooks as well; it can thrive with a minimum of oxygen; it has a mysterious 'anti-body' which saves it from being digested in its host's intestine; it produces millions of eggs which it is able to fertilize of itself. It may be repulsive, but in the technical biological sense, relative to given conditions, it is 'fit.'"

The repugnance which many people feel when they think of parasites is to Professor Thomson partly practical. They resent the fact that a contemptible microbe kills the genius before he comes of age and that paltry flies put a drag on the wheel of civilization. This is a one-sided view. There are parasites which do little harm to their host.

The thousands of Nematodes in the food canal of a grouse seem of no moment if the bird be healthy. If it be of a weakly constitution, however, the parasites, otherwise trivial, may gain the upper hand and eliminate their host.

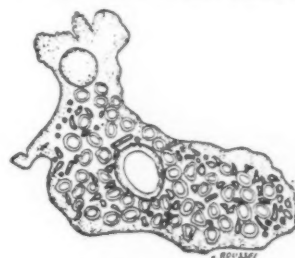
"The effects of parasites on their hosts are extraordinarily varied; some give off toxic substances, others, like the beautiful Infusorians in a horse's stomach, appear to be to some extent helpful; some cause internal lesions and others provoke beautiful imprisoning growths like the oak-apples in the wood and the pearls in the oyster. The sturdie-worm causes locomotor ataxia in the sheep whose brain it inhabits, but fish-lice seem often entirely unimportant to their bearers. Almost every earthworm has parasitic Gregarines in its reproductive organs, but they are not usually of moment; on the other hand, the parasitic Crustaceans known as Rhizocephala actually destroy the reproductive organs of crabs. More than that, they change the constitution of the male towards the female type, so that a small ovary sometimes develops; the shape of the abdomen approximates to that of the female, and the protruding parasite is actually guarded by its bearer as if it were a bunch of eggs."

On the other hand, many external parasites behave as if their end in life were to do for their host what he will not do for himself, that is, keep his skin clean. Great mortality from parasites is in most cases due to immigrant animals entering a fresh area and becoming liable to attack by parasites to which they can offer no natural resistance, as when cattle enter the tsetse-fly belt and become infected with trypanosomes which are fatal to them, though doing little or no damage to the indigenous animals in which they are at home. Similarly, the fatality of a new parasite in a new population is familiar, as in the case of the Black Death



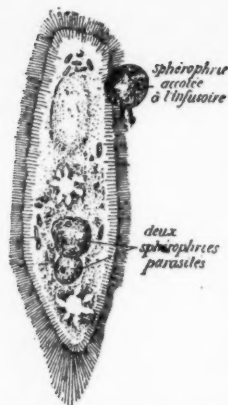
HAPPY JELLYFISH

Wandering freely through its element, existence to this jellyfish is reposeful, ecstatic and careless, as we may infer from the vacuole and the nucleus.



UNHAPPY JELLYFISH

It is dying because the micro-organisms (microsphaera) classified by Metchnikoff have found a home in its protoplasmic composition and when the nucleus is invaded the jellyfish will be dead.



ATTACK OF A BOLD PARASITE

The infusorian is here literally invaded by a swarm of acinetians which break through the cuticle and set up an infectious disease.

a larger organism which has swallowed it just as another may try to survive in a cave and another in a warm spring. In its searching for food and shelter it may discover in or about or on another organism what is for it sim-

in England, which was due to the introduction of the microbe of bubonic plague from the East.

In the struggle for existence the organism finds itself beset by environing difficulties and limitations, and one of the "reactions" that sometimes pay is to become a parasite. It may try to survive within

ply a new and very promising world. In many cases it is only the mother-animal that is parasitic, so that it is not necessarily a selfish evasion of struggle, this parasitism. It is not easy to fence off parasites that may be of a little benefit to their hosts from commensals that are on the whole beneficial but levy a slight tax, but Professor J. L. Todd, of McGill University, gives us these particulars in *Microbiology*:

"Organisms, such as the malarial parasite, which are wholly dependent for existence upon their hosts, are called *obligatory* parasites; those which are not, such as the infusoria usually found in the stomach of herbivorous animals, are *facultative* parasites. Facultative parasites often feed upon dead material provided by the host, and not upon the host itself; they are then said to be *saprophytic*.

"If a parasite is attached to a host, and neither harms nor benefits it, the parasite and host are said to be *commensals*. For example, the spirochaetes found about the teeth of many persons are usually harmless; they are commensals of their host."

The difficulty of dealing with the



A FUNGUS PREYING ON A FUNGUS

Here is a green euglena in which the chytidien is a parasite, devouring the succulent, tender chromatophores greedily until the luckless host perishes of anemia exactly like an underfed child in similar straits.

parasite from the standpoint of the harm it does to its host is seen in the amazing adaptability of the invading organism. It can assume a hundred shapes, for all we know. Its powers of adjustment to environments of different kinds are the subjects of study to-day in many laboratories. The vastness of the field may be seen from the fact that in it are comprehended microbial diseases of man and animals, the question of immunity, methods of infection, vaccines, serums and their production. The workers are scattered over many specialties and the genius who, by a single flash of insight, devises a new method of approach to what is really a single problem ought to receive the endless homage of mankind.

ESTABLISHMENT OF A PSYCHOANALYTIC PRIEST IN A CONFESSIONAL OF SCIENCE

AS a result of the labors of Freud, the great psychologist of science, there flourishes in many nations of continental Europe an institution paralleling in every detail the confessional with the solitary exception of its religious significance. Such is the conspicuous consequence of the practical application of what is known as the psychoanalytic method to the class of patients treated by Freud and Jung. The idea of the confessional is that the patient is bound to reveal what he conceals in the form of sin. The psychoanalytic practitioner does not use the word "sin," but the idea is ever with him. This accounts for the charge that Freud is obsessed by sex, a charge set forth in the London *Lancet* and in the *Medizinische Wochenschrift* (Berlin), among others. Freud has, perhaps, these critics say, little idea of how far he has traveled in the direction of establishing a confessional, of organizing within the medical body a priesthood whose function it will be to explore not the conscience but the consciousness of those whom he would restore. The latest interpretation of the psychological method in question, by Doctor Oskar Pfister, as well as Jung's analysis of the psychology of the unconscious,* reveals the direction in which the expert in their fields must travel.

*THE PSYCHOANALYTIC METHOD. By Dr. Oskar Pfister. Moffat, Yard & Co.
PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Dr. C. G. Jung. Moffat, Yard & Co.

The subject of treatment in the psychological laboratory is presumed to be hiding something, or else it lies at the bottom of the subconsciousness to be detected by means of test words. In nearly every case the purpose of the scientist is to convict his patient of sin—usually a sin of the kind practiced in secrecy. The charge, however, that psychoanalysis really sets up a religion disguised as psychology is denied by Pfister. He asserts also that it is a true friend, not a foe, to religion:

"Psychoanalysis in no way violates the claims of truth of the Christian religion as such. Of course, as already noticed, it destroys many spurious religious experiences by showing the illusory complex-function at the bottom of these. It must do this in order to banish misfortune. It would be all too small for Christianity to think that harm is to be feared for its future from analysis. The new method teaches us rather to understand many a form of current piety rejected as monstrous or ridiculed as laughable, to consider them causally in their necessity and estimate their deeper meaning. It comes to the assistance of religious psychology, which is in its infancy. Even to-day, it has given us the solutions for a mass of myths, religious hallucinations, inspirations, prohibitions, bizar new formations, ceremonials, ancient enigmas like automatic glossolalia, etc. And it will accomplish still much more."

For illustration of the psychoanalytic attitude, we may consider the hysterical. The hysterical individual suf-

fers a great part from reminiscences. The cure is effected by bringing that reminiscence, accompanied by its suitable excitement, into consciousness and then allowing it to fade away normally. To put it differently, the pent-up effect is brought into consciousness and carried out in speech or removed by medical suggestion. It is "abreacted." A bit of the patient's past, which is lost to his memory, namely, the occasion of the disease from which he suffers, is rendered conscious. On the other hand, the intentional bringing at the same time of a suggested idea standing in contradiction to the pathological idea is given up. "Abreaction," or the bringing into consciousness of the pent-up effect and its removal therefrom—a mental catharsis or purification—must be deemed the essential features of the method. The confessional element is incidental, a matter of detail and of mere accidental resemblance rather than an essential feature: "For a long time astute judges of human nature had asserted that many of the highest performances of the mind were created, not in the laboratory of conscious thinking, feeling and willing, but in the subterranean chambers which had often been denominated as the unconscious. . . . Freud's investigations not only substantiate these surmises but also afford the proof that the whole conscious mental life, especially on its affective side, is ruled and directed by such subconscious motives."

WHERE THE NEXT GREAT DISCOVERIES IN PHYSICS ARE LIKELY TO BE FOUND

FEW persons outside the ranks of expert physicists have any suspicion of the importance of the experiments with wave-lengths that proceed in laboratories not only here but in England and France. One kind of knowledge already attained by them has produced as an incidental result, wireless telegraphy. Even more sensational, doubtless, will be the developments in no remote future. The ignorance of these experiments is a consequence of the difficulty encountered in popularizing the electromagnetic theory of light. Tons of printed matter have been expended in vain efforts to convey to the public a correct idea of the principle underlying the theory. The difficulty comes in part from the failure to strip the theme of the mathematical element. Then, too, as Professor David Vance Guthrie, the able physicist of Louisiana State University, observes in *The Scientific Monthly*, there is probably no other theory in the whole field of physics which has served to coordinate so large a number of apparently unrelated phenomena.

According to the wave theory, light consists of waves traveling through a medium of some sort rather than of a stream of material particles. This theory was put forth by Huyghens, Newton's contemporary. Newton seems to have rejected it because light-waves did not appear to bend around the corners of an obstacle as do sound-waves or water-waves. This premise we know now to have been a mistaken one, for the beautiful diffraction experiments of Fresnel prove that light does bend around the edges of a body as do other types of waves. Says Professor Guthrie:

"To have proved that light consists of waves, however, is to have advanced only a short way toward the complete solution of the problem. It is at least equally important to settle the question as to what kind of waves light-waves are. In every type of wave motion it is essential that we have a medium and a disturbance of some sort traveling through this medium. So we have not learned much as to the true nature of light until we are able to give some account of the nature of the medium which serves to convey light-waves and of the character of the disturbances which are set up in it.

"The questions as to the nature of the medium and the character of the disturbances are linked closely together, for upon the properties of the medium will naturally depend the type of disturbance which that medium is capable of transmitting. Certain properties of the medium which must be supposed to exist in order to account for the phenomena of light were manifest from the first; certain characteristics which made it evident that

the medium in question must differ in many respects from ordinary matter. It must fill all space and at the same time must be tenuous in the extreme, since the planets and other heavenly bodies move through it without having their motion retarded in the slightest degree. It must also be capable of acquiring and transmitting energy, both potential and kinetic. To this medium was applied the name 'the luminiferous ether.'"

James Clerk Maxwell showed that electro-magnetic disturbances, originating at any point in space, should be propagated in all directions through the ether, not instantaneously but with a finite velocity which could be calculated by means of certain equations which he "derived." The value of this velocity thus calculated and the velocity of light as determined by several independent methods was strikingly alike. This led to a suspicion that light might be a disturbance of electro-magnetic nature traveling through the ether in accordance with the laws, governing such disturbances.

"On the basis of this fact alone, however, the agreement between the two figures might be set down as a coincidence—a striking one, it is true, but not beyond the bounds of possibility. But Maxwell went much further than this, and showed that an oscillating electric charge should give rise to a wave motion in the ether answering in all essentials to the known properties of light-waves; that these waves, consisting of an alternating electric field accompanied by an alternating magnetic field at right angles to it, and hence known as electro-magnetic waves, should in case of incidence on a material medium be either reflected, refracted, or absorbed by that medium, just as light-waves are."

By making the assumption that light-waves are electro-magnetic waves, Maxwell was able to account for their transverse character, to explain in a satisfactory manner all the fundamental phenomena of light and to predict a most striking interrelation between the electrical and the optical properties of a body. Then Heinrich Hertz, in a series of brilliant researches, succeeded in producing the electro-magnetic waves in the laboratory and in showing that these waves possessed the characteristic properties which Maxwell had predicted. Hertz showed that the only difference between these waves and those which affect the optic nerve is a difference in wave-length. Hertz's discovery marked the inception of modern wireless telegraphy.

The vast importance of the part which electro-magnetic waves play in nature may be appreciated from the fact that within the group are included

the entire range of radiations known as Röntgen or X-rays, gamma rays, ultra-violet rays, visible lights of various colors, infra-red rays, heat-waves and the long waves used in wireless telegraphy. The researches of experts on the diffraction of X-rays by crystals have proved that X-rays consist of very short ether-waves, having a wave-length of the order of magnitude of an Angström unit (the ten millionth part of a millimeter). In fact the most recent work indicates that under certain conditions X-rays may be produced having a wave-length even shorter than a fifth of an Angström unit. The gamma rays given off by radium and other radioactive bodies, being essentially X-rays, have wave-lengths of the same order of magnitude, but even shorter, the wave-length of the gamma rays being only about one tenth of an Angström unit. Between the X-rays and the shortest ultra-violet rays so far obtained lies a gap, as yet unexplored. To quote Professor Guthrie again:

"There are few of the facts revealed by the progress of modern science which make a more striking appeal to the imagination than this tremendous range of waves, varying in length all the way from those so small that hundreds of millions of them would be required to cover an inch to those several miles long; all of them essentially the same in character and obeying the same fundamental laws, but affecting us in different ways according to their length—some of them affecting the optic nerve and revealing to our eyes all of the various colors of nature, some of them conveying to us the heat of the sun, some producing chemical effects or making an impression upon a photographic plate, some penetrating with ease bodies which are opaque to ordinary light, some healing diseases, while yet others serve to bring us messages from the ends of the earth."

It is instructive, adds Professor Guthrie, to vary our point of view by arranging this long scale in octaves, as was done in the case of the musical scale. Upon doing this, we find that the whole range covers just forty-eight octaves, of which the visible spectrum comprises only one:

"Starting with the shortest of all, the gamma rays of radium, we have a range of about four octaves, including the gamma rays and the different types of X-rays. Then comes a space of something over nine octaves, as yet unexplored. The ultra-violet group, including the waves studied by Schumann and by Lyman, follows, embracing somewhat less than three octaves. The single octave comprising the visible spectrum is next in order. The infra-red group occupies between eight and nine octaves, followed by a scant

three constituting our second unexplored region. The remaining twenty or twenty-one octaves are occupied by the Hertizian waves, only the last seven, however, being made use of in wireless telegraphy. It

is encouraging to note the small extent of the two gaps in our scale in comparison with the vast range which we have been able to study. It is not unreasonable to suppose that these two gaps

will be entirely bridged in the near future, and that we shall be able to produce and study at will any wave-length desired from the gamma rays to the longest Hertizian waves."

ORIGIN OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GLOOMY PEOPLE AND CHEERFUL PEOPLE

VARIOUS efforts have been made to give a modern definition to what used to be called nervous, choleric, phlegmatic and melancholic temperaments. The latest of these attempts is due to Doctor C. B. Davenport, director of the experimental evolution department of the Carnegie Institution. His results are the theme of a critical investigation in London *Knowledge* by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, himself as renowned an expert on the subject as Doctor Davenport. The latter has investigated eighty-nine family histories which show in many cases the reappearance of similar temperaments and moods generation after generation. There is no doubt, comments Professor Thomson, as to the heritability of the general pattern and bias of mood and mind. The question is whether the dominant temperament is a resultant of many components or whether it is due to the presence or absence in the germinal inheritance of a particular thing—a unit factor—such as we believe to exist in the inheritance of "night blindness," albinism and the like:

"What Dr. Davenport maintains is that the pedigrees of his eighty-nine families can be successfully interpreted on the hypothesis that there are in the germ-plasm two definite factors of excitability and of cheerfulness, on whose presence or absence the temperament of the offspring depends. In the author's judgment there is a deep dichotomy among men, 'a dualism that runs through our whole population.' It is between the 'hyperkinetics' and the 'hypokinetics,' the quickly reacting and the slowly reacting, the enthusiast and the reflective, the romantic and the classic, the radical and the conservative, the feebly inhibited and the strongly inhibited. The two contrasted types are to be seen in all sorts of garbs. 'In business, the bold, energetic, dashing promoter and the solid, conservative, thrifty merchant; in law, the emotional jury-lawyer and the learned judge; in medicine, the skilful operator in difficult cases and the skilled diagnostician and consultant; in divinity, the magnetic evangelist and the profound theologian or exegetist; in war, a dashing Sheridan and a solid, quiet Grant.' All this reminds us of the contrast William James insisted on between 'the two types of mental make-up,' which he called the tender-minded and the tough-minded. The former, idealistic, optimistic free-willist, correspond to the hyperkinetics; the latter, going by 'facts,' pessimistic, fatalistic, correspond to the hypokinetics. Of course, the American scientist, like the American

philosopher, is willing to admit that the bulk of mankind is neither on the one side nor the other, but that most of us exhibit a mixture of ingredients which makes for a sort of humdrum happiness."

All through the realm of organisms, comments Professor Thomson further, we can detect an ever recurrent dualism. It separates the "hypokinetic" plant and the "hyperkinetic" animal as surely as it differentiates the relatively "anabolic" female and the relatively "katabolic" male. We see it where the genealogical tree of animals splits at the top into birds and mammals, both arising from stocks so ancient that they are called saurian. We see it at the very base of the tree in the antithesis between the very active infusorians and the slow-going amoebae. It is the contrast between corals and ctenophore, between barnacle and shrimp, between ascidian and fish—an ever recurring forking of the branches. The significance of it is not mystical. It simply means that the fundamental processes of life are twain—upbuilding and down-breaking, constructive and disruptive, anabolism and katabolism. Hence the ever present dualism; and an organism, unless peculiarly successful in pursuing a middle path, must be facing one way or the other.

To return, however, to Doctor Davenport, Professor Thomson finds him convinced of a deep "dichotomy" in mankind between the hyperkinetic and the hypokinetic, the spenders and the savers:

"Both types have two grades of expression, which correspond, he thinks, to the nervous and choleric temperaments on the one hand, and to the phlegmatic and melancholic temperaments on the other hand. The 'nervous' person is 'active, energetic, irritable, excitable, ambitious, given to planning, optimistic, usually talkative, and jolly.' The 'choleric' person goes further along the same *hyperkinetic* line: he is over-active, shifting from one thing to another, usually hilarious, passionate, even violent. The 'phlegmatic' person is characterized by quietness, seriousness, conservatism, and pessimism. The 'melancholic' individual goes further along the same *hypokinetic* line—unresponsive, taking things lying down, weak, given to worry and even to tears, one to whom life is a burden. What Dr. Davenport's studies have led him to is the conclusion that these four temperaments, corresponding in a general way to those of olden times, are heritable in a more precise sense than is usually supposed. His particular hypothesis is that temperament in man is

'determined' by a pair of hereditary, germinal factors—a factor for excitability, the absence of which spells placidity, and a factor for normal cheerfulness, whose absence spells depression. These factors may be inherited independently of one another, and there are a number of possible combinations. With rare exceptions the offspring of two very excitable parents are excitable; of two placid parents, placid. If one parent is depressed and the other cheerful, the offspring are likely to look on the bright side of things; but if both parents are gloomy the children will be gloomier still. . . . Out of 133 offspring of highly excitable parents, only six were 'normals'—normal meaning the sensible, well-balanced, moderate sort of person who 'is uniformly cheerful without being boisterous.'"

Much depends, as Doctor Davenport admits, upon bodily conditions, for excitability is associated with low arterial tension, and that, again, is associated with or influenced by internal secretions, such as those of the suprarenal bodies. A man's temperamental outlook is greatly affected by the state of his eyes or by the adequacy of his digestion. Much also depends, says Professor Thomson, upon psychical factors, of whose physiological correlates we know next to nothing—an ideal, an ambition, a passion. It is also certain that social conditions and traditions count for something. Dr. Davenport used to share this view, and he says: "Even yet I find it difficult to get rid of the prejudice that example, teaching, experience, and state of health may do much to modify one's behavior." Professor Thomson declares that he cannot get rid of this prejudice, which seems to him to be rooted and grounded in facts. Nor can he accept a view which makes our inheritance like a portmanteau, out of which you can get nothing that was not put into it in the packing. He writes:

"Dr. Davenport is in no way dogmatic over his theory, but he firmly maintains that no hypothesis fits the facts anything like so well as that of the germinal presence or absence of cheerful and excitable 'genes.' Our view is wider and more elastic: that while there may be special germinal factors whose presence or absence determines clean-cut excitability or extreme nonchalance, riotous high spirits or melancholia, the temperaments of most of us are complex resultants of many factors—bodily and mental, individual and social, environmental and occupational—and made as much as born, just like our character."

DO WE EXAGGERATE THE TIME AND TRAINING NEEDED TO MAKE A SOLDIER?

EXPERIENCE in the war has brought to the military experts of Europe, especially in England, an entirely new idea of the training required to make a soldier. Hitherto, as the officer of infantry who writes on this subject for the *London Times* suspects, there has been too much separation of the man in the ranks from the man in command. This evil prevailed everywhere except in France, and it is a striking fact that France alone has produced a list of men of undoubted military capacity. The French officer emerges from the ranks more consistently than elsewhere and France alone has not suffered from the incapacity to take command which brought Germans, British, Russians and Turks into trouble at the crisis of a campaign again and again. This war in Europe, indeed, according to the military expert of the *London Post*, suggests that in the Anglo-Saxon lands, at any rate, there is a fundamental misconception of the education appropriate to a commanding officer. The command has been organized upon the theory hitherto that it must be obeyed. This is substituting the means for the end, seeing that the real business of the command is to win the victory. The "obedience" theory of discipline explains the rigid, machine-like operation of the German command, which worked out in a plan and could not be moulded to changing circumstance or provide for a renewal of the officer element when death had weeded it out completely. The first lesson of the great war, then, is that the education of the army officer must be revolutionized and that the French have given the world a "lead" in this regard.

The revolution that impends in the education of the army officer is nothing, however, to the change which, in the light of experience, must be made in the training of a soldier in the ranks. It takes an incredibly short time to turn a man into a soldier, observes the military expert of the *Manchester Guardian*, provided always the object be to turn the man into a real soldier and not into a wooden mannikin that can do nothing but obey:

"There is one truth that our experience has brought home to all who have studied the training of the new armies. It is that most of the soldier's art can be learned elsewhere than on the parade ground of the barracks. This is a discovery of vital importance. In old days great stress was laid on the long years of drill, discipline, and custom that were needed to turn a man into a soldier and a mass of men into an army. At the beginning of the war this belief colored

and governed our thinking. In fact, we have found that, given certain conditions, the ordinary man can become a soldier in a space of time that would have seemed incredible to the old sergeant-major. The writer remembers talking with a wounded sergeant-major of the Regulars just back from the Somme push. What had impressed this old soldier more than anything else was the spirit of the Lancashire men who had 'gone over' with him. He said frankly that two years ago he would have laughed at the idea that men brought up in civilian occupation, fresh to drill and discipline, could be brought so rapidly to a state of efficiency comparable to that of the highly trained soldier. The offensive had been a revelation to him."

In what does the training of an army consist? It has, according to this military expert, two main purposes. One is the development of certain moral and physical qualities. The other is the acquisition of a certain technical skill. If the technical skill were like the skill needed for making or using some extraordinarily delicate instrument, then a man would need for soldiering, as he needs for certain trades, a long apprenticeship in which he could be taught a special art. But the technical elements in soldiering do not require this protracted training. This is true even of the more specialized branches, like artillery work. Nine gunnery officers out of ten in this war have been given a course of six weeks or so or possibly a cadet's course in place of the year or two at the "shop" that was customary in the days before the war. Gunners have gone to the front after a few months of drill:

"What is needed in artillery work is the comprehension of a few simple principles and the power to apply them quickly and accurately. The control of a team must be perfect, the handling of horses must be skilful and prompt, the movements of every gunner and driver must be precise and instant, if a position is to be occupied or evacuated with the rapidity necessary to success. The penalty for a few seconds' delay may be total destruction. But batteries have acquired that skill in a very few months when officers and men alike have had their hearts in the work. Moreover, the technical work of an army is always changing in character. We have only to think of the army as we knew it in August, 1914, and the army as we know it to-day to realize what a change has come over the soldier's art with the development of motor transport, machine-guns, tanks, aircraft, and the rest. The good soldier is not a man who has mastered one trade by concentration and a minute routine; he is a man whose mind and body can adapt themselves to all the demands made upon them by a tremendous adventure. Drill, that is to say, puts the finishing touch, gives the sense of

organization to faculties already in active use, and, for a man whose mind and body have not been neglected, drill does not more than this—it makes an active man alert and attentive."

The broad difference between the training of the army that Europe once knew and the army that has come into being through the experience of the great war is just this—that in the old army, drill was needed and used not merely to put a finishing touch but to form the man's character. The army was the refuge of the neglected man. Recruits—of course, with exceptions—were men of inferior physical development, lacking the discipline of continuous training in any department of life, and above all without that sense of comradeship and of attachment to a society which comes of working with others. The army had to be the school of these qualities.

"The drill of the barrack square was used to impress a corporate spirit on the men who had tumbled into it because there seemed no particular reason why they should be doing any one thing more than any other. It is not the best or the quickest way of teaching this spirit, and it was a scandal to our civilization that it was necessary. In the New Army a very large proportion of men have learned that spirit before they put on their khaki; they have learned it in their trade-union, perhaps, in the sharp sufferings of a strike; in their games, in their public school with its standards of good form. They have acquired the first need of a soldier in the instinct to control the natural promptings of fear and selfishness by the standard of some common life. They need drill to learn dexterity in movement, and they have to understand certain principles of tactics; but the basis on which the soldier's character is built is already there. They need also, in most cases, physical drill, because they went to work too early, have had too little fresh air, and have lived under conditions injurious to health. Everybody who has served in the New Army has noticed the striking change that has been produced by the open-air life and the better feeding that men have had in their military training. It has been no uncommon thing for great bodies of recruits who have taken the smallest-size uniform on enlisting to grow out of the next size in six months."

It follows that the right way to make a nation strong in the military sense is to secure to all its citizens the conditions of a healthy life outside the army. All that is essential to discipline and all that is essential to efficiency can be taught elsewhere than in barracks, where it is taught at a tremendous price to the nation. There were a few far-sighted men before the war, including Sir Ian Hamilton, who saw this.

THE STUDY OF FATIGUE AS METHOD OF APPROACH TO THE SECRET OF LIFE

THE study of living substance becomes more and more, in essentials, a study of irritability. Irritability, in the physiological sense, is life. If we could analyze the irritability of living substance to its essence, then the nature of life itself would be fathomed. This is the point of view which seems to be taken by Professor Max Verworn, of Bonn Physiological Institute,* and it gives a more than ordinary interest to the fact that there can be traced—as yet faintly—an analogy between irritation phenomena and the manifestations of electrical energy.

Not only does all protoplasm that is "living"—whatever that term actually means—possess irritability; it can also, by means of certain other substances, be put into a state of anesthesia, a state dependent upon a change of the protoplasm. These curious manifestations of irritability, which appear to have such a surprising likeness to the attraction and repulsion of electricity and magnetism, occur universally in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. They are of the greatest biological importance for the obtaining of food, propagation, protection against disease, etc. Certain scientists still consider the reactions of the unicellular organisms as a manifestation of conscious sensation, discrimination or will. Others look upon them as unconscious reflex reactions of cell organism, taking place as mechanically as the spinal cord reflexes of vertebrates.

The manner of reacting to stimulation possessed by every living system is peculiar and characteristic. The muscle responds with a contraction. The salivary cell responds with production of spittle. The luminous cell re-

sponds with emission of light. This is known technically as the "specific energy." The degree of irritability characterizing every living system can be expressed by what is termed the "threshold value" of the stimulus—at which the specific reaction is just perceptible. This degree of irritability by which the system concerned is distinguished may be termed its specific irritability.

This brings us to the "study of fatigue." That the specific irritability of a living system undergoes a diminution as the result of a stimulus of long duration has long been known through the study of fatigue. This is especially so with frequently recurring stimuli. It is only within the last ten years that the observation has been made in a few instances that a single momentary excitation is likewise followed by a reduction of specific irritability. This is a fact of fundamental importance. It vitally affects what is called the "refractory period," the period of fatigue. It was found by experimenters in the last century that the irritability of the heart, in response to artificial stimulation, was greatly reduced during the systole, or period of contraction, and that recovery takes place during the diastole. This period of reduced irritability is the refractory period of the heart. Says Professor Verworn:

"In all living substances there must exist, directly following an excitation, a period of time in which its irritability is reduced, that is, under proper conditions a refractory period can be demonstrated for every living organism. Every living system possessing irritability undergoes a period of reduced irritability at the time of and subsequent to every excitation, for every excitation momentarily decreases the amount of products capable of disintegration and increases the disintegration products in the unit of space. As restitu-

tion involves time, a stimulus occurring in the phase preceding complete restitution cannot break down the same quantity of molecules as would be the case after the establishment of complete restitution, that is, the response is weaker, the irritability is decreased. The refractory period during and subsequent to excitation is as much a general property of the living substance as irritability and metabolic self-regulation."

A factor of particular interest in the study of fatigue is the supply of oxygen, for we now know its fundamental importance to all aerobic organisms—organisms that require free oxygen for the maintenance of their vitality—in the breaking down of the living substance. The life of all aerobic organisms (in the proper sense of the term) is primarily dependent upon the supply of oxygen from without. Organic substances for the processes of restitution after disintegration are contained in ample quantity in the reserve stores in the living cell substance. But oxygen is present in relatively small quantities. The rapidity of the breaking-down processes is very closely dependent upon the amount of available oxygen at hand. The state of fatigue in all aerobic organisms is invariably brought about by deficiency of oxygen. In other words: fatigue is invariably asphyxiation.

Our research in these fields, concludes Verworn, is still in its infancy, in the very first beginning, and its perspective reaches into infinite space. Fatigue in a whole class of organisms has not yet been investigated. Advance in physiology is very slow, step by step, and an acquirement of new knowledge really means no more as yet than the appearance of a new problem. Hence the fragmentary character of the "science" accumulating under our eyes, and hence the disappointment after disappointment of those who announce "discoveries" of the nature of life and experiments of its artificial production. To future research remains the problem of further analyzing irritability, this great clue, this common property of living substance, and finally rendering it into its simplest chemical and physical components. This last goal can be approached only step by step. With the analysis of irritability we shall investigate life itself. In the meantime it is well to be on our guard against those who, reasoning from analogy alone, detect the resemblance between the phenomena of irritability and those of electrical attraction and repulsion and generalize therefrom. Nothing in the facts as yet accumulated justifies even a tentative conclusion that life is a form of electrical energy.

* IRRITABILITY. By Max Verworn. New Haven, Conn. Yale University Press.

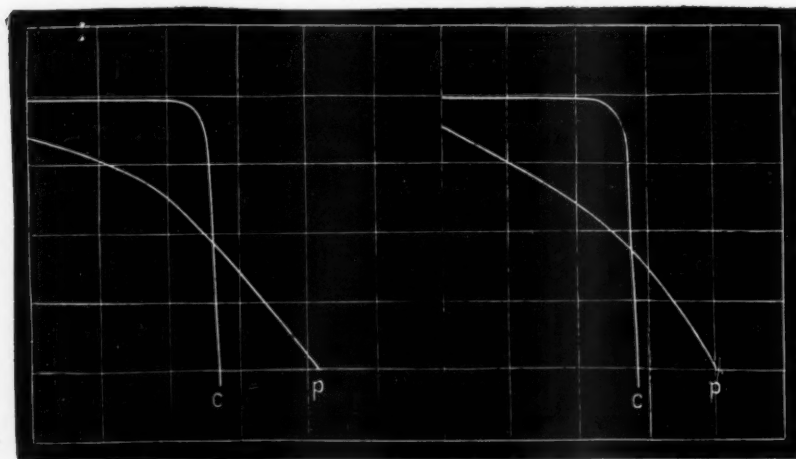


CHART TRACING THE FATIGUED FEELING
Curves of the changes in irritability (p) and conductivity (c) of a nerve under the influence of narcosis or asphyxiation.

A NATIONAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE LATRINE MENACE

SOIL pollution is largely responsible for the spread of typhoid fever, diarrhea, dysentery and similar diseases. It is entirely responsible for the transmission of that well-known evil, hookworm infection. Soil pollution, to quote the recent report of the International Health Commission, seldom occurs in cities and towns where there are modern toilet facilities available for the entire population. Many rural communities do not have latrines. Human excrement is deposited on the ground. Infected material is hence transported through the medium of flies, insects or by direct contact into the bodies of human beings. This is the circumstance responsible for thousands upon thousands of unnecessary cases of illness and innumerable avoidable deaths each year. The trouble and the time expended in curing persons of hookworm infection is thus often thrown away because the measures indispensable to prevent reinfection are not taken.

The extent and the seriousness of the problem are evident from a sanitary survey made in 770 counties in eleven states with a view to ascertaining the conditions at the homes which

are responsible for the prevalence of hookworm infection alone.*

"In this survey 287,606 farm houses were examined, and of these 142,230 were found to have no latrine of any kind. This means that at nearly half of the homes soil pollution invariably prevailed. At a very large number of the homes reported as having latrines, they were of the open-back type which does not prevent soil pollution. At only six-tenths of one per cent. of the homes were the provisions for the prevention of soil contamination reported by the state authorities as satisfactory."

In the intensive community work now being carried on in the United States, chief emphasis is given to improvement in sanitation. The people are taught the dangers of soil pollution and are urged to install some type of latrine as a preventive measure. The lesson is driven home by insistent repetition in a house-to-house canvass. Local carpenters are employed to assist in construction. As a result of this effort, latrines are being installed in large numbers. In many communities such provision has been made at every home while the commission's work

* The Rockefeller Foundation. Report of the Director-General of the International Health Commission: New York.

was in progress. In other communities, where this feature of the work is left uncompleted, it is continued by local effort as a result of the momentum which has been given it.

It seems not unreasonable to expect that the systematic effort now making to control hookworm disease and other enteric maladies will continue until sanitary conditions at rural homes are satisfactory. But from the success of the present effort in inducing people to provide and to use some form of sanitary arrangement to prevent contamination of the soil arises a new problem which cannot be ignored—the problem of the relative efficiency or inefficiency of the various types of latrines that are being installed:

"In view of the fact that practical measures are being adopted and that state and national departments of health are committing themselves to policies to be carried out on a large scale, the so-called 'latrine problem' becomes a matter of serious concern. The International Health Commission is not prepared to advise as to the type of latrine to be installed. The local department of health in each state and country is responsible to the people for all sanitary measures carried out under its direction, and must therefore use its own judgment as to the type of latrine which it recommends."

AN INDICTMENT OF THE PHYSICAL AMERICAN BY AN INSURANCE EXPERT

THE "physical" American is brought into the mind's eye by concentrating all the American people old and young into one individual. His traits and tendencies (the masculine type is used for convenience only) have been studied for years with every facility afforded in powerful organization and equipment by the expert in life extension, Honorable E. E. Rittenhouse. This authority has been an insurance commissioner, but his fame rests chiefly upon his work as a pioneer in the field of prolonging the years of man on earth. He is perhaps best fitted to answer such questions as relate to the power of the average American to resist fatigue and disease and to the riddle of whether the American is growing physically weaker or physically stronger. Mr. Rittenhouse visualizes a composite American,* a "per capita person," observing that he has a strong and keen face, which reflects mental alertness and nervous force. He is intense, this physical American, but nevertheless an optimist, cheerful,

hopeful. His charity grows, but unhappily, says Mr. Rittenhouse, so does his extravagance, his self-indulgence, his tendency to resist restraint in his pursuit of comfort and pleasure. He is amazingly prosperous:

"Let us look at our Physical American, our per capita person, more closely.

"He looks smooth, pink and healthy.

"He is a good liver (I said is not has).

"He hurries. He has no time to waste. The median age at death of the American people is about age 43.

"He is trying, with the aid of new knowledge and inventions, to crowd the experiences of two lifetimes into one.

"He is having some success, but the strain is telling on him.

"His hair has aged and he is getting bald. Nature asks why hirsute protection is needed indoors.

"His eyes have been strained by close-focus and inside work, hence the eyeglasses.

"His teeth put up a good front, but they need attention. Lack of professional care and of exercise due to the increase in soft, unresisting foods has impaired the health of both teeth and gums.

"His digestive organs have been given so many new and arduous duties to which they were not trained that they are showing signs of rebellion.

"He is seriously overstraining his heart, arteries, kidneys, nerves and digestion as their rapidly increasing death-rate shows."

He is more than well rounded at the belt and slightly so at the shoulders. Under exertion he is short-winded, due to lack of exercise or a bad heart. His muscles are virtually all soft and weak from lack of use. He is designed as an erect, outdoor animal, with feet and legs for service; but he not only lies down by night but sits down by day. He never walks when he can ride. The arches of his feet are gradually falling because the muscles provided to hold them up have been weakened by long disuse. Under exertion he finds his joints stiffened from the same cause. He scurries around at his work, gets tired and nerve-worn and thinks this is physical exercise, whereas his muscles and joints have been virtually idle. Yet he looks smooth, pink and healthy, for most of these signs of deterioration are not visible outwardly. To quote again:

"The evil effects of his physical inactivity have been greatly aggravated by his deadly excesses and errors in eating and drinking."

* Proceedings of the tenth annual meeting of The Association of Life Insurance Presidents. New York: Published by the Association.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

A JEWISH INDICTMENT OF AMERICAN JUDAISM

THE poet Heine once said that "Judaism is not a religion, it is a misfortune." His remark finds a twentieth-century echo in a leading article printed in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title, "The Problem of American Judaism." The author of the article, Ralph Philip Boas, is a young Jewish-American teacher who sees American Jewry sunk from a previous high estate into "a comfortable materialism." His hope is in a spiritual revival within the faith; but he confesses that when he faces the future he is pessimistic. The article, as a whole, is pathetic and sincere, and has led to widespread discussion.

Judaism in this country, Mr. Boas claims, has escaped persecution and, in large measure, poverty only to succumb to more insidious foes. "The innate qualities of the Jew could not save him from the fate of the Christian who has become rich in a hurry—grossness and self-conceit." Moreover:

"The Jew in America finds, for the first time, a clear field for the qualities which twenty centuries have developed in him: shrewdness, tenacity, single-mindedness, patience, self-confidence—qualities without which he must long ago have perished. In America, with all the bars which restrain him in Europe, lowered, these qualities have received abnormal development. In Europe they were checked, not only by persecution but by the religious idealism of the synagogue and the intellectual idealism of the traditional Talmudic education.

"The sad result is that in prosperity the Jewish self-consciousness ceases to be religious and becomes merely racial. The elements that add something of dignity, grace, and spiritual power to even the most sordid congregation of ghetto Jews disappear. And with the reverence of the traditional synagogue service has departed the discipline which strengthened the lives of the faithful. The minute regulations of the dietary laws, the diversity of the ancient formulas of worship, the tortuous and crabbed study of Talmudic lore, had this advantage: they stiffened the backbone and strengthened the faculties of a race which might otherwise have been crushed under the heaviest burden that a race has ever borne. But the discipline of the ancient law has departed. Spacious synagogues stand empty. Having outlived poverty and persecution, the well-to-do Jew is left in a state of good-natured and satisfied religious apathy. The Jew has

always prided himself on his common sense; his common sense now does him the ill turn of banishing whatever mysticism Judaism may once have had. And without mysticism there can be no genuine religious enthusiasm; it takes more to see God than the ability to distinguish between profit and loss."

Mr. Boas notes two hopeful signs on the Jewish horizon in this country. One is the Zionist movement, which he calls genuinely idealistic. But what value, he asks, has Zionism for the perplexed Jew who wishes to live in the United States? It may take his mind off his problem, but it offers no solution. "Zionism is essentially a movement to help someone else." The other hope is bound up in Reformed Judaism, which has succeeded in its more prosaic aims but has made no attempt, Mr. Boas charges, to "give Judaism that which a religion must have if it is not to perish: elevation, imaginative insight, spiritual power, a realization of the majesty of God, a yearning for His love." A well-conducted Reformed congregation "hardly differs from a body of agnostics." All that remains of Judaism nowadays is "an indistinct monotheism joined to an ethical tradition never formulated into a system, and only vaguely defined." The argument concludes:

"Jews must face their problem squarely. They must realize that they cannot live on their ancestors, and that when men point the finger of scorn they are not thereby justified in assuming that they have been chosen as the witnesses of Truth, to live forever on their wrongs. The fact is that, if Judaism must be a group of men without religious ideals, incapable of making their intricate self-consciousness meaningful and valuable, it is far better that Judaism should disappear.

"Meanwhile, those who value the presence of religion in the world may hope that somewhere among the hundreds of Jewish young men in this country there is some one who will be fired with that spirit which came into the hearts of men centuries ago under the Judæan stars. Is the stream of spiritual energy that once flowed into the world from Palestine dried up, now that the folk of Palestine live in other countries? Those who are not Jews should remember that their attitude will have a profound effect upon the answer to this question. The United States is deeply concerned whether several millions of her most energetic citizens live in the clear light of religious

sincerity, ennobling their lives and dignifying their actions by the lofty moral principles which their ancestors gave to the world, or whether they live in a crass materialism and are given over chiefly to the acquisition of wealth."

On all of this *The American Israelite* (Cincinnati) comments: "In the main Mr. Boas' analysis is one that will be accepted by thoughtful Jews as correct." The Rev. Dr. Samuel Schulman, in *The American Hebrew* (N. Y.), describes the article as "a crude but sincere diagnosis of a certain malady of American Judaism." Rabbi Joel Blau, in the same paper, comments:

"I believe in the possibility of a revival. Signs are not wanting that the 'stream of spiritual energy'—to quote again—that once flowed into the world from Palestine, is not 'dried up.' Everywhere our younger men and women are groping for God. I have been told that at one of the educational institutions of this city the authorities have ceased to invite Rabbis, for the curious reason that the young people cannot be induced to listen to the conventional sermon, while they eagerly drink in the message of a genuinely religious address. Yes, there can be no doubt that our younger Jews are beginning to 'be fired by that spirit which came into hearts of men centuries ago under the Judæan stars,' only this altar-fire is not being kindled in our expensive houses of worship. So much the worse for these synagogues. If synagogues must die in order that religion may live, in order that God may live in human hearts, let them die—the sooner, the better!

"And so, in answer to Mr. Boas' question of despair: 'What is left?' I would say, This is left: to take hold of these first glimmerings of the spiritual life among our young Jews and gather them into an intensive local point. There is room in American Jewry for a movement whose purpose it would be to give organized expression to the spiritual aspirations of this age, a movement whose aim it would be to cultivate the sublimities and sanctities of the soul, a movement which would fully satisfy the hunger for God which seems to be seizing our young. If such a movement can be set afoot through the synagogue, well and good; but if not, let it be launched independently of the synagogue. The main thing is to give some tangible form to the modern emphasis upon the mystic, the romantic side of religion. Tho such a movement may have to be organized outside of the synagogue, I am sure that out of it a nobler synagogue, a finer spiritual life, a deeper religious passion, would flower forth."

MORAL DANGERS RESULTING FROM OUR "ORGY OF OPULENCE"

PROFLIGACY and extravagance of the American people in pursuing pleasure were condemned in the Senate recently by Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, in opposing proposals for an embargo on food products. The high cost of living, he said, is largely due to American extravagance. He cited figures to show that Americans spend thirteen billion dollars annually for liquor, tobacco, automobiles and other luxuries. "This revelry in extravagant habits," he added, "this unquenchable demand for amusements, for continuous mental intoxicants, is undermining the sturdiness of our younger generation."

The same warning is voiced by others and finds expression in two somewhat noteworthy articles. The first, by B. C. Forbes, appears in *Hearst's* under the title, "Our Orgy of Opulence." Mr. Forbes says: "The sun of prosperity never before shone so brightly over the United States. Never before did the nation bask in such opulence. Never before was capital so plentiful. Never before were such profits rolled up by corporations. Never before were such wages enjoyed. And never before were there so many evidences of individual extravagance." The second article, by Judson Harmon, Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Cleveland, is entitled "Our National Extravagance," and appears in *The Youth's Companion*.

The lesson that Mr. Forbes draws from existing conditions is mainly a financial one. He wishes, he says, to "urge and influence everyone who can, not to squander money carelessly and lavishly in the thoughtless assumption that prosperity will last indefinitely, but

to exercise all rational and reasonable economy in order to save as much as possible, either to be deposited in banks or invested in securities." Mr. Harmon, however, is more occupied with the moral dangers that may result. He says:

"Self-denial is a fundamental virtue, especially for all who have their own way to make in the world; happiness for the great majority of people depends on the wholesome restraint of desires rather than on their gratification, because, when unchecked, those desires are forever stretching out beyond present reach. It seems strange that, especially in our country, people shrink from saying 'I can't afford it,' when economy means safety and contentment, whereas false pride brings danger and unhappiness. Fear of being thought poor or stingy has brought misery, and often crime, into many a household."

Mr. Harmon calls attention to the fact that the average wages, salaries and incomes are higher in this country than in any other, "yet our savings-banks do not make a creditable showing." Fourteen countries greatly outrank ours in the proportion of saving accounts to population. In thrift, as indicated by the savings-banks, we stand at the bottom of the list of the principal nations.

Of every hundred of our citizens, Mr. Harmon notes, sixty-six leave at their death no estate at all. Only nine leave as much as \$5,000. The average estate left by the other twenty-five is less than \$1,300. Ninety-seven out of every hundred lose their earning power at the age of sixty-five; and, as most of them have saved nothing, they become dependent on relatives or on the public. It is said that ten million peo-

ple spend \$1,000,000 on motion-picture shows every day. Of the families that, according to the most recent figures, had incomes ranging from \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year, almost one and one-fourth millions have automobiles. There is a report of a single bank that holds twelve hundred mortgages given for the purchase of pleasure cars.

Extravagance of this kind, Mr. Harmon declares, is certain to react most harmfully on soul, mind and body. "It is not," he says, "the accumulation but the waste and misuse of wealth that makes men decay."

"The nation is now wrought up about 'preparedness.' Our ocean ramparts no longer suffice for our security against attacks. We must be ready to defend our homes and our liberty, because helplessness and wealth invite attack, and provocation can easily arise. But martial preparation on land and sea will not fully protect us if trouble should come. The sharp and sudden call for heavier contributions in money that the people of the warring nations have felt, the severe retrenching in family expenses that they have had to undergo, have been hard for them to bear. Those sacrifices would be harder for us than for any other people because in America extravagance is more widespread and rampant than anywhere else in the world. It reaches down even to school children.

"So if the government owes it to the people to be ready against the day of trouble, surely the people owe it to the government to be ready to meet the back fire of war if it should come to afflict the land. What is spent in military preparation will, we all hope, be wasted, except in so far as it secures us peace. Personal and household preparedness, which is the duty of every citizen, will not only cost nothing but will bring to thousands of homes lasting prosperity and contentment."

FEAR THAT AMERICAN DEMOCRACY MAY BE ENGULFED BY THE WAR

TWO principles are at stake in the death-grapple of the European nations to-day, as Will Irwin describes the situation in a leading article in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They are, broadly speaking, oligarchy and democracy. Russia, it is true, clouds this generalization; but she is not regarded as giving the tone or setting the pace for the conflict. Germany, it is sure, has repudiated democracy, and fights for aristocracy and the divine right of kings. "We do not know," Mr. Irwin says, "until we encounter the aristocratic school of thought in Europe, that these people have made a social re-

ligion, for which they will perform even the supreme sacrifice of death, out of the self-interest of a class. We do not realize that they consider democracy, as we know it, an experiment bizarre, unsound, perhaps wicked, which ran its course like a disease in the nineteenth century, and which must fall before a more practical, sound and moral form of society."

America, Mr. Irwin continues, is already feeling the reflex effect of the European struggle. The same division of principle is widening among us. We have not, it is true, the frank candor of the European aristocrat; but we have among our standpat politicians,

Mr. Irwin insists, certain men exactly as distrustful of popular rule and popular right, exactly as certain of the sanctity in the "best people" idea as any aristocrat in Europe. He continues:

"Do they express this? Not in public! On the platform they ratify the Constitution and affirm the right of the people to rule. Whereas in Europe the cards are usually played above the table, here they are passed under the table.

"Yet in private conversation they often admit it; and I find that in the rich old centers of the East, where something like a hereditary upper class has intrenched itself, this oligarchical opinion has been

crystallizing since the European war and the temporary success of Germany. I have heard the aristocratic view in its extreme set forth as simply and frankly in New York as in Paris or Rome or London. The trouble with this country, they say, is that we ignore our best people. We have no governing class; therefore we are raw and unformed. We cannot be a great people until we take our place with the nations of the earth and arm—presumably for some kind of conquest.

"Our vice, our besetting national vice, is disobedience. At present the 'best people,' the 'representatives of solid interests,' must, if they rule at all, rule secretly."

The movement for military preparedness is interpreted by Mr. Irwin as a step that may help to strengthen the aristocratic spirit. We make a great mistake, he says, if we look upon conscription as a democratic principle. "Conscription normally works toward the oligarchic spirit." During two or three impressionable young years the conscript lives under a system that inculcates blind obedience to superiors. Those superiors, in the nature of things, are drawn characteristically from the upper classes.

"In all the great nations of Europe, which had this system before the war—

save France alone—conscription made for oligarchical government. In Germany and Austria it constituted the dike against the rising tides of democracy. France saw this with the clarity of thought that distinguishes the French; and she made her army democratic not because of conscription but in spite of it. The Dreyfus upheaval was by no means the hardest battle in her hidden war against oligarchical influence through the army."

The fear that haunts Mr. Irwin is that while preparing to fight our external foes, we may lose in the spiritual conflict within our own borders. As he puts it:

"In the New World, which was born on August 1, 1914, we represent the democratic principle; we may have to fight externally, not only for national existence but also for the principle of popular rule, as France and England are fighting now.

"One who has watched the European game cannot overlook some pretty sinister signs of trouble ahead for us. One who has followed the new warfare knows what tissue paper our present defenses are—yes, and even our present plans for defense. But we may so defend ourselves that, while preparing to fight the battle of democracy with powers outside our borders, we shall lose the fight within our borders.

"We may accept complacently from our American Bernhardis the medieval no-

tion that war in itself is good, a cleanser of nations; that we owe to the glory of the state—or to the 'old flag,' as we put it in our concrete American way—a duty higher than the welfare of every person in the state. We may seek our own 'place in the sun,' and use our army as an instrument not of defense but of conquest, so doing our part in maintaining the 'glorious' old institution of war.

"We may strengthen thereby the grip of our aristocracy and come finally to a state of society wherein the 'best people' assume the right of judging what is best for the mass. Or, keeping up the traditions of this new state, whose success has given such encouragement to all the liberal elements of Europe, we may remember that war is an evil in itself; that it is the destroyer, not the renewer, of nations; that it is excusable to-day only as a defense against a system whose end is the perpetuation of war; and that the true ideal of a state is not glory or mythical honor, but merely the highest average happiness of its individuals.

"We may, by such constant vigilance as the French have exercised, keep our army of defense democratic, prevent it from becoming an instrument to inculcate that obedience which is merely machinelike docility.

"In short, we may prepare as free men; for if we do not we may have to prepare as serfs. The issue between oligarchy and democracy is joined here as in Europe; and the choice is ours."

TAGORE'S PARTING MESSAGE TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

RESTLESSNESS and pursuit of sensationalism are the bane of American womanhood, according to an article recently written by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Too many of our women, he says, are frantically busy not in utilizing time but merely in filling it up. As a result, they are losing dignity; "they have nothing to do."

These sentiments were evoked by a request from the *Ladies' Home Journal* that the famous Hindu poet and philosopher, who has lately completed a lecture-tour of this country and has sailed for Japan, leave a parting message. He has taken advantage of his prophet's prerogative to issue a startling indictment.

The women of the Western World, he charges, are making the mistake that so many have made before them of abandoning the real things of life in a search for excitement. He speaks of a distracting atmosphere in this country, and of "a very prevalent idea that mere movement is life and the more velocity it has the more it expresses vitality." He has heard American women say of a quiet existence: "Oh, but this is not life! This is too dull and humdrum." Which provokes the comment:

"Women who want something very special and violent in their surroundings to keep their interests active prove their poverty of life. Apparently numbers of women as well as men in this country condemn the things that are commonplace. They are always hankering after some thing which is out of the common, straining their powers to produce a spurious kind of originality that merely surprises, tho it may not satisfy. But such efforts are not a real sign of vitality. On the contrary, I think that they have been a cause of much of the unhealthiness in your society. And they must be more injurious to your women than to your men, because women have the vital power more strongly in them than men have. They are the mothers of the race, and they have a vital interest in the things that are around them, that are the common things of life; if they did not have that then the race would perish."

It is woman's special gift, Tagore continues, to love her fellow-beings because they are living creatures, because they are human, not because of some particular purpose which they can serve or some power which they possess. And it is to this gift that she owes her greatest influence. But he finds that Western women are losing this quality because of their constant pursuit of thrills and are filling up their leisure with engagements and

entertainments and things that are of no real value to life, that do not add to its fulness. The arraignment proceeds:

"When you have lost the power of interest in things that are common, then leisure frightens you with its emptiness because, your natural sensibilities being deadened, there is nothing in your surroundings to occupy your attention. Therefore you keep yourselves frantically busy, not in utilizing the time but merely in filling it up.

"Our every-day world is like a reed; its true value is not in itself; but those who have the power and the serenity of attention can hear the music which the Infinite plays through its very emptiness. But when you form the habit of valuing the things for themselves, then they are expected furiously to storm your mind, to decoy your soul from her love-tryst of the eternal, and to make you try to smother the voice of the Infinite by the unmeaning rattle of ceaseless movement."

True happiness will come to women, Tagore declares, when they have a consciousness of the Infinite "in the center and in the background of their personal life"; and women's lives will be in vain if they do not have some center to which they can relate all the things that they love. He concludes:

"Unless they find the essential truth of existence somewhere life will be restless. They must have the sense of infinite personality in the heart of the world to satisfy their craving of love, because they must find some ultimate truth in their power of love. If their love has its absolute center in creatures, whether brute or human, then they will be miserable, and they will suffer from disappointments through sickness, death and separation; but if they have the consciousness of the infinite personality in the center and in the background of their personal life, then the power of love will be fully satisfied, and all the gaps will be filled, and their joys and sorrows will join their hands in a harmony of fulfilment which is blessedness.

"So my wish for the women of America is this: That they may take their part fully in the next stage of our history, for which humanity is waiting. Men have seen the absurdity of to-day's civilization, which is based upon nationalism—that is to say, on economics and politics and its consequent militarism. Men have been losing their freedom and their humanity in order to fit themselves for vast mechanical organizations. So the next civilization, it is hoped, will be based not merely upon economical and political competition and exploitation, but upon world-wide social cooperation, upon spiritual ideals of reciprocity, and not upon economical ideals of efficiency. And then women will have their true place.

"Because men have been building up vast and monstrous organizations they



HE SUMMONS WOMEN TO THE REALIZATION OF NEW SPIRITUAL IDEALS

Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet and philosopher, before leaving for Japan appealed to American women to forego the restless craving for excitement and to dedicate their lives to "world-wide social cooperation" and to "spiritual ideals of reciprocity."

have got into the habit of thinking that this turning out power has something of the nature of perfection. The habit is ingrained in them, and it is difficult for them to see where truth is missing in this present ideal of progress.

"But woman—the new American woman among others—can bring her fresh mind and all her power of sympathy to this new task of building up a spiritual civilization if she will be conscious of her responsibilities."

HOW PRAGMATISM LOOKS TO-DAY

WHEN the philosophical doctrine known as "pragmatism" was launched by William James ten years ago, an American commentator predicted that it would create a commotion in the world of thought beside which the fight over Darwinism would be as a kindergarten to college football. His prophecy has not been literally fulfilled, yet pragmatism has given, and continues to give, a good account of itself. It has just published a new challenge of the older forms of thinking under the title, "Creative Intelligence."* In this book, John Dewey, James Hayden Tufts, Horace M. Kallen and five others aim at a formulation of pragmatic ideas more comprehensively considered, more widely based, than James's interpretation. The result of their efforts is described as "the first considered pronouncement of the pragmatists as a school."

The outstanding feature of the essay by Dr. Dewey, professor of philosophy in Columbia University, which opens

the book, is its plea for the emancipation of philosophy from too intimate and exclusive attachment to traditional forms. The time has come, he says, when we can no longer be satisfied with systems of thought which conceive it to be the function of knowledge merely to represent or to reduplicate in the mind the world of reality. What we want to-day is knowledge that will give us *control* over the world. Pragmatism is based on actual experience, and experience, in its vital form, is experimental: an effort to change the given; "it is characterized by reaching forward into the unknown; connection with a future is its salient trait." He proceeds:

"Growth and decay, health and disease, are alike continuous with activities of the natural surroundings. The difference lies in the bearing of what happens upon future life-activity. From the standpoint of this future reference environmental incidents fall into groups: those favorable to life-activities, and those hostile.

"The successful activities of the organism, those within which environmental assistance is incorporated, react upon the environment to bring about modifications favorable to their own future. The human being has upon his hands the problem of responding to what is going on around him so that these changes will take one

turn rather than another, namely, that required by its own further functioning. While backed in part by the environment, its life is anything but a peaceful exhalation of environment. It is obliged to struggle—that is to say, to employ the direct support given by the environment in order indirectly to effect changes that would not otherwise occur. In this sense, life goes on by means of controlling the environment. Its activities must change the changes going on around it; they must neutralize hostile occurrences; they must transform neutral events into cooperative factors or into an efflorescence of new features."

The old theories meant merely a mental form. The new mean an immersion in reality. It is the business of philosophy, Professor Dewey holds, to develop ideas relevant to the actual crises of life, ideas influential in dealing with them and tested by the assistance they afford. To "free experience from routine and from caprice," to "liberate and liberalize action," is the object of pragmatism. Philosophy has lost its way in unreality; it "recovers itself when it ceases to be a device for dealing with the problems of philosophers and becomes a method cultivated by philosophers, for dealing with the problems of men." He carries the argument a step further:

* CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE: ESSAYS IN THE PRAGMATIC ATTITUDE. By John Dewey, Addison W. Moore, Harold Chapman Brown, George H. Mead, Boyd H. Bode, Henry Waldgrave Stuart, James Hayden Tufts, Horace M. Kallen. Henry Holt & Company.

"Emphasis must vary with the stress and special impact of the troubles which perplex men. Each age knows its own ills, and seeks its own remedies. One does not have to forecast a particular program to note that the central need of any program at the present day is an adequate conception of the nature of intelligence and its place in action. Philosophy cannot disavow responsibility for many misconceptions of the nature of intelligence which now hamper its efficacious operation. It has at least a negative task imposed upon it. It must take away the burdens which it has laid upon the intelligence of the common man in struggling with his difficulties. It must deny and eject that intelligence which is naught but a distant eye, registering in a remote and alien medium the spectacle of nature and life. To enforce the fact that the emergence of imagination and thought is relative to the connection of the sufferings of men with their doings is of itself to illuminate those sufferings and to instruct those doings."

An extension and elaboration of Dr. Dewey's argument is contributed to the *Chicago Dial* by Dr. Horace M. Kallen:

"The position of idealism is summed up in the assertion, 'The world is my idea.' The position of realism is summed up in the assertion, 'The world is my spectacle.'"

It has been the function of the pragmatic approach to philosophic problems to show against the idealist position that thought actually arises in situations over which it has no control, and that its rôle in the conduct of life is to achieve control over these situations. The world, far from being the mere creature of the mind, exists on its own account, influences the conduct of man and must either be mastered or lost. As against the assertion of realism, the pragmatist declares that the very facts of experience indicate a vital give-and-take in which facts are modified by thought as well as thought by facts. Scientific thinking consists in this give-and-take; and the more radically scientific the thought is, the more fully the changed meanings which the mind imposes upon its environment must be incorporated into the constitution of the environment. The fact is that both realist and idealist conceive the world in ultimate and static terms. They deny the reality of change, the interaction between thoughts and things, and they imagine that by shifting the seat of quality from things to the relations between things, or from relations to things, they solve the problems of change and abolish the reality of novelty.

"The merit of pragmatism lies in its recognition of the character and significance of change, of the causal relationships that are possible between things and do actually operate between most of those that we are considering. Once these are

realized, it becomes possible to define an actual working method which so describes the processes of achievement of which civilization is composed as to make it a program for the further conquest of nature and the liberation of human nature. Civilization is really the working into the texture of our environment of all changed meanings. We live on the interest of our accumulated past. For every axiom began as a postulate and acquired its axiomatic certainty by dint of a struggle for survival with other ideas which were its peers in the beginning.

"Perhaps the heart of the book is the demonstration of the importance of change, of the interaction between thoughts and things, of the significance of active thinking in the life of man, and his remaking of the world. It is a demonstration of the creative power of intelligence."

All this is good American doctrine. The habit of applying practical tests to thought, of proving "how it works," is characteristic of us as a nation. We have never been enamored of mere subtlety of speculation. We have always been concerned with getting control of our national resources and adapting them to human use. Just because America values, above all things, practicality, it seems destined, more and more, to find in pragmatism its authentic expression.

TAKING THE TERROR OUT OF DEATH

FROM time immemorial it has been the custom of man to shroud his thought of death in gloom. He has gone out of his way to envisage it as something appalling. He has made the grave a horrible and hopeless pit. He has accentuated the sense of the mere materialism of humanity, and caused it to be difficult to believe that spirituality, immortality, eternity are other than convenient words for tombstones. It is high time, says C. E. Lawrence in *The Fortnightly Review*, that the question of death, sepulture and mourning should be looked at in a brighter light.

Much of the current horror of death, this writer thinks, is due to the morbid misgivings of the crude and the ignorant. The fear of the dark, carried over from childhood; the dread that a malignant figure may be lurking in the background to grasp and to capture; the belief that death is, somehow, a long and conscious imprisonment in a screwed-up box, are very real to some people.

"It will go a great way to the removal of this evil if it be generally realized that the act of dying, whatever the sufferings in illness may have been, is nearly always painless. Doctors have repeatedly asserted that a passing into death is almost invariably no more painful or distressing than a drifting into sleep. Only rarely is positive pain a part of the process, and

then it is often a case of suicide, where violence has roughly torn some delicate organ or center of nerves; and even in that case the agony may be due rather to mental terrors than to physical distress.

"In all but the few exceptions the dying person is not aware of pain, or fear, or any sense of despondence or gloom. There is sometimes a light-heartedness, so to speak, a satisfaction of prospective relief, even a sense of impending adventure, meaning that the terrors of death are the fruits not of fact but of a morbid imagination, or, as with animals, a vague instinctive apprehension, probably of tribal inheritance."

The war, continues the same writer, has tended to give the facts of death a more honorable setting. There is no occasion for funeral gloom when youth and ardent manhood go forth gladly to give their lives for their country. Why, then, should it be otherwise when the men and women who are warriors in daily life have to go the inevitable way? We ought, the argument proceeds, to abolish cemeteries. Those battalions of gray monuments with their similar tags and epitaphs, waxen flowers and formalities, broken columns and depressed angels, are rapidly losing whatever significance they once possessed. We need, in their place, "gardens dedicated to the dead," where ashes might be laid or scattered with love and reverence.

"God's acre should have trees, wild flowers, green walks, and arbors brightened with the songs of birds, so that from the growth of nature's treasures and treasures the truth of the happier birth and the deathless quality of the spirit may be realized and remembered. In a cemetery the fact of the conclusiveness of earthly death is super-apparent. The staid texts which assert the opposite do nothing to alter the impression that the ceremony of burial means—flesh and bones in a coffin left for ever to decay. It is impossible to see serrated rows of tombs and stones, constructed with as much solidity and strength as minerals can give, and believe that the dead is to arise from *that*—and live. Ezekiel, in his vision, saw limbs joining bodies, and earthly beings lifted from their graves. Had the prophet visited a modern cemetery that vision would have been impossible, for the tomb-makers in their building, with the bricked sides and marble slabs, evidently recognize the grave to be a prison. As Hamlet's Gravedigger proclaimed:

The houses that he makes last till doomsday—
—from them man can escape never.

"Away with the nastiness and the materialistic. Let us have God's acres that are truly so: green gardens in which the annual resurrection of the flowers can help and teach the truth of immortality, with counteracting influences that are beautiful and inspiring. God's acre, then, will be truly consecrated, truly holy ground; and men and women, weary through the rack of life, will be glad to

meditate within those quiet places, and, amid flowers, grasses, and trees get closer into actual communion with the souls of the loved and the gracious."

In past eras there was some excuse for funeral brutalities. Plumed and sable horses, purple and black mourning, yards of crêpe, forbidding hearses, satisfied the emotions of religious worshippers who considered the God of Wrath rather than the God of Love, and who believed in everlasting torment for the wicked. But now the atmosphere has changed.

"The great opportunity has come, and

the worst of the old, bad condition is over. The crêpe—shrouded mute and that evidence of insanitation, the 'corpse-candle,' have both disappeared. Much else has gone—is as dead as the dear, lamented Anne; and more must follow because of the spiritual purge of these great days. Can we not—as one of the happier results of the war—in the place of the old, positive ugliness establish a funeral order of positive beauty, so that the deep regret with which death must be accompanied can be relieved and not accentuated or haunted with terrifying darkness? Then the dirge will march to an ennobling measure, and we shall mourn no less sincerely because we have dispensed with black formalities and keep to our every-day clothes.

"If the few will lead, the rest will follow, and death will have been despoiled of its sting. Nay, there will be no death. The grisly shadow, the things of skulls and loathsomeness, will have departed, and we shall realize then that the act and fact of dying is no occasion for organized woe—like the official weeping of Jerusalem—but the gateway between life and Life."

The writer cites the funeral of George Meredith as an example and premise of a new and better arrangement. "His earthly being was reduced by burning to primal dust; the ashes then were scattered in a graveyard."

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS IN A NEW MORAL CRUSADE

A MORAL disease is devastating the land, according to William R. Scott, the author of a new book entitled "The Itching Palm."* The disease is "tipping"—the modern form of flunkysm—and it is sapping the vitality of our democracy. If we love democracy, Mr. Scott says, we must destroy flunkysm; the two ideas cannot live together except in a false peace. The time is ripe, he urges, for a new crusade. What he wants to see is a national anti-tipping organization, with effective state auxiliaries. "Tipping," he tells us, "would be vanquished in an astonishingly short time with the same organization behind this movement that has been given to the anti-saloon movement, or the suffrage movement."

Mr. Scott's book is, so far as we know, the only one ever devoted entirely to the subject of tipping. It contains much that is amusing and much that is true. There are, it seems, in the United States alone more than 5,000,000 persons who derive their incomes, in whole or in part, from tips. Here is a partial list of those affected:

Baggagemen	Garbage men
Barbers	Guides
Bartenders	Hatboys
Bath attendants	Housekeepers
Bellboys	Janitors
Bootblacks	Maids
Butlers	Manicurists
Cab drivers	Messengers
Chauffeurs	Mail carriers
Charwomen	Pullman porters
Coachmen	Rubbish collectors
Cooks	Steamship stewards
Door men	Theater attendants
Elevator men	Waiters

The right relation of seller and buyer, of patron and proprietor, is summed up, for Mr. Scott, in the words: "One service—one compensa-

tion." Any other relation, he holds, is degrading. The practise of tipping is bad for the employee in that it makes him servile. It is equally bad for the employer in that it encourages him to pay inadequate wages.

Tipping, Mr. Scott continues, is inseparable from the grafting spirit. It fosters class distinctions. It results in "the loss of that fineness of self-respect without which men and women are only so much clay—worthless dregs in the crucible of democracy." To quote further:

"In a monarchy it may be sufficient for self-respect to be limited to the governing classes; but the theory of Americanism requires that every citizen shall possess this quality. We grant the suffrage simply upon manhood—upon the assumption that all men are equal in that fundamental respect.

"Hence, whatever undermines self-respect, manhood, undermines the republic. Whatever cultivates aristocratic ideals and conventions in a republic strikes at the heart of democracy. Where all men are equal, some cannot become superior unless the others grovel in the dust. Tipping comes into a democracy to produce that relation.

"Tipping is the price of pride. It is what one American is willing to pay to induce another American to acknowledge inferiority. It represents the root of aristocracy budding anew in the hearts of those who publicly renounced the system and all its works."

Even the Bible, Mr. Scott claims, is against tipping, and he cites the following texts in support of his contention:

Exodus 23:8. And thou shalt take no gift; for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous.

Ecclesiastes 7:7. Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad; and a gift destroyeth the heart.

Proverbs 15:27. He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live.

I Samuel 12:3. Behold here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whose have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you.

Isaiah 33:14-15. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? . . . He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly . . . that shaketh his hands from holding bribes. . . . He shall dwell on high. . . .

Job 15:34. For the congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery.

Luke 12:15. And he said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

Many leaders of public opinion in America, including Governor Whitman, of New York, and Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, are on record as opponents of tipping. The next step, in Mr. Scott's view, should be organization. He points out that six State Legislatures "reflected the dawning of a new conscience" by considering in their 1915 sessions bills relating to tipping. They were Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Tennessee and South Carolina. Some of the anti-tipping laws have been declared unconstitutional by the courts. The "ideal law," which must be backed by organization and by public opinion, is sketched by Mr. Scott as follows:

"In a broad outline it must include (1) a clear definition of a tip; (2) a statement of a patron's right to service for one payment exclusively to the proprietor; (3) a prohibition against subterfuges in the charges whereby patrons may give tips; (4) the wages paid by an employer to be considered as presumptive evidence of his attitude toward tipping; (5) a requirement that employers shall give patrons a definite understanding of the service to

* THE ITCHING PALM: A STUDY OF THE HABIT OF TIPPING IN AMERICA. By William R. Scott. Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

which they are entitled; (6) any actual extra service to be compensated for direct to employer after being appraised and charged for by the employer; (7) the giving of money or gifts to employees to be taken out of the class of 'charity' and 'personal liberty'; (8) the employer, the employee and the patron to be subject to the same penalty for violating the law and the conviction of any one of the three to be followed automatically by the conviction of the other two for the same

offense; (9) the law to be applicable to any employer and any employee in any relation with the public or with individuals, in private home or public place; (10) a prohibition against operating any convenience for the public in which the rate of payment shall be left to the whim of the patron, such as cloak-rooms, the tariffs to be displayed and exacted impartially of every patron if the employer assumes that patrons must pay extra for the service; (11) an adequate provision

for acquainting patrons with the law through posting it or otherwise directing their attention to it; (12) the granting of licenses to operate public service places only upon condition that gratuities are not to be permitted, directly or indirectly; (13) the granting to a patron who has been denied fair service of redress in addition to the punishment of the guilty employee and employer; (14) an adequate scale of penalties, fine or imprisonment for any violation of any part of the law."

IMPOSSIBLE DEMANDS MADE ON THE CLERGY

WE have heard a great deal, especially since the beginning of the war, about the alleged failure of the church and the spiritual impotence of the clergy. But how many have seriously estimated the task of the human instrument called a minister? How many have ever asked themselves whether failure to understand the gigantic nature of the ministry as a profession is responsible today for a feeble and inefficient church so far as it is feeble and inefficient? The Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon raises these questions in the *Atlantic Monthly*; and he writes from the standpoint of a minister after twenty-seven years of church life.

Here is the minister's program as Dr. Sheldon sees it—"unlike that of any other human being in medicine, music, art, journalism, business, politics, teaching, science, amusement, or farming." We condense, but we follow, in the main, Dr. Sheldon's own language:

I. Preaching.

The average minister in the average church is supposed to prepare two sermons a week, and something in the way of an address for a mid-week service. No minister ever lived who could prepare and preach two really good sermons every week. If the work of preaching were the only work required of the minister, it would keep him busy eight hours every day for a week, even to approach the ideal of one good sermon.

II. Parish Work.

This parish work is of such a nature that any man who is fit to be a minister could spend his whole time and strength in trying to do it, and work sixteen hours a day at it every day, and then succeed in doing only a small part of what needs to be done. And no assistant or other member of the church can do most of this work. The people want to see the minister, not a paid visitor or hired hand.

III. Bible School.

Connected with every modern church is a Bible school organized to give religious instruction to all ages. This school is so tremendously important that any man could well find all his energies taxed to the utmost to direct its course of study, examine its teachers, plan its program, and carry out its purpose.

IV. Finances.

The great majority of all the ministers in this country find it necessary to manage the business end of the church and devise ways and means to finance the institution. Sometimes this requires financial ability of a very rare order.

V. Organizations.

The average church of to-day, if it is ambitious to keep up with all demands, has many organizations for various phases of religious activity. I have in my church, which is only an average institution, eleven distinct organizations, each one representing some feature of church activity and each one claiming a certain amount of time and attention from the minister.

VI. Music.

The music in the average church in America is in a state of chaos. The music of a church is a task that might well demand the entire time of a competent professional. But the average church loads this task on the minister.

VII. Reading.

The average minister in the average church must do an immense amount of reading of all sorts if he is going to keep his pond full and not fall behind in the intellectual pace set him by his educated parishoners. If he did nothing else but read books and magazines which touch on his own work as a minister, he would have to read every waking moment and do nothing else.

VIII. The Sick.

In the parish of the average minister there is generally a list of invalids and sick people who make a special appeal to him for time and sympathy. Hundreds of ministers make heroic efforts to call on the sick in their parishes, making as many calls in the course of a year as the average doctor.

IX. Civic Duties.

It has been an unwritten law of centuries that the minister should be active in all matters that pertain to civic righteousness. And through all the centuries from the time of Isaiah and Jeremiah and the prophets, to the credit of the minister be it said that he has been willing to bear the brunt of the criticism and scorn that are the regular compensation of most prophets and reformers.

X. Sundries.

Under the head of "Sundries" the college-boy sometimes puts down items of an embarrassing character, which when footed up may present as important a total as those which are itemized.

It is so with the minister. There is his own home, family, private business, and the like. It was not without its tragedy that the neglected wife of a minister asked her husband, as he was leaving the house one evening on an errand of mercy to other homes in trouble, "John, won't you get a new motto to hang on the wall?"

"What kind of a motto, Mary?"

"I have been thinking this would be appropriate: 'There's no place like home—any more.'"

The minister of the average church, as Dr. Sheldon knows him, is very human. He is far from superhuman. Yet "his program calls for superhuman powers."

"The average pay that churches in this country give their ministers is less than \$1,200 a year. The average minister is trying to fill a dozen positions, any one of which, compared with a position as superintendent of a railroad division, is a giant's task. And the railroad man receives for his one position five times what the minister gets for his dozen.

"Is it any wonder your boy does not care to enter the ministry? Would you enter it again, knowing what you know of it now?"

On this "frank presentation of the minister's side of the insistent church problem," *The Universalist Leader* comments, sympathetically:

"Dr. Sheldon comes at the matter from the right angle, recognizing the weakness of the church, but he lifts the veil and reveals the cause not so much in the minister as in the laity. Of course, it is said that the minister creates the laity and therefore has blame primarily, and from this point of view we have often criticized the ministers, not because they did too little, but because they did too much; they took all care of everything from the shoulders of the laity, and the laity, having no care, had no interest! What we would have, and especially in the light of this illuminating article, is that the minister should so magnify the church that the laity would realize what a mighty thing it is, and bring to its service the best that is in them; that they should cease looking upon their minister as 'a hired man,' upon whom they can shift every responsibility for everything, and get to work under his trained leadership."

LITERATURE · AND · ART

PASSING OF THE MOST SAVAGE SATIRIST OF MODERN LITERATURE

CREATOR of several world-wide reputations in the field of literature and art, Octave Mirbeau passed away in Paris a few weeks ago at the age of 67 without himself having aroused more than passing notice from the English-speaking world. Yet with his death, if we may believe the eulogies of his admirers in the French press, the torch of the literary school of Balzac, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Zola and Guy de Maupassant—the school of naturalism—has been extinguished. He has been called the savagest satirist since Swift.

Mirbeau carried naturalism almost into caricature. Zola's offences against "good taste" seem almost early Victorian when compared to Mirbeau's chambers of horrors. Swift's satire assumes quite a genial aspect after one has read the unrestrained castigation of the human race in which Octave Mirbeau indulged. Mirbeau systematized Taine's formula that "man is a ferocious and lascivious gorilla." For Octave Mirbeau, as Marc Elder recently pointed out in his essay (Georges Crès, Paris), everything is at its worst in the worst of all possible worlds; there is nothing of any value to be expected from things as they are, especially from the classes in power.

Gifted with a terrific energy by his Norman parents, belonging always to the "party of indignation," pugnacious and sarcastic, Octave Mirbeau spent his life first in one battle and then in another. To quote Marc Elder:

"Avidly he searched the minds of men and their work for an impossible beauty, a beauty of which he made himself the knight always ready to fight. There was a good bit of Don Quixote in the make-up of M. Mirbeau. And Don Quixote is the great paladin in justice and beauty, whose exploits only become comic, sadly comic in fact, because they are useless and foolish. One loses as much time fighting against immutable human baseness as against windmills.

"Still Octave Mirbeau never stopped fighting, with a magnificent faith in those high hopes he carried in his breast. In his chronicles as in his books, he appeared as negator, destroyer, refractory,—simply because his illusion was always punctured, because he fell from the summit of his ideal every time that he plunged into real life, because where he had looked for purity he had found vice, where he

had expected to find beauty he had uncovered the monstrous, and where justice was sought oppression reigned."

The history of Mirbeau's career in Paris journalism confirms M. Elder's statement. Beginning as an art critic, he demolished established reputations, insulted the academics, deified Monet, Manet, Cezanne, awakened slumbering appreciation for Auguste Rodin, Puvis de Chavannes, and Vincent van Gogh.



RODIN'S EFFORT TO FIX A FAMOUS
FACE

Tempting as it is to compare the indignation of Mirbeau with that of Juvenal and his savagery with Swift's, there was a bubbling Gallianism in his genius, and to this trait he owed the flavor of his incessant effervescence.

As a dramatic critic he wrote such a stinging attack upon the actors of the Comédie Française that the *Figaro* disavowed the article. Mirbeau fought a duel with his editor over it. He was always fighting duels. In order to denounce the false prophets, he founded with the late Paul Hervieu and Grosclaude a satirical review entitled, *Grimaces*. A long series of duels followed; and the aim of his pistol was feared no less than the vitriol of his pen. At the time of the Dreyfus affair, he fought with Zola and Urbain Gohier against military injustice.

Murder stalks through the pages of all of Mirbeau's novels—books in which

horrors are intensified and gradated so that the unwitting reader is trapped and saturated in terror and pity. The notorious "Garden of Tortures," which set Paris shuddering in 1899, is said to be "the most damnably cruel book in contemporary fiction." The instinct to kill is as native to the human animal as the instinct to eat, or the instinct to love, from Mirbeau's point of view. In one of his most biting satires, the author visits a general who has been serving in one of the French colonies. He finds the soldier's rooms hung with "negro skin." The Swift-like character of Mirbeau's satire is revealed in the dialog, during the course of which the French general declares:

"You know I detest both newspapers and journalists, yet I must confess that I am not sorry you called on me, for you can be of service to me and to my colonization scheme. I shall not bother you with vagaries and empty phrases. Here's the point: There is only one way to civilize these savages—and that is to kill them. It matters very little what political régime you impose upon them—annexation or protectorate—they will always be rascals that will never submit. By slaughtering them I avoid complications. Isn't that clear to you? Of course, their dead carcasses are an obnoxious sight and moreover they are liable to cause an epidemic. Lately, I struck upon a good idea—tan them and put them on the market. You can readily see for yourself what fine stuff they make,' pointing to the walls. 'In doing so I am doing the nation double service—I quell a rebellion and pave the way for a profitable industry. This is a good system, don't you think?"

"Well, the skins may be utilized,' I objected, 'but what are you going to do with the flesh? Can it be eaten?"

"The general reflected for a moment, and then replied: 'Well, unfortunately these negroes are not eatable, they tell me; some of them are even poisonous. Only by a certain process can we render them palatable, and make them excellent food for the troops.'"

This bitter satirical touch was carried into the theater. William H. Crane played in one of Mirbeau's comedies in this country, "Business is Business," but its outlook was far too bitter and unrelieved for the American theatergoing public. His last play, written in collaboration with Thadée Natanson, was an inordinate attack on

modern philanthropy and organized charity. It was the cause of a lawsuit, as was much that Mirbeau wrote.

Yet at heart, if we may believe Marc Elder, Mirbeau was a benign sentimentalist, loving his garden, his pictures, his household pets. ("Dingo," his last published novel, is the story of an Australian dog.) "Since the rich man is always blindly set against the poor," he exclaimed in his "628-E8," "I am myself, blindly, too, always with the poor against the rich, with the exploited against the exploiter." He loved the figure of Christ, and at one time took up the visionary anarchistic creed of Peter Kropotkin, Elisé Reclus and Jean Grave. One suspects, from

Marc Elder's hints, that he was as impractical and as inconsistent as Tolstoy.

Yet it was Mirbeau who "discovered" Maurice Maeterlinck, created an international reputation for the seamstress Marguerite Audoux, honored the friendless Jules Renard, encouraged the modest retiring Charles Louis Philippe, helped Vincent van Gogh, whose unbalanced genius led to the madhouse. To follow Marc Elder:

"Octave Mirbeau was the first to understand Maurice Maeterlinck, to defend him, to impose him upon France. Likewise he made himself the champion of Charles Louis Philippe, who never attained the place he merited because he

was humble, modest and without intrigue. He helped with all his might the début of Rodin, and unearthed that scandalous project to bowdlerize Balzac!

"Chevalier of the Beautiful always, he has been seen to read the manuscript of an unknown author, and, warmly enthusiastic, send it himself the very next day to a magazine and a publisher. Yes! M. Mirbeau is a Don Quixote, disinterested, overflowing with goodness and justice, always ready to leap into the saddle, lance in hand, to punish some scoundrel or other. The noble gesture of the great epoch of the Flauberts, the Maupassants, the Zolas, would have passed if Octave Mirbeau had not prolonged them among that bitter and hungry herd of literary folk who devour each other for a bit of fame and a handful of silver!"

THE CONTESTED MERITS OF DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS'S POSTHUMOUS NOVEL

ONE more great American novel—perhaps the greatest since "The Scarlet Letter," possessing the social significance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—that is how the admirers of the late David Graham Phillips acclaim his posthumous novel.* "Essentially false," "profoundly immoral," "outworn and conventional in its romanticism,"—these characterizations come from still other admirers of Phillips who believe that the posthumous publication of "Susan Lenox," a book upon which the author worked for ten years, is a mistake.

Isaac F. Marcosson, an intimate friend of the novelist, appears as his champion in *The Bookman*, in an article on the significance of "Susan Lenox." He looks upon this book as a veritable memorial to the genius of David Graham Phillips. "To touch it is to feel a kinship with the cruelties and compensations of the world. The story moves with the majesty of a Wagnerian Cycle. It expresses in print everything that symbolic music transmutes. For it is all Life—all Experience. This is why it is more than a novel—why it is great and outstanding." He continues his appreciation:

"'Susan Lenox' is more than a mere novel. It is a huge Gash out of Life—a Span of Society that reaches from the dregs of the heights; that encompasses, in the growth of a girl from illegitimate birth into rare and constructive womanhood, all there is of that old-world but eternally new struggle against the flings and arrows of convention. Based on uncompromising fact, rooted in episode that found its first printed expression in the Book of Books, stamped with an individuality that was in itself a hallmark of distinction, and illumined by an almost

incomparable art, this story is invested with a significance that makes it a thing apart."

Phillips's two-volume novel brings the most famous novel of Nathaniel Hawthorne to the mind of the editor of the *Minneapolis Journal*, who acclaims it as the greatest American novel since "The Scarlet Letter." The comparison seems striking to Mr. Marcosson as well.



THE VICTIM OF OUR GREATEST LITERARY TRAGEDY

David Graham Phillips tunneled his way through the lowest soil of American life, and when he emerged on its heights with the tales of what he saw, the greatest of all these is embodied, according to his admirers, in "Susan Lenox," said to be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of New York's underworld.

"It is no very far stretch from Hawthorne to Phillips. They had a common kinship of courage: a community of principle that made each the pioneer and the pathfinder. The sacrifice of Hester Prynne on that smaller altar of New England Puritanism was but the distant gleam of the immolation of Susan Lenox on the broader but equally burning Coals of Modern Life. They were both of the Sisterhood of the World's Condemned, who are always the target, yet who can never strike back. Hester Prynne was the victim of her own action. Like millions before and after, she trusted a man. Susan was the innocent symbol of a sin that was visited upon her—the ancient sin of the father. Susan triumphed over the circumstance that dragged her for a time through the mire. She was in—but not of it. She 'dipped but she did not drop.' Her whole career, her 'Fall and Rise' as Phillips has so admirably reversed it, is therefore a human document (sometimes very inhuman), so compelling in its interest, so daring in its unfolding, yet manifestly so logical in its development that it becomes at once a piece of literature and a mirror of the times."

A reviewer in the *N. Y. Times*, on the other hand, thinks that it would have been much better for Mr. Phillips's reputation and for the repute of American letters if the book had never been published. Ambitious tho this novel is as a picture of life in New York, a sort of modern "Moll Flanders," it falls down in its underlying thesis, in the opinion of the *Times* critic. He finds it false at its core, and therefore bad, artistically and vicious in its influence. He writes:

"The book is essentially false in its definition of life, and therefore profoundly immoral in three ways. Susan is represented throughout as being a woman of unusual mental capacities and endowments and fine, strong character. That sort of woman does not go down into the depths. The latter are peopled by the weak and flabby of character and the

*SUSAN LENOX: HER FALL AND RISE. By David Graham Phillips. Two frontispiece portraits. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

dwarfed and crooked of soul. She is represented as having come through years of vice with heart and soul still fine and pure—she has merely 'learned how to live.' The most inveterate romanticist never denied and belied the facts of life more crudely than just than has Mr. Phillips, bent upon utter realism. Finally, the story is grotesquely and conventionally false to life in its dependence upon that long-ago-exploded fabrication of the muckrakers of economics, that a woman can get nowhere except through sexual dependence upon man. The whole story is based upon that assumption, and it inspires characters and situations and conversations and the

philosophic comment of the author, which he sprinkles plentifully throughout the story."

In its specific pictures of many of the conditions of life among the very poor, the *Times* critic grants that this novel is often sadly true, tho repulsive to the last degree. Its long-drawn-out pages hold the same interest as the report of a vice commission: "It is deplorable that Mr. Phillips's name and reputation should be besmirched by the mistaken posthumous publication of a work of such outworn and conventional

falsity and of such thoroly vicious romanticism masquerading as realism." When Balzac or Zola or Daudet wrote of the underworld, we are told, their knowledge and their artistic sense saved them from maudlin romanticism. They wrote with recognition of the truth and the inexorable logic of life, and therefore their books are often as keen and terrible and true as the lashings of one of the old Hebrew prophets. But the *Times* critic finds no such truth and logic in "Susan Lenox," tho this is apparent to other critics.

ADVENT IN AMERICA OF A NEW IRISH REALIST

THAT unanimous popularity which greeted the genial James Stephen upon the American publication of his "Crock of Gold" will probably not be duplicated in the case of the new Dublin writer, James Joyce, who makes his appearance with a novel, "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," and a volume of tales, "Dubliners," both published by B. W. Huebsch. These books reveal Joyce as of another sphere than that of Stephens with his leprechauns and fairies, or of Synge and Yeats, with their poetic transformations of the melancholy emerald isle. Mr. Joyce, his critics believe, is potentially a poet, but he prefers to envisage the life of Dublin through the spectacles of a pitiless Maupassant or Tchekov. "Joyce is as implacably naturalistic as the Russian," Mr. Huneker declares in the *N. Y. Sun*, "in his vision of the somber, mean, petty, dusty commonplaces of middle-class life, and he sometimes suggests the Frenchman in his clear, concise, technical methods."

Joyce's novel takes the form of a partial autobiography. It is a veritable portrait of an artist as a boy, a youth and a young man. "From school to college," to follow the words of James Huneker, "from the brothel to the confessional, from his mother's apron-strings to coarse revelry, the hero, a sorry one, is put to the torture by art and relates the story of his blotched yet striving soul."

"Mr. Joyce holds the scales evenly. He neither abuses nor praises. He is evidently out of key with religious life; yet he speaks of the Jesuits with affection and admiration. The sermons preached by them during the retreat are models. They are printed in full—strange material for a novel. And he can show us the black hatred caused by the clash of political and religious opinions. There is a scene of this sort in the house of Stephen's parents that simply blazes with verity. At a Christmas dinner the argument between Dante (probably an aunt) and Mr. Casey spoils the affair. Stephen's



TOO IRISH FOR THE IRISH TO LOVE

To the finish of the Celt in form, James Joyce adds all that is gloomy, melancholy, and mystical in the Slav, with the result that his first novel reads like a Tchekov novel revised by Guy de Maupassant.

father carves the turkey and tries to stop the mouths of the angry man and woman with food. The mother implores. Stephen stolidly gobbles, watching the row, which culminates with Mr. Casey losing his temper—he has had several tumblers of mountain dew and is a little 'how come you so!' He bursts forth: 'No God in Ireland! We have had too much God in Ireland! Away with God!' 'Blasphemer! Devil!' screamed Dante, starting to her feet and almost spitting in his face. 'Devil out of hell! We won! We crushed him to death! Fiend!' The door slammed behind her. Mr. Casey suddenly bowed his head on his hands with a sob of pain. 'Poor Parnell!' he cried loudly. 'My dead King.' Naturally the dinner was not a success."

In his volume of short stories, James Joyce exercises a perfect objectivity and reticence, and weaves a tensely wrought composition which, his admirers claim, discloses in balanced relief some idea or

situation of universal import. Occasionally he is too Irish to be liked even by the Irish. The authoritative Mr. Huneker pays this tribute to Joyce's mastery of the tale:

"*'Dubliners'* is filled with Dublinish anecdotes. It is charged with the sights and scents and gestures of the town. The slackers who pester servant-girls for their shillings to spend on whiskey; the young man in the boarding-house who succumbs to the 'planted' charms of the landlady's daughter to fall into the matrimonial trap—only Maupassant could better the telling of this too commonplace story; the middle-aged man, parsimonious as to his emotions and the tragic ending of a love affair that had hardly begun; and the wonderfully etched plate called 'The Dead,' with its hundred fine touches of comedy and satire—these but prove the claim of James Joyce's admirers that he is a writer signally gifted. A malevolent fairy seemingly made him a misanthrope. With Spinoza he could say—oh, terrifying irony!—that 'mankind is not necessary' in the eternal scheme. We hope that with the years he may become mellow, but that he will never lose the appreciation of life's more bitter flavors. Insipid novelists are legion. He is Huysmans's little brother in his flair for disintegrating characters. But yet an Irishman, who sees the shining vision in the sky, a vision that too often vanishes before he can pin its beauty on canvas. But yet an Irishman in his sense of the murderous humor of such a story as 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room,' which would bring to a Tammany heeler what Henry James called 'the emotion of recognition.'"

James Joyce is more successful than Samuel Butler in making religious belief seem real; and in addition, in the opinion of Francis Hackett of the *New Republic*, succeeds in creating in his novel a haunting impression of intense youthfulness. "He has made a rare effort to transcend every literary convention as to his race and creed, and he has had high success. Many people will furiously resent his candor, whether about religion or nationalism or sex. But candor is a nobility in this instance."

MR. FULLER DISCOVERS A NEW FIELD FOR FREE VERSE

SHORT STORIES to-day are tending to become articles of deliberate manufacture, conscious objects of bargain and sale, like furniture or footwear. Henry Blake Fuller, distinguished as a novelist, a recent convert to the cohorts of free verse, makes this declaration in pointing out the possibilities of free verse as the vehicle of a new and fresher order of fiction. "The average short fiction of commerce," he declares in the *Dial*, "is now too frequently a hollow, sapless affair, a specter of incipient decay, if not an actual mass of dead-wood, against the bright sky of rightful expectation: both in the lexicographical and the popular use of the word, it is 'punk.'"

Conventional description and characterization, "punch" and "climax" laboriously reached by *résumé*, tedious paraphernalia everyone knows by heart, stale and inflated conventions—these are the faults that beset and overload the short stories published in our American magazines to-day. Where may we find the means to economize the efforts of the writer and the attention of the reader? asks Mr. Fuller. How to gain brevity, concision, intensity and a heightened sense of form? Mr. Fuller is of the opinion that the much-discussed and ridiculed free verse offers great opportunities. He characterizes the new form in these terms:

"Between black and white are shades of gray; between high tones and low, serviceable octaves intervene; between noon and midnight there is a borderland of dusk or of dawn. Free verse balances on the fence between poetry and prose, and dips beak or tail toward either at will. The less sympathetic mind may prefer to see a bird of clumsier breed: one that, on occasion, rises upon the air, yet drags its feet along the ground. The free versifier draws at will upon the stability and earthboundness of prose and upon the aerial strata that lie above. He can pedestrianize over the firm road, yet indulge the lift and the lilt whenever the lift and the lilt seem good. Above all, he can readily lay tribute upon some of the best effects and advantages of poetry—the packed thought, the winged epithet, the concentrated expression. The 'bright story of five thousand words' may be told—with all superfluities discarded and all redundancies stripped away—in seven or eight hundred, with greater regard for economy of attention, whether of mind or of eye."

Urban readers to-day, overdriven and limited as to time and harried by an appetite for novel notions, continues Mr. Fuller, should welcome this new vehicle. To-day most of us are victims of the quick tempo. We see through plots long before they are un-

folded; we hear the end before the end is reached; we ask for new tunes before the old one is played. This speed-mania may not be especially admirable, especially in the field of literature and arts; but we must take our day as we find it. "What surprises me," exclaims Henry B. Fuller, "is that a busy people, a people often so impatient in one direction, should be so willing to dawdle in another." Mr. Fuller confesses that he would not advise the compression of the whole story into a single page, as Edgar Lee Masters has done in his "Spoon River Anthology,"—"a triumph for Mr. Masters and a despair for anybody who follows him." Mr. Masters, Amy Lowell, and Mr. Fuller himself have revealed many of the possibilities of the new fiction in free verse. (Robert Frost is also given as an instance, but Mr. Frost writes in blank verse, not free verse.) Mr. Fuller explains further:

"It may be episodic, like some of the things of Robert Frost—bolts of frieze or linsey-woolsey, if you like, but reasonable in length and clean-cut as to selvage. It may be semi-lyrical, getting itself done in bursts of colorful emotion, like some of the pieces of Amy Lowell. It may seize still other opportunities. It may become the home of touch-and-go, the haunt of the hint and of the glancing allusion. It can give in a single epithet the essence of a prose sentence, and in a single phrase the spirit of a prose paragraph. It will let you be humorous, if you can be; hortatory or pathetic, if you wish to be. It will come as a grateful ally to the man who is not a space-filler at space-filling rates, but who is intent on sincere and pointed self-expression for its own sake. It may even exercise the compelling continuity that chains children to the comic supplement."

Doubtless many of the earlier *vers-librists*, concludes Mr. Fuller, have been vague, inchoate, "wooly"; and they have had little to say. The vagarious mood has often done duty for the clear-cut thought, the sprightly handspring for the firm-footed, straight-bearing course. But the story-teller in free verse must steer clear of such moods and manners:

"He must have a ponderable theme, a straightaway continuity of thought, and a sense of form that takes heed of beginning, middle, and end. Such a man, thus equipped, ought to be able to compass, first a hearing, then tolerance, then acceptance, then the real welcome that follows on having done the timely thing in the idiom of the new day. But the conservative fingers long—both for ill and for good, be it said—and the acceptance of the novel may not be so rapid and complete as the newer *novellista* would desire."

The new form in fiction so ably

championed by Mr. Fuller may be studied at first hand in his new book "Long Lines and Short" (Houghton Mifflin), containing twenty-five sketches of the lives of men and women caught in the tangled circumstances of American life. Several of these sketches have appeared in our pages—"Postponement: the Sketch of a Man Who Waited Too Long," April 1915, and "The Arid Life of John B. Hill," July, 1916. One might call them consequences in circumstances, notes Edgar Lee Masters in a review published in the *Chicago Evening Post*. The Spoon River poet attempts to define Mr. Fuller's new *genre* in relation to the short story and the novel.

"They are not short stories. They treat of more than a single episode. They are novels in brief, but they catch a more sublimated existence than the novel does, perhaps because they do it quickly and directly. The sudden force of the impact may stand for the intense power. Some writer now springing up or about to spring up in renescent America will put the method to many interesting and significant uses. For the novel is too long. It came into being when people had endless evenings to spend at home. It has continued to this day, when the evening at home must be snatched from the grip of city distractions and fascinations. And, besides the genius of condensation, the genius for selecting the thread which unravels the whole tangle can put all the story in a few pages. Philosophizing and description must be excellent indeed to keep the modern reader from passing them over. Conversation in the novel of to-day had just as well be massed in the narrative. 'The Song of Songs,' one of the most absorbing stories of the last twenty years, has scarcely any conversation in it, if any. The long novel must go, except perhaps the 'Jean Christophe.' The French long ago showed us what could be done in 300 pages. Maupassant exploits and reduces to understanding a life in ten. Browning and Thomas Hardy interpret crucial states in a few pages of rhyme. Mr. Fuller takes 'Long Lines and Short,' begins each line with a capital and gives us analysis and synthesis, too. The page is pleasant to the eye. One must not interrupt his interest by asking whether it is poetry. Read the story and see if the substance has the poetical appeal. If it has not, if the story has verity, if it throws any light on our tangled life, quickens our sympathies, enlightens our understanding, that is enough. . . .

"When a word or a line is used which does not entirely convey the thought, the additional line written to convey it may do so, but at the expense of blurring the freshness of the impact of the idea upon the mind. These sketches are marred by many over-lappings of this kind and by digressions *sotto voce* which are not sharp enough to be humorous, and because of their desultory character make for a drag upon the story."

SPIRITUAL ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN NEWFOUNDLAND

JUST ten years ago the daring talent of Rockwell Kent struck the vision of the metropolitan art critics. He was one of the group of young artists sponsored by Robert Henri, whose pictures were refused admittance to the National Academy exhibition. Subsequently Kent's canvases were shown at the Clausen galleries—broad, realistic, powerful representations of weltering seas, men laboring in boats, rocky headlands and snow-bound landscapes. "The paint is laid on by an athlete of the brush," Mr. Hunker exclaimed in the *Sun*. "Dissonances are dared that make you pull up your coat-collar." These early Maine marines were pronounced by William B. McCormick of the *N. Y. Press* as "the finest pictures in this genre ever painted in America." Joseph Chamberlain, writing in the *Mail*, noted Kent's qualities of lofty imagination and pure beauty. "One does not know whether one is in a world of remote antiquity or one of the ideal future, but that does not matter; the pictures themselves are highly beautiful."

Evidently years of hardship and eclipse followed this first outburst. They were the years of the modern art revolution in America, years when the younger artists began to assimilate new influences. Rockwell Kent transferred his affections from Maine to rocky, primitive Newfoundland. His imaginative paintings and drawings of the northern island have now finally been exhibited in New York at the Daniel Gallery. Kent's is a vision of Newfoundland, according to Charles Caffin, of the *N. Y. American*, as its stern, physical aspects and the strenuous fateful lives of the inhabitants have affected his emotional and spiritual imagination, "the ragged grandeur, the poignant color, the cold and livid lights, the precarious life of the seafaring folk, whose commerce is with an ocean gloomier, more mysterious and savage than the wont." A fate more perpetually impending wraps them round.

"The local is but the theme through which he expresses the universal suggestion; the solid base on which he builds emotional and spiritual abstractions. . . .

"In the picture 'The Voyage Beyond Life,' the man's body has become the figurehead of the ship, and his arms are doubled across his head to shut off the view of the future or to resist the threat of storm. And the body seems made of the wood of the ship, as if the artist would emphasize how the soul is restrained by matter. Indeed, evident in all these paintings is the idea of man as being a part of and bound to his physical environment. Again, as if to suggest how slight is the link binding him to life, the



Drawn by Weed

A NEW BLAKE?

Starting as a realist, Rockwell Kent has more and more infused into his canvases a quality of spiritual and symbolic imagination that suggests to some of his critics the name of the great English poet and draughtsman.

smallness of the houses is exaggerated. They are like the toy houses of children . . . a rigid repetition of serrated cliffs, reddened by an unseen sun, for the eastern horizon is cold white against the harshly cut line of dark slaty water."

For the critic of the *N. Y. Times*, Rockwell Kent's is an imagination with incomplete powers of expression. "His work at its best is a noble utterance of deep emotion. At its worst it stammers and breaks painfully." Everything in these new pictures, for the *Tribune*, is painfully big, except the sun and happiness. In the massing of color and strength of outline, declares the *American Art News*, Rockwell Kent is pre-eminent. He is more of a "realist" than a "modernist," and "there is still a suggestion in his deep, sometimes crude color of the seas and skies of the Newfoundland coast he so loves, and his virile drawing, of Winslow Homer who has evidently most influenced him."

Despite his attempts to immortalize the sombre beauty of Newfoundland on canvas, Rockwell Kent was summarily bidden to leave the island with his family, under suspicion of being a German spy! He had made the mistake, according to the *N. Y. Mail*, of consenting to sing at a church festival in Brigus, where he had located with his family. "He thought of Schumann's inspiring 'Two Grenadiers,' and sang it with excellent effect. But alas! 'The Two Grenadiers' is usually sung in German, and in that language Mr. Kent warbled it. The suspicions of the local busybody were at once aroused. Inquiry was made, and it was discovered that Mr. Kent could read and speak German! He was at once reported to



THE MAN IN THE BOAT

In this powerful drawing of Rockwell Kent's a stark simplicity is attained without the slightest sacrifice of those qualities of mystery and imagination that have given the young artist such a distinct position among our younger and more modern painters.

the authorities as a probable spy." Finally he was expelled from the country entirely. Such are the perils of linguistic attainment in a mad world under the Defence of the Realm Act.

From his initial realism, Forbes Watson writes in the N. Y. *Evening*

Post, Rockwell Kent has progressed to a point in which he is interested in mural ideas on a big scale. Ten years have brought about a change, and several strictly professional painters, following Mr. Kent's lead and showing his influence, have become among the

happiest and most favored of academic prize-winners. It is something for one so young to be, but Mr. Kent really is the father of at least one distinctive section of what in some studios has been irreverently termed "the American School of Wallop-Painting."

CELEBRATING THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

AMONG the many tributes to the genius of William Dean Howells published upon the occasion of his eightieth birthday, which occurred on March 1st, there is evident, we must confess, greater familiarity with his towering reputation than with his novels themselves. For example, the N. Y. *Times* says of him that "he has given us both the theory and the practice of an art that is quite inestimable in its vital development of American literature," but we are afforded no illustrations of this point as a key to its meaning. Other papers are disposed to speak of his rare personal charm, his nobility of character, and his invariable kindness to younger writers, of the "kindly, sturdy, eighty-year figure," to follow the N. Y. *Tribune*. Few, if any, of the dailies venture to express their opinion of Howells's stature as an artist. Happily, however, those critics who do reveal familiarity with his works place a high estimate upon them.

"We clamor still for 'the great American novel.' Why, we have been read-

ing it for these thirty years or more"—such is the challenging statement of Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett in the course of their authoritative essay on Howells printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "William Dean Howells is quite the most American thing we have produced." All the tendencies and forces of our American national life are charted in the fiction of Howells, these critics point out, with an amplitude and fidelity never applied before in English to the all-important phases in the life of a whole nation.

"It is as lavish as anything since Balzac, and it is focal. Howells is master of village and town, farm and city, New England and the Middle West; he is at home in factory and lumber-camp; he knows artisan and idler, preacher and teacher, the scientist, the journalist, the commercial traveler, the *nouveaux-riches* and their debutante daughter, the country squire, the oldest inhabitant, the village scapegrace and the village fool, the doctor and the lawyer; he misses nothing, as a review written by his greatest American contemporary once phrased it, of 'the real, the natural, the colloquial, the

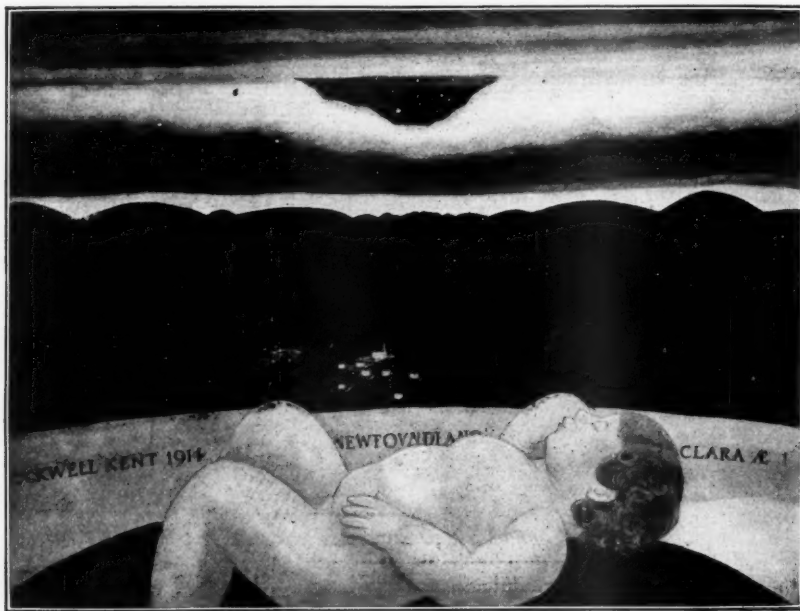
moderate, the optimistic, the domestic, and the democratic.'"

The outstanding trait of Mr. Howells's art, Mr. and Mrs. Follett suggest, is a healthy provincialism. "In the profoundest spiritual and moral sense, he did stay at home; but neither physically nor intellectually can he be said to have done so. He not only understood just what he might have borrowed, whether from continental fiction or British: he understood it too well to borrow it at all."

Because Mr. Howells's love of reality is more intense and consistent than that of any other important novelist these critics can think of, "his realism is inexpressibly more vital than most realism."

"Howells is an artist to the finger tips," declares another enthusiast, Alexander Harvey, whose study of Howells is announced for early publication by B. W. Huebsch, "altho our American subservience to the British literary superstition will long cast its shadow athwart the light of this really obvious truth." Mr. Harvey, in his weekly, *The Bang*, declares that William Dean Howells is one of the world-masters of the art of the novel. He explains why:

"The structure of a Howells novel affords a striking impression of unity. He makes one think of those stage managers by whom no detail is neglected. The instrumentality upon which Howells relies conspicuously is, indeed, his style. It is a style so soft, so smooth, so rich, so warm, that it makes one think of velvet. The resources of the English language are for the first time fully uncovered for the purposes of fiction by this discreet and aristocratic style. But that style alone must have left Howells a stylist and only that. His equipment in the technical elements of his vocation goes beyond the detail of style. It extends to the difficulty of dialog, the subtlety of descriptive effect, the task of differentiating character from character, the business of getting on with the story, whatever that story may be. The supreme gift of all in the novelist is constructive and here Howells reveals the measure of his greatness. He synthesizes with the science of the chemist. He holds his creation together by maintaining that perfect balance of all factors which is the secret of the equilibrium of the universe, as well as of the success of 'The Rise of Silas Lapham.' This is why the technique of William Dean Howells surpasses that of any other novelist."



PORTRAIT OF CHILD

Concerning this puzzling portrait, Mr. Rufus M. Weeks writes: "Overhead is the sky of dawn, banded with lightened and tinted clouds—a blue opening directly over the village—in which a few stars appear, one being the brightest. A timely message it is that comes to us. It is said that the night is darkest just before dawn, and certainly the world is in darkness enough just now. Those souls which can glimpse the dawn before it comes are fortunate, and we do well to hail the faintest sign of coming light, even tho it be only in the gleam from their prophetic eyes."

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

IT is a very satisfying reply that Harriet Monroe, in a recent number of her magazine, *Poetry*, makes to a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The latter says: "The honest minor poet wakes up in these days to find himself a child in a world of energetic, serious maturity. Even the daily headlines bring home to him that no one needs his songs of hills and leaves and clouds, of elfin things and gypsy feet, even of love and death, touched as they are in his music with the kind, deceiving shimmer of dreams." There is much more to the same effect. Miss Monroe replies:

"This being a strenuous age, of universal locomotion, war and other bedevillments, the world has no use, we are told, for the poet unless he is an Isaiah or a Hans Christian Anderson. One might as well say the world has no use for gardens, or dwellings, or symphonies, for sculptured friezes and monuments, for portraits and landscapes, for Venetian glass or Chinese rugs, for jewels and laces, for club-houses and art museums. Because my favorite painter is not moved to depict cosmic horrors like Verestchagin, shall I bid him burn his brushes and take to brooding in a corner? Because the mad world is at war, shall no one play the piano, or plan a fair house, or dream by a sculptured fountain under the tree?"

Whether the poets ought to be silent or not in this clamorous time, they certainly are not. Every month or so a new poet wings into view with strains that have something new and arresting about them. Last month we printed two poems from a series in *The Midland* called "Barbed Wire and Other Poems." A second series has since appeared under the same title. They treat of that phase of life on the western plains that follows the advent of barbed-wire fences and the disappearance of the cowboys. We reprint two more:

BREAKING SOD.

By EDWIN FORD PIPER.

THE level field of gray-green buffalo grass
Still narrows as the sweating bays plod on,
And that black ribbon at the plowtail rolls
Beside its drier neighbor. Clevis gear
And doubletree complain while the plow sings,
Shearing through grass roots, burying weed and flower,
Unhousing worm and grub for eager beaks,
The blackbird and the meadow-lark that flit
To the heels of the plowman.

Never any more
Shall wild flock pasture here on grasses wild;

But bearded wheat shall flourish, corn shall ear,
The weeds shall burr and blossom, strong battalions.
And man shall serve the land in hunger and sorrow,
Worship and love the bounteous, old earth-mother,
Rejoicing in the furrows of his field.

THE DROUGHT

By EDWIN FORD PIPER.

THE light of noon comes reddened from a sky
A-blur with dust; the irritable wind
Burns on your cheek, and leans against your garments
Like a hot iron. Cloud after cloud, the dust
Sweeps the road, rattles on the dirty canvas
Of the schooner so dispiritedly drawn
By drooping horses. On the whitening grass,
With bright and helpless eyes, a meadow-lark
Sits open-beaked, and desperately mute.
The thin, brown wheat that was too short to cut
Stands in the field; the feeble corn, breast high,
Shows yellowed leaf and tassel. With slack line
The bearded, gaunt, stoop-shouldered driver sits
As if in sleep some mounting wave of sorrow
Had overpassed him, and he still dreamed on.
Within the schooner children's voices wail;
A mother's tones bring quiet. The sun glares,
The wind drones and makes dirty all the sky.
The horses scarcely fight the vicious flies.
This is departure, but there are who stay.

Edward J. O'Brien, who sits in judgment each year on the short stories in the magazines, is a student of poetry as well as of fiction. It is as a poet, however, not a student, that he now challenges the world, in a volume (Small, Maynard Company) entitled "White Fountains." Two-thirds of the volume are devoted to two odes which we have nibbled at and have not found compelling. His lyrics are more attractive to an o'er-hasty reader; but they indicate an author with more interest in metrical effects and melodic phrases than in life and the ideas that come out of contact with it at first hand. But Mr. O'Brien is young—surprisingly young when you look at his achievement and then at him. He may be in the twenties; but, if so, he is

barely in them. He has a rare combination of critical and creative talent, and he can make words sing. Witness this:

THE WHISPER OF EARTH.

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

IN the misty hollow shyly greening branches
Soften to the south wind, bending to the rain.
From the moistened earthland flutter little whispers,
Breathing hidden beauty, innocent of stain.
Little plucking fingers tremble through the grasses,
Little silent voices sigh the dawn of spring,
Little burning earth-flames break the awful stillness,
Little crying wind-sounds come before the King.
Powers, dominations, urge the budding of the crocus,
Cherubim are singing in the moist cool stone,
Seraphim are calling through the channels of the lily,
God has heard the earth-cry and journeys to His throne.

Two handsome volumes, the collected poems of Florence Earle Coates, appear from the press of Houghton Mifflin Company. The muse of Mrs. Coates is not an adventurous one. In reading her poems one is never very far from the charted ways and the lighted shores. The traditional forms of verse are good enough for her and, for the most part, the traditional themes. But she is an excellent craftsman, and if one seldom finds in her poetry that "wild beauty" which Edwin Markham loves to dwell upon, there is always beauty—the beauty of high thought, varied melody and sincere feeling. The following is a representative poem:

LOVE, DOST THOU SMILE?

By FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

LOVE, dost thou smile, believing thou shalt cheat,
The triform Fates, because thou art so sweet?
Thy beauty, which delights and makes afraid,
Shall surely as the rose of autumn fade,
And pain and grief shall find thee, and slow scorn;
And thou shalt know neglect, and friendship hollow;
And at the last, pale hope, thy light of morn,
Shall bring thee to a goal where none will follow.

Love, dost thou weep—in all the sorrow-
ing earth,
Thou the one only thing of perfect
worth?
Midnight and morn alike to thee belong;
Poor, thou art rich; defenceless, thou art
strong;
Upon thy altar burns perpetual fire
That mounts and flames aloft to
heaven's high portal;
Thou quickenest, from evil, pure desire,—
Triumphant in defeat, in death im-
mortal!

A new volume of poems by Sarojini Naidu, the Hindu maiden who was reared in England, is of special interest because of the local color she brings us from India. The volume is published by John Lane Company and is entitled "The Broken Wing: Songs of Love, Death and Destiny." Her work has rare charm of melody and an emotional intensity that burns at times to a white heat such as we find in this:

LOVE TRANSCENDENT.

BY SARAJINI NAIDU.

WHEN Time shall cease and the
world be ended
And Fate unravel the judgment
scroll,
And God shall hear—by His hosts at-
tended,
The secret legend of every soul,

And each shall pass to its place appointed,
And yours to His inmost paradise,
To sit encrowned mid the peace-anointed,
O my saint with the sinless eyes!

My proud soul shall be unforgiven
For a passionate sin it will ne'er repent,
And I shall be doomed, O Love, and
driven
And hurled from Heaven's high battle-
ment.

Down the deep ages, alone, unfrightened,
Flung like a pebble thro' burning space;
But the speed of my fall shall be sweet
and brightened
By the memoried joy of your radiant
face!

Whirled like a leaf from eon to eon,
Tossed like a feather from flame to
flame,
Love, I shall chant a glorious pean
To thrill the dead with your deathless
name.

So you be safe in God's mystic garden,
Inclosed like a star in His ageless skies,
My outlawed spirit shall crave no pardon,
O my saint with the sinless eyes!

The latest venture in the way of magazines devoted to poetry is *The Sonnet*, published by Mahlon Leonard Fisher (201 East 12th street, New York City). The first number is very small (it has but four type-pages), but it is a typographical treat. The first of the four sonnets it contains is by Lizette Woodworth Reese, who, by the way, has had two volumes of her

selected poems recently published by Mosher—"A Quiet Road" and "A Wayside Lute." Everything from Miss Reese has rare and delicate beauty, and some of her sonnets are incomparably fine. This one is a work of art:

ARRAIGNMENT.

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

WHAT wage, what guerdon, Life,
asked I of you?
Brooches; old houses; yellow
trees in fall;
A gust of daffodils by a gray wall;
Books; small lads' laughter; song at drip
of dew?
Or said I, "Make me April. I would go,
Night-long, day-long, down the gay
little grass,
And therein see myself as in a glass;
There is none other weather I would
know?"
Content was I to live like any flower,
Sweetly and humbly; dream each sea-
son round
The blossomy things that serve a girl
for bread,
Inviolate against the bitter hour.
You poured my dreams like water on
the ground:
I think it would be best if I were
dead.

The European war is taking a heavy toll of young poets—Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Julian Grenfell, to name a few. One of the poems that has been stirring England lately is the following by Grenfell. It was sent home from the trenches not a great while before the writer was killed, and we fear the pacifists will not like it.

INTO BATTLE.

BY JULIAN GRENFELL.

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and burst-
ing trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Color and Warmth and
Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glow-
ing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend,
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,

Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother,
brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him
blind—

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still,
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong
hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Konrad Aladdin is the pen-name of a young American writer living in Denver. He contributes several striking prose-poems to the *Poetry Journal*. We reprint one of them. It is a piece of strong writing, but the French title seems a bit of needless affectation.

L'HEURE SUPRÊME.

BY KONRAD ALADDIN.

"La pendule, sonnante minuit."—Baudelaire.

MIDNIGHT! The hour of illusions
and forgotten dreams; the hour
of secrets and crime, when every
voice is a whisper or a shriek; the hour
of haggard stars brooding over a moon-
lit cinder; the moment when Eternity
beckons to the quick and the dead and
of drunken souls passing and repassing
one another like hostile bats among the
raftered shadows of the Infinite:

The young mother dreams of the new
race in her womb, and her silken lashes
are wet with the remembered transports
of conception;

The harlot cracks a ribald jest upon the
shoulder of an assassin and their tar-
nished eyes blaspheme the inconsolable
chastity of night;

The Dreamer, sailing in his phantom-ship
over the perfumed seas of ecstasy, hears
kens to the songs of the universe, and a
ray from the moon hovers like a comrade
upon his visionary brow;

The virgin plucks forbidden blossoms
from the garden of desires and on her
lip-enslaving breasts the world has lain
its head;

And yonder away, far away in the grave-
yards, the worms feed on mortality, and
the leaves of all the trees silently lament
the wasted tears upon the tombs.

And in my heart there is a silence, like a tempest breathing low; and the God of Chaos answers never a word when I whisper, "Art thou happy, thou who hast created Midnight and Evil? art thou drunken, thou who hast fathered Beauty and Sin?"

Midnight! When the world is strung up, like Christ, between the two thieves of Yesterday and To-morrow, and when Life is a question of waiting for the sun.

"I don't care what color you paint the barn," said the farmer, "as long as you paint it red." We don't care what poetry is called as long as it is poetry. The three following specimens happen to be called spectric poetry, and we find them and many others like them in *Others*. When a spectric poet writes something he can't find a name for, he calls it an Opus and lets it go at that.

OPUS 81.

BY EMANUEL MORGAN.

LADY, you sit and wonder why—but I cannot help you.

Life poured its plenty into your lap: There were cocoanuts and fine-tooth combs And strings of strange touch, faceted with fire. And there were kittens of love and one jaguar. But there is nothing now, Not even your folded hands, For they are toward heaven. Poor, poor lady, With your satin lap!

NIGHT.

BY ELIJAH HAY.

I OPENED the door And night stared at me like a fool, Heavy dull night, clouded and safe—I turned again toward the uncertainties Of life within doors.

Once night was a lion; No, years ago night was a python Weaving designs against space With undulations of his being— Night was a siren once.

Oh, sodden middle-aged night, I hate you!

OPUS 389.

BY ANNE KNISH.

ONE by one the lights Tinkle out along the crowd-spattered street, And with their sparks sting the night mad.

And I long for that elder night Which once, lonely, dim and secret, Came towering to watchers on Assyrian hilltops.

Night that was darkness, night that held stars! Night that was vastness and terrible song!

Now, like a desecration of paid dancers Pirouetting in spangles through halls of the burial of kings, The tinkle of lights hacks at the silence, Clicking the key in the lock of the world.

A piece of *vers libre* with a real poem in the heart of it comes from *Poetry*:

TO A VINE THE WORKMEN CUT DOWN.

BY HELEN HOYT.

HOW will your greenness stay Now your roots are cut away? The little tendrils that climbed so high, The little green leaves still fluttering in the sun, Will shrivel and wither to dust when your sap is dry. Your pleasant days are done.

Oh, you turned these bricks into a happy place, Dancing and growing; Dancing and throwing The dancing grace Of your shadows over the wall When the winds made your little leaves stir. When your shade was full of the call And nesting of birds, you were happy hearing the whir Of their wings.

Oh, wings and summer days Will miss you; and men, whose treeless ways You gladdened in the dusty town. I wish that we could keep your pleasant sheen; I wish you need not fade and be cut down. But buildings are more worth than vines, you know, Old vine. Forgive this wasting of your precious green: Forgive us that we had to let you go!

ANGELA—A LOVE STORY

This is a story that warms the cockles of the heart. It is told by Clarence Hawkes in the *Book News Monthly*, and it ought to appear in Mr. O'Brien's volume of "The Best Short Stories of 1916." Perhaps it does not because of the drooling ending originally given it. We omit the drool and let it end where the real story ends.

"BUY something, Mister?"

She stood on the doormat, her fair young shoulders stooping pitifully under their heavy load.

She shot the words up at me from ripe ruby lips with wistful appeal. Dark, passionate Latin eyes added to their mute inquiry. She stood breathless, waiting my reply.

I smiled down at her and shook my head.

"Please buy something, Mister?" again she entreated. The dark eyes shot me another silent appeal.

I opened the screen door and lifted the heavy load from her shoulders. It made my own ache to see her burden. She laughed. It was a happy, gurgling little laugh, almost childish—like the sibilant water springing up in some old Italian fountain. She was just a bit of sunny, passionate Italy herself, and so young for such a load.

She smiled up at me with her eyes. "I knew you buy something," the lips said. "You good man, Angela know."

I sat down on the doorstep and drew the heavy pack toward me. She sat down on the other side of it as happy and eager as a child.

"You good man," she smiled up at me.

"I know you buy something," the ruby lips laughed.

With nimble fingers she flashed her wares before me. For the most part, they were cheap laces and handkerchiefs. She was full of little graces and airs. Her manner was that of a queen. She was so young and really beautiful—my heart ached with the pity of it all.

"Beautiful, beautiful." Her tongue lingered on the word with deep musical cadence. "So cheap, Mister. Five cents, ten cents; all cheap."

Her beautiful hands flashed over the tawdry goods and made them costly. She spread them out and dangled them before my eyes with all a woman's delight and art. I hesitated. There was nothing in the motley array that I needed.

"Mister will buy something for his lady," she volunteered, tripping lightly over the words. The dark eyes shot an inquiring glance at me from under long silky lashes.

Again the wonderful laugh overflowed her red lips and trickled down around us.

"How do you know there is any lady?" I smiled down on her.

"O yes, I know," she laughed back. "Angela is wise in here." She laid her

expressive hand with a quick gesture upon her bosom.

"Some things you know with you head." She passed her hand across her dark locks. The hair had tumbled down over her shell-like ear.

"Some things you know in here." She laid her hand upon her breast again.

"You buy something for your lady. Angela knows."

I DROPPED a quarter into her hand. The laugh I received was worth many times more than the coin. The small eager palm closed upon it.

I picked up a handkerchief and a bit of lace. "I will take these," I said. "Is that right?"

"Oh, I give more for a quarter," she laughed. "Angela gives lots for a quarter."

"That is all I want. It's all right, Angela," I said.

She shot a question up at me.

"You not cheated? Angela not want cheat you."

"It's all right," I said. "It is a pleasure to buy of such a lady."

She looked at me reproachfully. "You not make fun?" she asked. "Angela is

so poor. Not a lady. Just a poor girl. But rich too, sometimes."

She was putting the laces and handkerchiefs away, and strapping up her pack.

"There are ladies and ladies," I said. "You are beautiful and human—that is being a lady." She looked puzzled.

"You like Angela?" she asked demurely, looking very hard at her bare, brown feet.

"Certainly," I said. "I will buy some more things another day."

The dark eyes filled with tears, which she sought to cover with a smile.

"You so good," she said. "It will help. Alsandra will be so glad I have a friend. I will remember, Mister, to-night," and her slight hand flashed up to her rosary.

I understood. She would remember me in her prayers.

"Who is Alsandra?" I asked.

The dark rich Latin blood mantled her neck and flushed her cheek. It might have been some old wine of rare vintage—the wine of sunny Italy. Her eyes were riveted upon her bare feet. I was looking at them too. They were very shapely.

She looked up at me from under her dark lashes. Her reply was so low that I could scarce get the words. "He is my sweetheart," she said. "He is lame, like you. I love him so. I am earning money to bring him over to your beautiful country. We will be happy when he comes."

She looked straight up at me now, and I dimly guessed how much she loved Alsandra.

"My country so poor. So many men, women; so many children. So little work, so little money; man work, woman work all their life—when they die, nothing," she sighed. "Children ragged, no school. All rich people take money. The King want lots money for carbineer." She made a wry face.

"But Italia beautiful. The mountain all cloud, all mist like picture. All gold like heaven when sun set.

"Italia beautiful. All garden, flowers. The pomegranate, grape, fig, olive orchard. All smell beautiful to the nose. All fine, you got money.

"**WE** HEAR you America much money, work, happy folks. Poor folks, all happy in house, with clothes. Much Italian men happy here, for make money. Sell much banan, orange, fig. All happy, woman laugh, children laugh. So Italian man he want to come to your America. He make money, he send for woman. All happy here.

"Alsandra, he want to go to America. Make money. But Alsandra, he sick. He lame, he not able to go. We love; we want a home. We want children.

"I strong; I no sick. I say to Alsandra, I go to America. I make lots money. I send for Alsandra. Then we both happy in your country.

"Alsandra, he say no. He mad, himself sick, lame, but no help it.

"By an' by, pretty soon I tease and tease, and Alsandra say go. I no man, you the man; you go.

"So I go to your country. Love make me strong. I earn money. Some week I save one dollar. Once I get enough but one dollar. I think I soon see Alsandra. I very happy. Then bad man stole him all.

"I cry much. Money no come back.

"I work hard again; now I got eleven dollar.

"Some weeks folks good to Angela. I sell lots. I get one dollar more for to send Alsandra. I very happy. I think I hear his voice. I touch his hand when

I sleep. Then next week I sell not so much. People no understand how much Angela want money. They no buy. I not get one dollar for Alsandra. I use two dollar of Alsandra's money to live. I eat so much. It very bad to eat, when you want to keep money."

She made such a sorry little grimace that I laughed.

"You laugh, Signor. It hurt Angela. But you kind; you buy. Angela no mind when you laugh.

"All day I hope, hope, hope. All night I pray Santa Maria help Angela to bring Alsandra. He all alone in Italia."

"You will soon have him with you," I said. "Be of good cheer."

She looked up at me with her dark, eager eyes, shaking her head slowly.

"I don't know me; I don't know me," she replied wistfully. "Some day I almost hear Alsandra's voice. Some days he far, far away. All dark."

She covered her eyes with her small hands and her head drooped dejectedly.

Then she looked up with a little laugh, and shrugged her shoulders as tho shaking off despair and doubt. "I love dis house," she said wistfully. "It all vine, all flower, all grape like Italia. When grape all blossom, how sweet like Italia."

She swelled out her breast and drew in long drafts of the delicious fragrance of grape blossoms.

"It is good, Angela," I said. "We Americans love it."

"I lazy," she cried springing to her feet quickly. "I no go long, people no buy."

"You good man; you help Angela twenty-five centa. I remember."

"Good luck, Angela," I said. She sent me back a smile eloquent of gratitude.

Her slight form bent beneath its heavy load as she went, but she did not seem oppressed. Instead, she seemed full of buoyancy and courage that upheld her. Then I remembered her words, "Love make Angela strong."

THE next time I saw her it was mid-summer—a hot day, as before. I was playing on the piano, as it was too hot to be out of doors.

I was playing a passage from Donizetti, when I heard a soft voice outside humming the melody. I stopped and went to the door.

There she stood on the doormat—a sorry little figure, her head drooping and tears in her eyes.

She hastened to brush them away, and laughed up at me through the rainbow of pearls on her long lashes.

"O Signor," she cried, in her exquisite voice, which was a bit from an old Italian opera itself. "The music, beautiful Italia. All music and flowers and birds, all song. It make Angela cry when she hear Donizetti. Alsandra used to sing. He so far off."

"Come in where it is cool, little lace peddler," I said, opening the door for her. Somehow the pack looked heavier for her than ever before.

It was not her old-time piquant voice that said "buy something, Mister," when she had deposited the heavy pack on the rug, but a tired little voice, full of suffering and heartache.

"What is the matter, Angela?" I said. "You look tired and discouraged." Then I noticed a pallor under the olive skin which even the tan could not hide.

"I been sick," she replied, with a catch in the words. She did not often meet with kind words, I imagined, and in a way they were harder to bear than indifference.

"Five dollar of my money for Alsandra all gone. I been sick. Much sick here." She laid her hand across her

stomach. "I no eat, I no want to eat. Alsandra seem a long way. Perhaps I never send for him. It take one month, two, three, to get my money back. I hope when the grape ripe I send for Alsandra."

Her hands hung limp in her lap, her shoulders drooped, her eyes were downcast, and full of suffering. Even love could not make her strong to-day.

"Don't be discouraged, Angela," I said. "I will buy lots, and other people will buy, and you will soon get Alsandra."

"I don't know me," she smiled up at me wistfully. "I pray all night sometime, and God not hear."

"When Angela smile and laugh, all happy, folks buy lots. When she sick and no smile folks no buy."

"All things go bad. When we want help God no help."

"Let's see what you have got to-day," I said, to divert her mind from her troubles, which were very real.

Again, in an instant, she was the crafty tradeswoman, all smiles and allurements, dangling her cheap wares before me, tempting, persuading.

WHILE the little lace peddler dimpled and smiled upon me, seeking by every wile known to her artful race to lure my money from its hiding-place, I kept up a very uncomfortable thinking.

She was so young and beautiful, so full of life and spirits.

She was so brave and uncomplaining, so full of smiles when there was so little to smile about.

Who of us in free lavish America could make the sacrifice that she was making? trudging up and down the dusty streets bearing a load that would make a man swear, and doing this with the chance of making perhaps ten cents above the food that would keep life in her young body,—ten cents towards the treasure that was to bring her lame sweetheart to the land of the brave and the free.

To-day her eyes were so full of pain, and there was such a pathetic little droop at the corners of the mouth, that it made my heart ache just to look at her.

"Beautiful, beautiful handkerchief—lace—stockings—all tings nice. Angela no cheat."

Tears were gathering in her dark eyes. I was thinking so hard about her pathetic struggle with fate that I was not attending to business.

"Signor buy of Angela to-day?" asked the pathetic voice, with almost a sob.

"Certainly, Angela," I replied, coming out of my dream. "This and this and this." Again the sunshine chased the cloud away upon her dusky face.

Now it happened that I had three "plunks" in my pocket, and I was doing some very difficult arithmetic while Angela was showing me her wares. There were a dozen things that I wanted to buy with them, but did I need them a thousandth part as much as Angela?

Miserable, bulky, jangling things they were, anyway.

I was painting the "plunks" as dark as possible, so that I would not feel a wrench when I parted with them.

Slyly I slipped my hand into my pocket, and before Angela even dreamed of my intention placed them in her brown palm.

"Pay, for these things," I said.

She gasped, and dropped the three shining dollars into her lap as tho the life had all gone out of her hands. Her black eyes looked down hungrily upon the coins. They must have looked as large

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IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN CURRENT PERIODICALS

[Unless otherwise stated, articles are in March magazines. Any article listed below will be forwarded by us upon receipt of Ten Cents. Be sure to address Service Dept., CURRENT OPINION, 63 W. 36th St., New York City.]

- A BRITISH PRAGMATIST.** By Edwin E. Slosson. Philosophy and personality of F. C. S. Schiller. *Independent* (Feb. 12).
- A DEFENSE OF THE CONSTITUTION.** By David Jayne Hill. "It is not realized by the average man that all he holds most dear is wrapped up in the doctrines of the Constitution." *North Am. Review*.
- ADOPTION OF THE METRIC SYSTEM IN U. S.** Six articles by Prof. A. E. Kennelly, W. C. Wells, Prof. H. V. Arny, F. R. Drake, Dr. A. W. Miller and Dr. G. E. Kunz. *Scientific Monthly*.
- ADVENTURES AND LETTERS OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.** With introduction by Charles Belmont Davis. *Metropolitan*.
- ARE THE MOVIES A MENACE TO THE DRAMA?** By Brander Matthews. Asserts that each field can be greatly developed without rivalry. *North Am. Review*.
- BILLY SUNDAY OF THE THEATER.** By Karl Schmidt. Sketch of Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law" and "The Thirtieth Chair." *Everybody's*.
- BIOLOGY AND THE NATION'S FOOD.** By W. J. Spillman. How to increase our food supply. *Scientific Monthly*.
- BLUE BOSTON.** By John Macy. Indictment of Boston provincialism. *Smart Set*.
- BONAR LAW, NEW LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.** By Henry Lucy. *Nation* (March 1).
- BORROWING FROM YOUR UNCLE.** By Herbert Quick. Workings of the new Federal Farm Loan Act. *Sat. Eve. Post* (Feb. 17).
- CARRANZA'S NEW INDUSTRIAL POLICY.** By Roland G. Usher. Possibility of confiscation of American mining properties in Mexico. *North Am. Review*.
- COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING AND SERVICE.** By Sidney Ballou. Faults of present system and advantages of training. *Sea Power*.
- CONSCIENCE AND THE "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR."** By Sidney Webb. *North Am. Review*.
- CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.** By Ian C. Hannah. Pre. of History at Oberlin. Describes English anti-militarists. *Survey* (Mar. 3).
- CONSCRIPTION OF INCOME.** By O. M. W. Sprague. Suggests a new kind of conscription to meet a war crisis. *New Republic* (Feb. 24).
- CONTROL OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY.** By Alonzo Englebert Taylor. *Sat. Eve. Post* (Feb. 17).
- COURAGE OF THE CRIPPLE.** By Amos Pinchot. Instances of great men who from weaknesses have developed remarkable strength and courage. Roosevelt, Nietzsche, Emperor William. *Masses*.
- EDWIN MARKHAM, POET AND SEER.** By George Sylvester Viereck. Tribute to "the best beloved of our poets." *International*.
- DOCTORS AND BIRTH CONTROL.** By Ira S. Wile, M.D., of N. Y. Board of Education. Criticizes physicians for not coming to the support of the birth control movement. *Physical Culture*.
- EVOLUTION OF COMMERCIAL BLOCKADE.** By Edward Stanley Roscoe. Historic survey leading up to the present war. *North Am. Review*.
- FIGHTING ISSUES.** By Paul U. Kellogg. Pacifist argument; advocates mobilization in the "opposite direction from war." *Survey* (Feb. 17).
- GOOD ROADS AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.** By Edwin A. Stevens, Comm. of Public Roads, State of New Jersey. How to make the most of \$75,000,000 appropriation. *Scribner's*.
- GOVERNMENT PREVENTION OF RAILROAD STRIKES.** By Samuel O. Dunn, Editor of *Railway Age Gazette*. *Scribner's*.
- HOW I SWAM INTO FAME AND FORTUNE.** By Annette Kellerman. Once a cripple, now champion woman swimmer of the world. Ill. *American*.
- HOW TO RAISE ARMIES.** By Sydney Brooks. Lesson for America from British experience. *North Am. Review*.
- HOW WE CAN BEST HELP THE ALLIES.** Anon. Problems that would come to the front in the event of war with Germany. *World's Work*.
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- IMPRESSIONS OF JACK LONDON.** By Frank Pease. Finds London more remarkable as a personality than as a man of letters. *The Seven Arts*.
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- JOAQUIN MILLER.** By Percy H. Boynton. Tribute to Miller as one of our few really great American poets. *New Republic* (Feb. 24).
- JOHNSON OF CALIFORNIA.** By George P. West. Character study of the new Senator. *Metropolitan*.
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- MOBILIZATION—WHAT WE MUST DO AND HOW.** By Rear-Admiral Fiske, Henry A. Wise Wood, Rear-Admiral Peary, Howard E. Coffin and Grace Parker. *Independent* (Feb. 19).
- NATIONALISM IN THE WEST.** By Rabindranath Tagore. Indictment of the spirit of conflict and conquest which he finds at the origin of Western nationalism. *Atlantic*.
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- ORGANIZERS OF OUR ARMY AND NAVY.** Maj.-Gen. Hugh L. Scott and Rear-Admiral William S. Benson. Ill. *Review of Reviews*.
- ORGANIZING THE NATION'S FIGHTING STRENGTH.** By Howard E. Coffin, of the Council of National Defense. *World's Work*.
- OUR DEFECTIVE MILITARY SYSTEM.** By Major-General William Harding Carter. Retired. Lesson of unpreparedness. *North Am. Review*.
- OUR JAPANESE CITIZENS.** By Carroll K. Michener. Effects of new immigration law. Ill. *Bellman* (Feb. 24).
- OUR NAVAL PROBLEM.** By Lieut.-Com. Lyman A. Cotton, U. S. N. Outline of our present needs. *North Am. Review*.
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THE Δ INDUSTRIAL Δ WORLD

ENTERS A NEW FACTOR IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY— CHEMICAL CONTROL

SIX gentlemen gathered round a table on which were displayed a steel rail, a water-proof shoe, a fifty-cent necktie and a can of preserved beef. Each claimed credit for creating these commodities, the sixth man asserting that they were all chemical products and that, as a fact, three-fourths of all manufacturing to-day is chemical. It is the opinion of James H. Collins, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that the chemist was right and that American industry is being shaped and dominated more and more by a vital new factor—chemical control. He says:

"Look at our manufacturing plants through the eyes of the chemist, and products that you had supposed were entirely mechanical in their nature, such as building materials, metals, machinery, and the like, become products of the laboratory. The food you eat, the beverages you drink, the clothes you wear, the tools you use, your playthings and studies, and the power, heat and light that keep you comfortable in the modern world—in every one of them is subtle chemical supervision. It is an exceptional process or plant nowadays that does not rest fundamentally on chemical control; and if you find one that does not, something is probably the matter with it for that very reason. Everywhere the chemist, through research, is laying bare the delicate, hidden reactions involved in working materials into products and, when manufacturing processes have been established on these basic facts, keeping the process up to chemical standards by frequent analyses and tests."

Chemical control, it seems, was al-

ready a big factor in our industries before the European War; but few except the experts had heard much about it. The war gave it prominence. Manufacturers found themselves unable to get hundreds of chemical materials that had been coming from Europe as a matter of routine—many from Germany, which, this writer points out, has carried chemical control to great lengths in its industries.

Incidentally, it appears that "dyes have attracted attention out of all proportion to their importance, for our whole consumption amounts to no more than twenty-five or thirty million dollars a year."

There is a twofold general chemical problem. In the first place, we have awakened to the fact that we ought to make many, if not all, of the crude chemical materials formerly bought abroad. This calls for improvement in present processes, and also new factories. Potash is a fair example. We can get some of it out of cement-kiln gas when we contrive the right process to save what is now waste; and we can also make it from kelp, feldspar, western lake waters and other raw materials. In the second place, it is emphasized, we must have a better understanding of the universal importance of chemical control in all our industries, and adjust processes accordingly. To quote further:

"The man in the street thinks of manufacturing as purely mechanical and regards the chemist as a sort of pill-maker and medicine-man. He must learn that

chemical control is far-reaching in business and see its possibilities for efficiency. The manufacturer needs a chemical point of view on his plant, and the politician will be called upon to help. The chemist himself admits that he has been backward about getting acquainted—he has stuck too close to his professional activities and taken no time to explain the broad practical aspects of his work to the public. Most of all, the banker needs enlightenment on chemical control, so that he can cooperate intelligently by investing his money. The situation pivots on the banker.

"For an example of what chemical control, backed by flexible banking facilities, can accomplish for a nation, one must go to Germany, where the chemist, the manufacturer, the government and the banker all work together. German industries are more thoroughly organized in this way than those of any other nation, and for that reason the Germans have been able to get fine results in business with rather poor resources."

The German, for instance, with a mania for spending as little money as possible on his mistakes, has a thrifty way of building a test factory to try out any new idea or process. Its sole purpose is to determine at a minimum outlay the conditions under which a real factory must be built and operated. If the project is not chemically or industrially or commercially feasible, it is dropped, and the money is considered to have been prudently invested—a sort of mistake insurance, safeguarding national industry, as all such news is widely disseminated, a practice that we could not go far wrong in adopting.

SCHWAB REVEALS THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS AND THAT OF BETHLEHEM STEEL

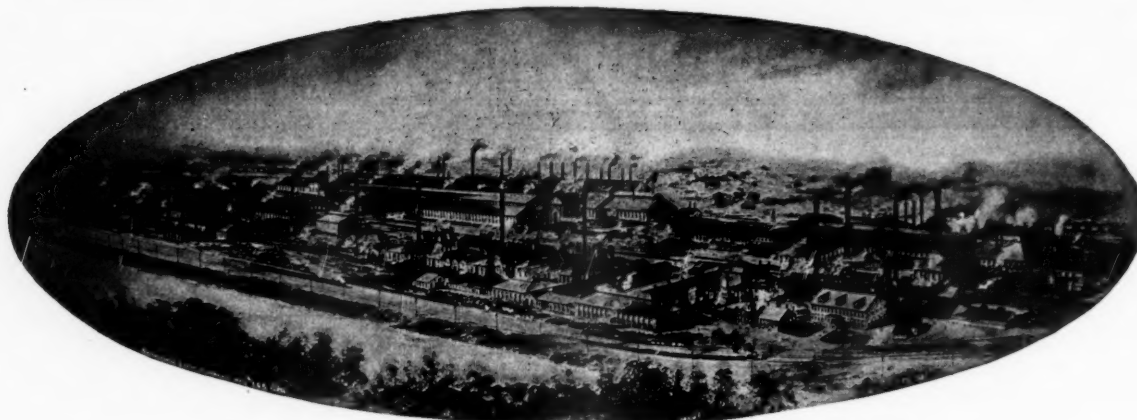
THERE are probably dozens of men in the steel industry who know almost as much about that business as Charles M. Schwab knows. But where other men concentrate on their own personal contribution to the perfection of some part of the business—perhaps some technical part—the head of the Bethlehem works takes an enormous interest in studying and developing men whose talents can be used in broadening and extending the business. That characteristic looms large on every page of his story of Bethlehem steel, published by the Century

Company, under the title, "Succeeding With What You Have." He displays a curious watchfulness for the new man and an almost childish enthusiasm when he discovers him.

Take his delight over Eugene Grace, for example. Grace was a switchman eight years ago, and to-day he is president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and his income is a million dollars a year. Schwab is so tickled at this that he can hardly hold himself in. He predicts that Grace will some day be "the biggest man in industrial America." He writes:

"Captains of industry are not hunting money—America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains—specialized brains—and faithful, loyal service. . . . Super-geniuses? Nonsense. I have found that when 'stars' drop out, successors are usually at hand to fill their places, and the successors are merely men who have learned by application and self-discipline to get full production from an average, normal brain. The man who has done his best has done everything. The man who has done less than his best has done nothing. . . ."

"When I took over the Bethlehem works I decided to train up its managers as Mr. Carnegie trained his 'boys.' So I



TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND MEN ARE EMPLOYED IN THESE WORKS
One of them got over a million dollars last year in the profit-sharing plan which is being operated with eminent success in the Bethlehem Steel Works.

watched the men who were already there, and picked out a dozen. This took months. Then I set out to build an organization in which we should be bound together in harmony and kindly cooperation. I gave them all small salaries, seldom more than one hundred dollars a week; but all of them received bonuses—computed entirely on the efficiencies and the economies registered in their departments. Approximately eighty per cent. of the twenty-two thousand men in our plants at Bethlehem come under the operation of the bonus system. Any short cuts a man may devise or any unusual energy he may show are thus capitalized into profit for him. . . .

"If Mr. Grace, who made a million dollars last year, were working on a salary, he would have been very well paid if he had got thirty or forty thousand dollars. But I am delighted to see him make a million. If he had made two millions the corporation would have made that much more."

To his judgment in picking the right men for the right places Mr. Schwab frankly attributes the extraordinary success of the Bethlehem corporation, more than to any other single factor, and this is the way he picks them:

"There is a young man in Bethlehem whom I expect to move up. Last winter there was an agitation at Washington which, if successful, would have smashed American shipping and wounded American business. We wanted to lay the matter before the President in its real significance. While we were pondering over ways to accomplish this we got a message from the young man I have mentioned, saying he had seen the President, that the President understood the situation and had come to agree with us. I wired for this young man to come on to Bethlehem. I wanted to see him. He had initiative. He had been thinking. He had arranged an interview with the President unprompted. In short, he was just the type of man that gladdens the heart of every employer."

However, the eminently successful author observes, "there are a good many things to be considered in selecting men for important positions—and one is their family relations." He adds:

"I have seen more men fail in business through the attitude taken by their wives in their younger days than from all the vices put together. A nagging wife, or one who is not in sympathy with

a man's work, who expects impossible things of him, and is incapable of taking a general intelligent interest in his work, is one of the worst handicaps he could have. I don't suppose that a wife, ordinarily, should try to tell a man how to conduct his business, but she should be interested in it, and it will pay him to keep her educated about it. I believe in people marrying young, for a happy married life is one of the best inspirations a man can have. I can never express the wonderful help Mrs. Schwab has been to me from the very start. Not long ago a group of men offered me a large sum, \$60,000,000, I believe, for half of Bethlehem. I told my wife about it that evening.

"This is a big sum," I said. "Half of what I have is yours. What shall we do? If we sell, your share, invested at 5 per cent., will bring you an income of over \$100,000 a month for the rest of your life."

"We wouldn't sell for five times that," my wife said. "What would I do with the money? And what would you do without your work?"

In short, Mr. Schwab is an optimist who believes that the greatest American fortunes are yet to be made.

WHY THE RAILROADS ARE "ON THE ROCKS" AND WHAT PUT THEM THERE

AT no time in the history of this country has as much of its railroad mileage been in the hands of receiverships as to-day, despite the fact that last year the railroads did more work than ever before and got more money for it. Fewer miles of new track were built and less was spent on up-keep and equipment than in any one of the hard-time years since 1893. Not so much as a new mile of rails per month was laid in such track-hungry States as Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Missouri, Iowa, Texas and South Dakota. In fact, the increase in track-age was less than one-half of one per cent. of the total now operated, a rate

of growth which, when compared with our annual increase in population, production, wealth and other elements that call for more transportation, is seen by Edward Hungerford, writing in *Collier's*, to be both ridiculous and alarming. In other words, the railroad has come to be "the sick man in the American business family," and the importance of its conditions may be gathered from the statement that "one person in every ten in the United States derives his or her living from the railroad."

In an exhaustive study of the situation, Mr. Hungerford, a transportation expert, ventures the opinion that "fifty per cent. of the railroads which are in

bankruptcy are so because they never should have been constructed in the first place, or because of financial mismanagement." Here are some illuminating figures:

"An investment of \$4,000,000,000—more than ten times the cost of the Panama Canal—produced at the end of a seven-year cycle increased transportation earnings of more than \$450,000,000; yet it required \$500,000,000, or an excess in a single year of more than \$50,000,000, to meet the pay-roll, material, tax, and other costs of operating the railroads. In this figure we have not taken account of that annual interest charge of more than \$500,000 a day for the huge four-billion-dollar

investment fund. That interest charge cannot be ignored. Bankers demand their pay. Add the deficit in a single year—abnormal, if you please. Here it is—\$54,696,000 plus \$202,100,000—and you have a total deficit of \$256,796,000. And this is but a single year. The years that preceded it were no better.

"The money that went to meet these deficits was provided from some source. Where did it come from? Most of the big railroaders know. They will tell you without much mincing of words that it came from previous accumulations of surplus or else from money withheld from the up-keep of the physical property of the railroads. . . . Consider that great four-billion-dollar expenditure between 1908 and 1914 for additions and betterments. It was none too much—not even enough when one comes to consider it beside the great expansions in service as represented by the showings of passenger-miles and ton-miles. And yet to-day the railroads stand in need of far greater development and expansion than ever before in their history."

The gravity of the situation is not confined to the financial column, however, but constitutes a serious menace to human life on a national scale. Mr. Hungerford cites the recent instance in which the State Railroad Commission of Massachusetts complained that the largest of the railroads running out of Boston was using in its suburban service some seven hundred wooden passenger coaches, varying in age from twenty-five to forty years. The railroad retorted that it had no money with which to buy modern steel coaches.

"The condition of that battered New

England property is more typical than unusual. At the close of the fiscal year 1914 there were in service upon the railroads of America, 2,325,647 freight cars. Of this number some 347,000 were of a capacity of 60,000 pounds or under—a type to-day considered obsolete by the most efficient operating men. A great majority of this latter number of cars was of all-wood construction. If the financial condition of the railroads had permitted, they doubtless would have been replaced long since with all-steel cars of far greater carrying capacity. This situation in the freight-car equipment is reflected in larger measure in the passenger-car and locomotive situation. There are railroads in the United States that to-day are compelled by the exigencies of a really serious situation to operate locomotives whose very condition is a menace not only to the men who must ride and operate them but also to the passengers in the trains they haul."

As to the remedy, or rather relief, this writer sees it in the necessity of at once raising passenger rates. Is the public apt to protest? Not at all.

"An old adage, which had become almost a fetish in the minds of the railroaders, was that the passenger rates were sacred; that any increases must be borne by the freight. Increases in passenger service tariffs probably would be greeted by roars of protest from the public—rioting was not out of the possibility.

"As a matter of fact, when interstate passenger rates have been raised, there has been hardly a protest on the part of the public. The railroaders who had clung superstitiously to their fetish had overlooked one big bet—the American public will pay for service. For superservice it will pay most generously.

"And when it comes to picking trains—'What are the most popular trains in America to-day? The most expensive. The most popular and crowded trains between New York and Chicago to-day are the twenty-hour overnight flyers which for their superior accommodations and their shortened running time charge \$8 excess over the regular fare. Night after night these trains run in two, sometimes in three and even four sections, while the differential lines—so called because of their slightly inferior running time and accommodations—almost starve to death for lack of through traffic. The same thing is true between New York and Boston, where the excess-fare trains are the most popular and hence the most crowded. Nor is this due entirely to their shortened running time. The Overland Limited of the Union Pacific and the De Luxe of the Santa Fé are not faster than the other high-grade transcontinental trains, yet they are popular with travelers despite the appreciably increased cost of riding upon them."

According to this diagnostician, America stands ready to pay the price as usual—any price within reason—provided the service is forthcoming. That, however, will be surely demanded. Meanwhile, as the N. Y. *Evening World* points out, "a serious shortage of empty freight cars, rapidly-growing congestion of loaded cars in yards and on side-tracks, lack of ships prepared to accept cargoes for European ports, a succession of embargos declared by the railroads—all point to the urgent need of some mind, or group of minds, big enough to grasp the traffic situation and straighten out its kinks and snarls."

WAR IS MAKING GERMANY A LAND OF MAKESHIFTS AND SUBSTITUTES

ONE of the most over-worked words in the German language at the moment is *ersatz*, which, from its original meaning of compensation, has come into general use in the sense of *substitute*. Without the *ersatz*, Germany would indeed be in a desperate plight. Not only does it come into play in the fields of metallurgy and textile manufacture, and as a factor in the great food problem, but it is to be found at every turn in the smaller industries, reports the *Scientific American*. Without her extraordinary ability to improvise, Germany would have been long ago smoked out by industrial starvation.

It was in the metal industries that this ingenuity was first called into play. In the inexhaustible coal and iron deposits of her own territory and the occupied regions of Belgium and France, Germany had from the beginning a capital upon which to work. Wherever experiment and research could

develop a modified steel to meet the requirements of some special situation, there was the assurance that the steel was to be had, and for an indefinite period. Says the *Scientific American*:

"It has turned out that the number of rôles which steel can be made to fill is surprisingly large. It is plain enough that it can be used in place of other metals for many ordinary purposes—for all manner of vessels, for ornamental trim of one sort or another, wherever, in fact, neither electrical conductivity nor some special physical property not to be given to steel is demanded. A far less obvious fact is that it can be substituted for rubber wherever the latter is ordinarily employed for the sake of its elasticity alone, without regard to texture or compressibility. To mention one instance out of many, an automobile tire of steel wire is in active competition with other substitutes for the rubber tire. And in addition there are many cases where an economy, small in the individual case but large in the aggregate, may be affected by the substitution

of steel for hard woods, ivory, composition substances containing rubber or other unobtainable materials, and various other components which it is not possible or convenient to supply as usual."

Furthermore, the recent news from Germany that a way has been found to prepare aluminum from ordinary clay is interpreted as meaning that the Germans, unable to obtain bauxite (the conventional aluminum ore), have solved the problem of disposing of this silicon, and now possess in unlimited quantity a substitute metal of extreme value. Also:

"The Germans have brought out a great variety of modified paper pulps which can be worked into coarse thread and cloth for the manufacture of sacks and bags, aprons and other rough working garments, rope, string, etc. In the first category falls the utilization of various weeds as substitutes for cotton and wool. Thus the lowly nettle is the source of a very satisfactory 'cotton batting,' as well as of

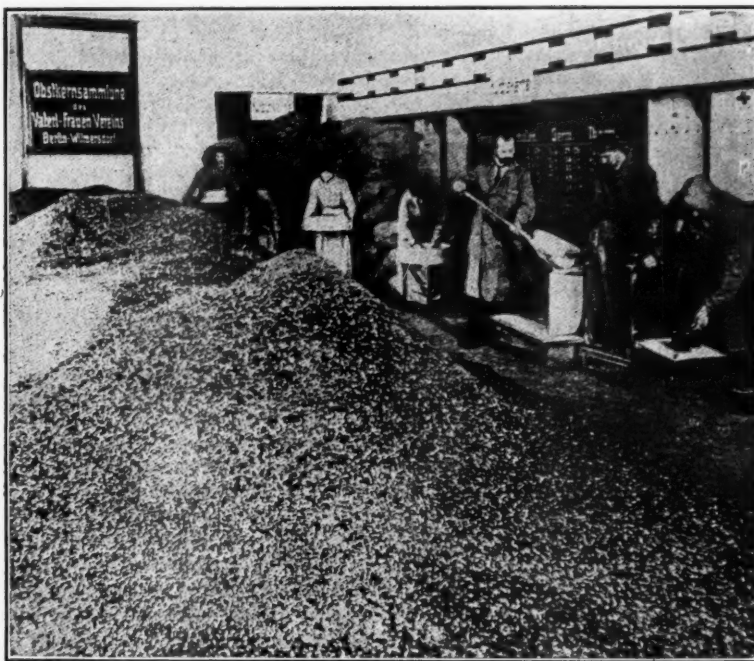
thread and yarn; and every variety of weed, and especially of the larger water reeds, is being subjected to a severe catechism as to the justification for its existence."

Passing over the various "new foods" that have been developed and that are helping to keep the wolf from the door in beleaguered Germany, and coming to the important article, rubber, we learn that the two *Deutschland* cargoes, mainly composed of new, live rubber, have been invaluable, and for this reason:

"A process has been perfected whereby the addition of a comparatively small proportion of fresh stock to a large bulk of old, worn-out rubber, makes possible almost complete renovation of the latter, greatly prolonging its useful life. By careful utilization in this way of every scrap of new rubber, a good supply of the regenerated substance has been created which will be sufficient for some time to come.

"Another phase of waste prevention is found in the desperate efforts to devise a use for everything which used to be thrown away. Thus, the Germans are very careful to throw away no fruit stones until they have been made to give up the last drop of their oil content. Cherry and plum stones in particular are very rich in oil and fat, and from them it is possible to secure large quantities of a very acceptable substitute for the more usual fatty bases required alike for industrial and military purposes. Periodic and systematic collections of all fruit stones are made in the German towns, largely through the labor of school children."

Thousands of chemists and machin-



GERMANY IS HUSBANDING HER RESOURCES ON A VAST SCALE
Oil—a substance of vital importance—is reclaimed from these millions of fruit stones gathered by school children.

ists in Germany are experimenting with substitutes for the ordinary lubricating oils and greases. As many motorists are trying out every idea that promises to develop a substitute for gasoline, and "synthetic saltpeter is being produced for military and agricultural purposes on such a scale that Chile has probably lost one of her best customers for good."

In short, the German people are tremendously alive to the significance of

this whole substitute tendency. Exhibitions of substitute materials are attracting crowds of manufacturers and scientists in all the industrial centers. At least eighty firms, we read, are showing substitutes for the materials used in normal times in the electro-technical industry, in machine construction, motors, foundry and the optical industries and in the manufacture of cordage and dry-goods. Substitution is the industrial hope of Germany.

SEVENTY-FOUR AMERICAN TOWNS MOBILIZE TO KEEP TRADE AT HOME

ONE day last fall a number of merchants and business men of Cadillac, Michigan, might have been seen making their way along the country roads to various neighboring farms. Each man had a potato fork over his shoulder. Most of the stores and places of business in Cadillac were closed for the day.

The men were not having a holiday, however. They had learned that the farmers were short of help to dig their potato crops—even at four dollars a day—and the potatoes were in danger of freezing in the ground. The business men had turned out to cooperate with the farmers for the good of the whole community.

This story is told to illustrate the get-together spirit now making itself manifest in many directions. The idea back of them all is to check outside competition, largely of the mail-order character. Methods for this purpose

have been adopted in towns and cities throughout the country, says Willis Osborn in *System*, and he reports interesting results from an investigation of seventy-four of them. For example:

"The Buy-at-Home division of the Elyria (Ohio) Chamber of Commerce decided to learn just how much trade was going out of town and why the people of Elyria preferred not to buy of local merchants. A careful check was made of all goods delivered daily to individuals by freight, express and parcel post from out-of-town concerns. In addition a questionnaire was sent to five hundred householders, asking them to tabulate their experiences regarding service in local stores, completeness of stocks, prices and the like.

"A mass of information was secured, and with it in hand the committee called a meeting of the local merchants and laid the facts before them. The report submitted was a revelation. Here it is, in part:

"Dry-Goods

Not enough articles of one kind—underwear, coats, shirts, dresses, and the like.

Clerks talk about customers to other clerks in hearing of customers.

Clerks do not know goods.

Children's clothing selection very incomplete.

Waited one hour for five yards of toweling.

"Meats

Prices too high.

Not shown and handled in sanitary manner; left exposed; handled with dirty hands.

"Shoes

Do not carry good line of sizes and widths.

No assortment of overshoes.

Clerks visit.

"Clothing

Cater to cheaper trade only.

Assortment lacking in boys' clothing; children's hats and bonnets.

Stocks incomplete; can't fit any but standard sizes.

"Groceries

Goods not invitingly displayed.
Prices too high.
Inferior goods substituted for those ordered.
Favoritism shown in waiting on customers.
Dogs allowed in stores.

"Hardware

Stocks too much like those of ordinary country stores—little variety.

"General

Clerks inattentive and ignorant of stock.
Children imposed upon.
Merchants agree to order goods not in stock, but do not keep promises.

"Deliveries

Delivery service often unreliable; young children employed; packages tossed about and handled in insanitary manner."

This report convinced the merchants of Elyria that it was "up to them" to do something, and a thoro retail trade reorganization, renovation and housecleaning resulted. Other cities, we are told, have taken other means of fighting the common enemy—the mail-order house—and in all of them the *System* investigator finds that the "imaginary boundary lines between town and the country have been or are being wiped out."

Novelty and adroitness characterize many of the methods adopted to bring the coveted farmer to town with his trade. In the Wabash (Indiana) and Trenton (Missouri) campaigns, for instance, "the policy of urging the local purchase of goods is carefully avoided." As fast as local conditions are improved "the papers advertize the facts to show farmers that mutual trading is to the common interest of both country and city."

Townsmen, merchants and farmers in other communities are working together literally with pick and shovel to improve the highways, and the results obtained in this direction are declared to be a conspicuous feature of this nation-wide movement.

The national banks of the United States on December 27 last held \$321,993,000 of foreign Government bonds and other foreign securities.

The Federal Government has done as much as it legally can against Child Labor by prohibiting from Interstate Commerce the products of mines, factories, and mills, employing children. There are still nearly two million working children who are not protected by this law.

Since 1892 Bradstreet's has maintained a careful record of prices. Its index number, made up of prices of many commodities, was the lowest in 1896 (\$5.9124) and highest for 1916 (\$11.2251). In other words, it cost twice as much to live in 1916 as in 1896.

THE HOUSE-CAT INDICTED—IS A BILLION-DOLLAR AMERICAN LUXURY

BY a chain of reasoning that bears considerable weight, the common house or domestic variety of cat is linked with the yearly loss to the United States of something like \$1,200,000,000. In other words, that is the estimated amount of damage done to our crops by insects that would not exist if there were more birds, and the lamentable shortage in bug-killing

birds is blamed on nothing so much as on the bird-killing cat.

Dr. Frank Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, believes, in the absence of a strictly reliable census, that there are not less than 25,000,000 toms and tabbies in this country and possibly twice that number. At least one cat to every four inhabitants is the amazing ratio. If true,

Why Not Turn Nerve Exhaustion Into Healthy Vim and Vigor

With a perfect nervous system men and women might go on indefinitely, for the power of resistance lies not alone in the muscles, but



also in the nerves. Unfortunately, however, Nature has failed to provide for the abnormal strain of modern business and social life and the nerve cells soon give way. Then the whole system is affected, for the nerves play a most important part in the proper functions of the heart, brain, stomach, lungs and other organs of the body. When the nerves are deranged, the digestive organs are impaired; the blood is impoverished; insomnia comes on apace and a general nervous break-down follows.

A Combined Nerve and Tissue Food is Needed

Men and women in all walks of active life who feel cross, nervous, irritable—from no apparent cause

—need a mild tonic and sedative that will soothe and strengthen the shattered nerves, aid the digestion and build up the wasted tissues. Narcotics are

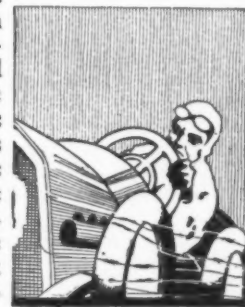


not only of no value in such cases, but are positively dangerous. They make an over-draft on nerve energy

and continually demand increased doses which endanger the action of the heart.

Pabst Extract is an Ideal Remedy for Nervousness

It is a perfect tonic and nerve food, made from choicest hops and barley malt, fortified with calcium hypophosphite and iron pyrophosphate. The lupulin of hops has a soothing effect on the nerves. It quiets and strengthens them, and insures quiet, peaceful sleep which is so essential in overcoming nervousness. Hops also have an excellent tonic value and stimulate the digestive fluids. This prepares the way for the proper reception of tissue nourishment which is furnished by the rich extract of barley malt. Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, tones up and invigorates all the vital forces. Gives bodily vigor and strengthens the mental power. It is not only effective in cases of extreme nervousness, but is also recommended for dyspepsia, insomnia, overwork, anaemia, old age, motherhood and for convalescents.



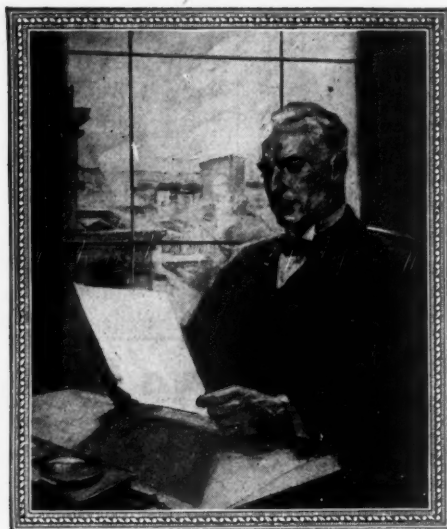
Any Druggist Will Supply You Order a Dozen Bottles Today

And be sure to specify Pabst Extract—The "Best" Tonic. Give it a fair trial. Take a wine-glassful before each meal and at bedtime—do this for two or three weeks and you'll be more than pleased with the results obtained.



Write for free booklet explaining all the uses and benefits of Pabst Extract.

PABST EXTRACT CO., Milwaukee



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Photograph. Are You Proud of it?*

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your business photograph in hand?
Does your firm seem cheap and weak?
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that we offer at a bargain price in order to clear.*

ONLY \$1.50, Carriage Prepaid

Made of seal grain leather, of neat and workmanlike appearance. Extremely handy for lawyers, physicians, architects, salesmen, teachers, clergymen, business men—in short, for anyone who has papers to carry from place to place. Size 14½ in. x 10 in. Single pocket.

CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.,

63 West 36th Street, N. Y.

it puts pussy in a position of uncomfortable prominence, liable to the kind of scathing indictment found in the bulletin of the American Game Protective Association. It says:

"Are they (cats) satisfied with mice and rats? No. Of bird-life they take a fearful and fateful toll. Here, jumping in the air to strike down a swallow or robin, there climbing trees day and night, destroying the mother bird and her babies, and further inflicting a terrible penalty on the low-nesting birds, all bird-life in its first attempt at flight does so at its peril.

"Massachusetts, through Dr. Edward H. Forbush and Dr. George W. Field, estimates three cats to a farm with an annual loss of birds in that state of approximately 2,000,000.

"The Biological Survey, through Dr. A. K. Fisher, estimates that the cats of New York destroy 3,500,000 birds annually, while Albert Pratt of Illinois calculates that farm-cats of his state kill over 2,500,000 birds yearly. Is it strange, in view of these figures, that organizations and individuals, included among the latter being Dr. Hornaday, Dr. Forbush, John Burroughs, Dr. Chapman, C. F. Hodge, John B. Burnham and William Dutcher, regard the cat as the greatest menace to bird-life."

It is a conceded fact that nowhere in the animal kingdom is there a factor so potent as the birds to hold in check insect multiplication, which is uncanny. For instance, "a potato-bug will produce fifty to sixty millions in a season; the green-leafed louse, destructive to hops, fruit and vegetables, reproduces at the rate of ten sextillions to the pair in one season, while the natural increase of a pair of gipsy-moths would defoliate the United States in eight years." Cinch-bugs alone are said to have lowered the value of Mississippi Valley crops in one year by \$100,000,000, the Hessian fly in a season has done \$50,000,000 damage in the wheat belt, while the \$1,200,000,000 total annual loss attributed to the support of insect life in this country would educate 20,000,000 school children.

It is therefore seriously proposed in the American Game Protective Association bulletin that "cats be licensed in every State at twenty-five cents a head, or else suffer general extermination when found running wild." When we think of those ten sextillion descendants of a green-leafed louse that might never happen if there were one less cat and one more bird, it is hard to deny that 25,000,000 cats may be too many.

A recent report made by the Government Board of Education shows that there are 706,000 teachers in the United States whose average salary is \$525 per annum. Of the total, 537,000 are women, the number of men in the teaching profession having remained virtually at a standstill during the past fifteen years, while the number of women has about doubled.

SOME COLD TRUTHS ABOUT THAT REPORTED SHIPPING BOOM

IT seems that we have been flattering ourselves prematurely with regard to the enormous expansion of our shipyards and the amount of tonnage under construction for a greater American merchant marine. The true situation is that we are now only carrying four or five per cent. increase of American exports in our own ships, beyond what we were handling before the war, and that the net increase in our deep-sea tonnage in new ships since June, 1915, has amounted to only about 100,000 tons.

Such is the startling information given by William Harris Douglas, in *The Nation's Business*, and he adds that nearly a third of the new ships under construction and contract for foreign trade in American yards is for alien account.

For example, Great Britain has, since Germany launched her program of unrestricted frightfulness, placed nearly \$100,000,000 in contracts with American ship-builders. Steamship men and ship constructors familiar with British plans say that these contracts for more than 400,000 tons of steel freight-carriers are merely fore-runners of a tremendous foreign ship-construction program which England will carry out in the United States to offset the losses by U-boats. All of which speaks well for our ship-building ability and capacity, but speaks ill for the future of our own merchant marine. Says the writer in *The Nation's Business*:

"Our fleet registered for foreign commerce shows the small gain of about 300,000 tons. A heavy proportion of the ships which will be turned out during the next year are also for special purposes controlled by our large corporations that do an export business, and will not be available for general mercantile requirements.

"Before the war we stood eighth or ninth in the list of maritime powers, having somewhat over one million tons engaged in foreign trade against England's twenty millions and Japan's 1,700,000 tons. Japan has now almost doubled her tonnage. We will probably still be in about the same position at the end of the war. We do between one-quarter and one-fifth of the entire world's tonnage trade. To handle even fifty to sixty per cent. of it ourselves we should have at least not less than fifteen million tons of shipping.

"Norway owns between two and a half and three million tons of shipping. Our exports exceed hers by about twenty-five times.

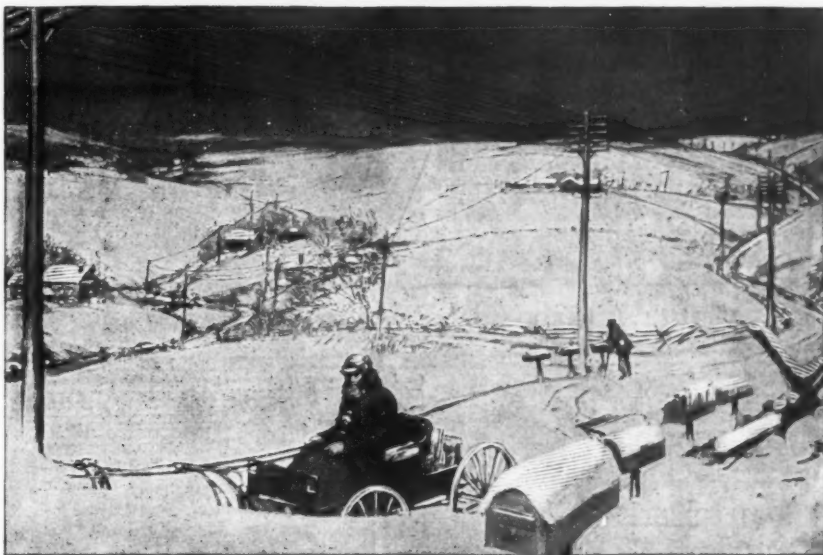
"These facts, and many others of a similar character which could readily be

given, should certainly make us reflect, and change so perilous a situation."

Meanwhile, ocean freight-rates go on soaring, with no prospect of a decline. There have been cases, we learn, where the hire of a steamer, taken on time charter for sixty days, was more than the total value of the vessel under normal conditions. Vessels for long-voy-

age business are receiving eight and ten times more than the ordinary rate of charter. For example:

Argentine Rates, 1914	
1st class, per ton.....	\$15.00
2d " "	14.00
3d " "	13.00
4th " "	12.00
5th " "	10.00
6th " "	8.00
7th " "	7.20
8th " "	6.40



Standards of Service

In rural communities clusters of mail delivery boxes at the crossroads evidence Uncle Sam's postal service. Here the neighbors trudge from their homes—perhaps a few yards, perhaps a quarter mile or so—for their mail.

Comprehensive as is the government postal system, still the service rendered by its mail carriers is necessarily restricted, as the country dweller knows.

Long before rural delivery was established the Bell System began to link up the farmhouse with the neighboring towns and

villages. One-fourth of the 10,000,000 telephones in the Bell System are rural. They reach more places than there are post offices. Along the highways and private lanes the telephone poles lead straight up to the farmer's door.

He need not stir from the cheerful hearth ablaze in winter, nor grope along dark roads at night for friendly news or aid in time of trouble. Right in the heart of his home is his telephone. It is the American farmer's key to the outside world, and in no other country is it found.



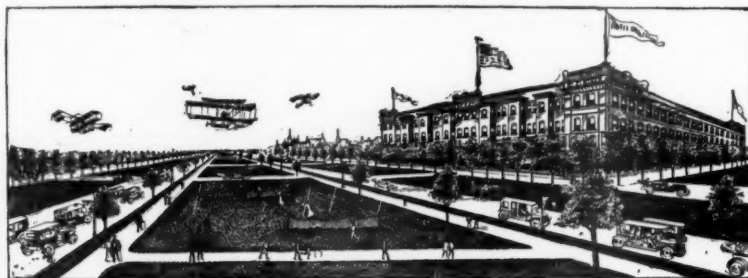
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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

"Here Is an Ideal Home"



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Note for yourself the wonderful location of this Hotel. You can see that all advantages of City and Country are here. It is situated on the Midway Boulevard (which is 700 feet wide and a mile long), Jackson Park and Lake Michigan, adjoining the Chicago University, with tennis courts in front of our door, golf grounds within a stone's throw and bathing beach right off Jackson Park on Lake Michigan. The Illinois Central express service only a block away, and the down-town

theatres and shopping districts can be reached in only 12 minutes.

You can get here all the luxuries of the Country and the City while living in this luxurious Hotel, which has always been patronized by a select class of guests. The splendid dining-room facilities and the perfect service add to your enjoyment.

American plan. Four hundred rooms with bath.

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Binder twine, 20 cents per bale.
Turpentine, 20 cents per case.
Kerosene, 16 cents per case.

Argentine Rates, 1917

1st class.....	\$28 plus 35 per cent. surtax
2d ".....	\$24 plus 35 per cent. surtax
3d ".....	\$22 plus 35 per cent. surtax
4th ".....	\$22 plus 35 per cent. surtax
5th ".....	\$20 plus 35 per cent. surtax
6th ".....	\$20 plus 35 per cent. surtax
7th ".....	\$20 plus 35 per cent. surtax
8th ".....	\$20 plus 35 per cent. surtax

Binder twine, \$1.00 per bale net.

Turpentine, \$1.25 per case net.

Kerosene, \$1.25 per case net.

Brazilian rates, 1914, \$12 to \$16 per ton net, all classes.

Brazilian rates, 1917, \$28 per ton net, all classes.

Rates to Europe and in other directions show similar or even greater increases; the result being a discouragement to American commerce, seriously hampering our trade. This would not be so bad, asserts the same authority, if other nations were paying a similarity of rates; but, unfortunately, such is not the case, and freights from European ports have been far less than we have had to pay. The orders placed by England with American ship-builders are interpreted as meaning not only a provision to cope with the present U-boat menace, but a post-bellum stroke to take care of her own commerce and help out that of her Allies after peace has been declared.

DEALING THE OSLER THEORY A FINAL SOLAR-PLEXUS BLOW

THE Osler theory, establishing forty years as the age limit for the best working efficiency to be expected of the average man, has been batted and cuffed about with more or less violence since it was advanced, but it has remained for one of the leading business men and manufacturers of America to deal it a final solar-plexus blow. Frank Disston, head of the great corporation and family of saw-makers, writes in *System* that on the Disston pay-roll "are nineteen men who have served fifty years or more; ninety who have served between forty and fifty years; two hundred and thirty-eight who have been here from thirty to forty years; three hundred and twenty are in the class between twenty and thirty years; and seven hundred and sixty-three have been with us for more than ten and less than twenty years."

Truly a remarkable record and one that can be matched by few concerns in the country. Yet the writer says it is "common sense plus good business judgment to keep a man on the job to which he is accustomed, as long as he does good work and chooses to stay there." Furthermore:

"The theory that a skilled mechanic is useless after he has passed the fifty-year mark is not based on fact. The older man can not always move about so rapidly as the younger man, but where the work requires care and skill without much physical activity I would take the older in preference to the younger man. The arbitrary scrapping of men because of age is a sheer waste of economic effort. . . .

"Do we lose in point of individual efficiency by keeping men who are long past the supposed age of efficient effort? Not at all. But—should we, in a fit of lunacy, order a lowering of standards, I imagine that most of the men would quit their jobs immediately. That is the reward we would get for not using common sense or business methods, or applying rules alone instead of reason."

In short, here is a concern employing thirty-six hundred men that tries to keep away from the capital-and-labor idea and to get on the man-to-man basis. For instance, we read that there is no fixed age at which an employee is entitled to retire on a pension, neither is there a fixed pension. Generally the pension is half the wage which has been received in actual work, but is sometimes more. Still on the job, however, with no idea of quitting or going into the discard are "three generations of a number of families throughout the works."

STARTLING ACTUARY FIGURES PROVE THAT MATRIMONY IS THE BEST INSURANCE POLICY

TO the husband who begins to wonder whether his marriage is a saving investment, science has something to say. It also speaks a serious word of warning to bachelors who, between the ages of thirty and fifty, appear to have less than half the chance of living that married men have in that most important period of life.

This may sound like an extravagant statement, but the figures which inspire it and which we find in the *Woman's Home Companion* are startling. They are compiled by Professor Willcox, of Cornell University, who has been analyzing the death-rate of the male population of New York State as disclosed by the census statistics. The following table shows the percentage of deaths among the unmarried as contrasted with the married:

Age	Death Rate of Unmarried Men	Death Rate of Unmarried Women
20-29	57% greater	18% less
30-39	119% "	17% greater
40-49	105% "	22% "
50-59	69% "	37% "
60-69	60% "	32% "
70-79	39% "	34% "

In the following tables the death rate per thousand of population is shown:

UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC HOME NEEDS

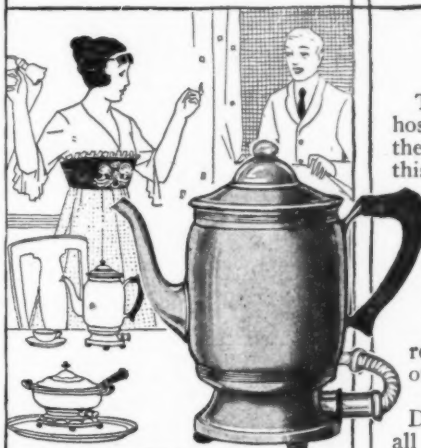
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The complete independence of the hostess in preparing meals directly at the table is one of the chief charms of this modern method of electrical table service.

The maid may have gone, the fire be out and other hindrances arise, but with the proper Universal equipment on the table the meal may still be cooked quickly, conveniently and with a uniformity of result that cannot be obtained in any other way.

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UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC HEATING PAD
No. E 9940—\$7.50

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The kitchen can be made a far more agreeable place in which to work if everyone would do their summer ironing electrically. The many unnecessary steps to and from the ironing board and the oppressive heat of the coal or gas stove can be done away with by using the Universal Electric Iron. The operator remains cool and comfortable while the iron is always hot.

If desired the veranda or coolest room in the house may be utilized for ironing purposes by simply attaching the cord to the nearest light-socket.

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When baby is ill or serious sickness threatens, nothing is quite so handy or so important as the soft, warm comfort of the Universal Heating Pad. With a simple pressure of the cord-switch the heat may be regulated to just the right degree and will remain at the same temperature as long as desired.

For chronic invalids its dry, odorless heat is a constant solace, and on cold nights or for use on sleeping-porches its service is an all-important one.

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MALES

Age	Single	Married	Widowed & Divorced
20-29	6.6	4.2	12.0
30-39	12.9	5.9	14.1
40-49	19.5	9.5	17.3
50-59	28.7	17.0	30.5
60-69	51.0	31.9	48.6
70-79	101.4	72.7	96.0
80	204.2	205.1	315.7

FEMALES

Age	Single	Married	Widowed & Divorced
20-29	4.7	5.7	9.4
30-39	7.4	6.3	9.5
40-49	10.0	8.2	12.1
50-59	19.9	14.5	18.8
60-69	37.1	28.1	38.2
70-79	82.2	61.4	87.2
80	279.8	194.8	268.9

From such figures there can be no argument, no appeal. They prove conclusively that men who have homes, who eat, live and sleep regularly, who have proper attention when they are ill, and a constant incentive to industriousness, outlive single men. Matrimony would seem to be the best sort of life insurance—the kind whose policies should never be permitted to lapse. Nature gives short shrift to the widowed and the divorced, comments the *Home Companion*, citing the above figures as proof that what is true in one state is true in all.

Shear Nonsense

A Steady Job.

"Can you tell me," said the court, addressing Enrico Ufuzzi, under examination at Union Hill, New Jersey, as to his qualifications for citizenship, "the difference between the powers and prerogatives of the King of England and those of the President of the United States?" "Yezzir," spoke up Ufuzzi promptly, as reported by the San Francisco *Argonaut*, "King, he got steady job."

Ahead of Them All.

A prominent physician of whom we read in the N. Y. *Times*, upon opening the door of his consulting-room, asked: "Who has been waiting longest?"

"I have," spoke up a man in a stentorian voice. "I'm your tailor. I delivered your clothes four weeks ago."

Cannon Fodder.

Uncle Joe Cannon, according to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is a great lover of green corn. One day he took one of his Illinois farmer constituents to dinner with him in Washington. Cannon made his dinner on green corn, eating seven ears. The farmer asked him how much board cost at the Willard. Cannon replied: "Six dollars a day."

"Well, Joe," said the farmer constituent, "don't you think it would be cheaper for you to board at a livery stable?"

He Drew the Line at Eating His Country.

Last summer, says *Tit-Bits*, during a particularly nasty dust-storm at one of the camps, a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain. After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook: "If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much of the dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out: "See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."

An Embarrassing Sermon.

In one of the mining towns of Arizona, says *Harper's*, there is a church that has an

excellent young pastor, but the attendance, unfortunately, is small. Among the members is a rather attractive young widow. One evening, when the attendance had been unusually small, she met the deacon after service, who shook hands heartily and asked: "How did you like the sermon?"

"I think it was just too perfectly lovely for anything," gushed the widow; "but the congregation was so small to-night that every time the preacher said 'dearly beloved' I positively blushed."

Chicken in the Shell.

"How's the grub here?" a new boarder asked genially, rubbing his hands, at the dinner table of a boarding house, described in the *N. Y. Globe*.

"Well, sir, we have chicken every morning for breakfast," an old boarder grunted.

"Chicken every morning?"

The new boarder positively beamed.

"Chicken every morning? And how is it served?"

"In the shell!" grunted the old boarder.

This Happened in Ireland.

A shrewd manager in one of Ireland's stores, according to *The Truth Seeker*, was recently "downed" by a raw junior clerk of unexpected prevision.

The clerk had completed a sale to a lady who had purchased shoes, value 21s. 2d. On opening her purse, she found she had only 16s. 2d. to pay for them. "Never mind," she said, "I'll take the shoes and pay the 5s. balance to-morrow."

The clerk took her money and made up her parcel, and away she went.

Now advances the all-seeing manager, like a destroying angel. "Why!" shouted he, "she may never come back!"

"Oh, won't she!" said the clerk. "Of course she'll come back. Shure, I've given her two rights."

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

Some time ago at a public meeting Pett Ridge, the English novelist, told of a man who entered a London police-court. The magistrate happened to recognize him as a fellow-clubman and genially invited him to take a seat on the bench. "I see you have a remarkably tough lot of customers to deal with this morning," he said in surprise to the magistrate. "Hush," replied the magistrate, shaking his head to impose silence, "those are the lawyers."

His Fidelity.

Upon the recent death in a Western town of a politician, mentioned in *Puck*, who, at one time, served his country in a very high legislative place, a number of newspaper men were collaborating in an obituary notice.

"What shall we say of the former Senator?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"And," queried a cynical member of the group, "shall we mention the name of the trust?"

Tombstone Appraisements.

It is said to be a custom in some Scotch communities, according to *The Continent*, to walk through the cemeteries on the Sabbath, by way of maintaining the proper rigorous mental attitude. Sandy MacTosh, who had never been suspected of brilliance of thought, returned home from one of these Sunday excursions and said:

"Feyther, I took a bit walk about th' cemetery th' day, an' I readit a' th' inscriptions on th' tombstones."

"Ay? An' whit wis yer thochts efter ye had feenished?" asked his stern parent.

"Weel, feyther, I wunnert whaur a' th' wicked fowk wis buried."

The Irish Cook and the Thermometer.

There is in the employ of a Brooklyn woman, so we read in the *San Francisco Argonaut*, an Irish cook who has managed to break nearly every variety of article that the household contains. The mistress' patience reached its limit recently when she discovered that the cook had broken the

thermometer that hung in the dining-room. "Well, well," sighed the lady of the house, in a resigned way, "you've managed to break even the thermometer, haven't you?" Whereupon, in a tone equally resigned, the cook said: "Yis, mum; and now we'll have to take the weather just as it comes, won't we?"

Why Wet Tea-Leaves Kill Cockroaches.

The scientist, in a story told by *Tit-Bits*, had given a very scientific lecture, and at the end he said, beaming down on his audience condescendingly:

"Now, if there is any scientific question that any of my friends would like to ask, I beg them not to hesitate. I shall be only too happy to answer any inquiry in my power."

An old lady in spectacles that gave her a severe, stern look rose and said:

"Why do wet tea-leaves kill cockroaches?"

The scientist did not know wet tea-leaves did anything of the kind, much less the cause of the phenomenon; but, never at a loss, he replied:

"Because, madam, when a cockroach comes across a wet tea-leaf, he says: 'Halloo, here's a blanket,' and wraps himself up in it, catches cold, and dies."

Yellower Than Deep Yellow.

Some seventeen or eighteen years ago, says Irvin Cobb in *McClure's*, there was an especially heated gubernatorial race down in Kentucky, where gubernatorial races are always heated and sometimes are overheated. But this one was red-hot. Theodore Hallam, of Covington, an old war horse of the dominant party, bolted the nomination and took the stump for an independent candidate.

Hallam fired the opening gun of the campaign at Bowling Green, speaking in the court-house. The Chamber was packed with partisans and enemies. Hardly had the orator started before a stalwart of the regulars jumped to his feet and demanded the right to put a question.

"What is the question?" asked Hallam.

"Didn't you say at the state convention, no more than four weeks ago, that if the Dimmycrats of Kentucky nominated a yaller dog fur governor you would support him?" demanded the interrupting person.

"I did," replied Hallam in the midst of a great calm, "I said it then, and I repeat it now, and stick to it. When the Democrats of Kentucky nominate a yellow dog for governor I will support him—but lower than that ye shall not drag me!"



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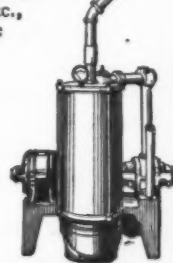
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ESTABLISHED 1865

HOW IT FEELS TO BE TORPEDOED

[It was the journalistic good fortune of Floyd P. Gibbons, correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, to be aboard the ill-starred liner *Laconia* when she was torpedoed by a German submarine and sunk. His vivid story, in part as follows, is the first description by a trained writer of the destruction of a liner, or any other vessel, by a U-boat. As such it ranks as one of the most remarkable stories of the war.]

I HAVE serious doubts whether this is a real story. I am not entirely certain that it is not all a dream and that in a few minutes I will wake up back in stateroom B 19 on the promenade deck of the Cunarder *Laconia* and hear my cockney steward informing me with an abundance of "and sirs" that it is a fine morning.

I am writing this within thirty minutes after stepping on the dock here in Queenstown from the British mine sweeper which picked up our open lifeboat after an eventful six hours of drifting and darkness and baling and pulling on the oars and of straining aching eyes toward that empty, meaningless horizon in search of help. But, dream or fact, here it is:

The first-cabin passengers were gathered in the lounge Sunday evening, with the exception of the bridge fiends in the smoke-room. "Poor Butterfly" was dying wearily on the talking-machine and several couples were dancing.

About the tables in the smoke-room the conversation was limited to the announcement of bids and orders to the stewards. This group had about exhausted available discussion when the ship gave a sudden lurch sideways and forward. There was a muffled noise like the slamming of some large door at a good distance away. The slightness of the shock and the meekness of the report compared with my imagination was disappointing. Every man in the room was on his feet in an instant.

I looked at my watch. It was 10.30. Then came five blasts on the whistle. We rushed down the corridor leading from the smoking-room at the stern to the lounge, which was amidships. We were running, but there was no panic. The occupants of the lounge were just leaving by the forward doors as we entered.

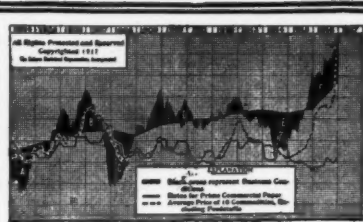
It was dark when we reached the lower deck. I rushed into my stateroom, grabbed life preservers and overcoat and made my way to the upper deck on that same dark landing.

I saw the chief steward opening an electric switch box in the wall and turning on the switch. Instantly the boat decks were illuminated. That illumination saved lives.

THE torpedo had hit us well astern on the starboard side and had missed the engines and the dynamos. I had not noticed the deck lights before. Throughout the voyage our decks had remained dark at night and all cabin port-holes were clamped down and all windows covered with opaque paint.

The illumination of the upper deck, on which I stood, made the darkness of the water, sixty feet below, appear all the blacker when I peered over the edge at my station boat, No. 10.

Already the boat was loading up and men and boys were busy with the ropes. I started to help near a davit that seemed to be giving trouble, but was stoutly or-



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dered to get out of the way and get into the boat.

We were on the port side, practically opposite the engine well. Up and down the deck passengers and crew were donning lifebelts, throwing on overcoats and taking positions in the boats. There were a number of women, but only one appeared hysterical. . . .

The boat started downward with a jerk toward the seemingly hungry rising and falling swells. Then we stopped and remained suspended in midair while the men at the bow and the stern swore and tussled with the lowering ropes. The stern of the boat was down, the bow up, leaving us at an angle of about 45 degrees. We clung to the seats to save ourselves from falling out.

"Who's got a knife? A knife! a knife!" bawled a sweating seaman in the bow.

"Great God! Give him a knife," bawled a half-dressed, gibbering negro stoker who wrung his hands in the stern.

A hatchet was thrust into my hand, and I forwarded it to the bow. There was a flash of sparks as it crashed down on the holding pulley. Many feet and hands pushed the boat from the side of the ship and we sagged down again, this time smacking squarely on the pillowy top of a rising swell.

AS we pulled away from the side of the ship its receding terrace of lights stretched upward. The ship was slowly turning over. We were opposite that part occupied by the engine rooms. There was a tangle of oars, spars and rigging on the seat and considerable confusion before four of the big sweeps could be manned on either side of the boat.

The gibbering bullet-headed negro was pulling directly behind me and I turned to quiet him as his frantic reaches with his oar were hitting me in the back.

"Get away from her, get away from her," he kept repeating. "When the water hits her hot boilers she'll blow up, and there's just tons and tons of shrapnel in the hold."

His excitement spread to other members of the crew in the boat.

It was the give-way of nerve tension. It was bedlam and nightmare.

We rested on our oars, with all eyes on the still lighted *Laconia*. The torpedo had struck at 10.30 P. M. It was thirty minutes afterward that another dull thud, which was accompanied by a noticeable drop in the hull, told its story of the second torpedo that the submarine had despatched through the engine room and the boat's vitals from a distance of 200 yards.

We watched silently during the next minute, as the tiers of lights dimmed slowly from white to yellow, then a red and nothing was left but the murky mourning of the night, which hung over all like a pall.

A mean, cheese-colored crescent of a moon revealed one horn above a ragged bundle of clouds low in the distance. A rim of blackness settled around our little world, relieved only by general leering stars in the zenith, and where the *Laconia's* lights had shone there remained only the dim outlines of a blacker hulk standing out above the water like a jagged headland, silhouetted against the overcast sky.

The ship sank rapidly at the stern until at last its nose stood straight in the air. Then it slid silently down and out of sight like a piece of disappearing scenery in a panorama spectacle.

Boat No. 3 stood closest to the ship and rocked about in a perilous sea of clashing spars and wreckage. As our boat's crew steadied its head into the wind a black hulk, glistening wet and standing about eight feet above the surface of the water, approached slowly and came to a stop opposite the boat and not six feet from the side of it.

"What ship was dot?" The correct words in throaty English with a German accent came from the dark hulk, according to Chief Steward Ballyn's statement to me later.

"The *Laconia*," Ballyn answered.

"Vot?"

"The *Laconia*, Cunard Line," responded the steward.

"Vot did she weigh?" was the next question from the submarine.

"Eighteen thousand tons."

"Any passengers?"

"Seventy-three," replied Ballyn, "men, women and children, some of them in this boat. She had over 200 in the crew."

"Did she carry cargo?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll be all right. The patrol will pick you up soon." And without further sound save for the almost silent fixing of the conning tower lid, the submarine moved off.

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THERE was no assurance of an early pick-up, even tho the promise were from a German source, for the rest of the boats, whose occupants—if they felt and spoke like those in my boat—were more than mildly anxious about their plight and the prospects of rescue.

The fear of some of the boats crashing together produced a general inclination toward further separation on the part of all the little units of survivors, with the result that soon the small craft stretched out for several miles, all of them endeavoring to keep their heads in the wind.

And then we saw the first light—the first sign of help coming—the first searching glow of white brilliance, deep down on the sombre sides of the black pot of night that hung over us.

It was way over there—first a trembling quiver of silver against the blackness; then, drawing closer, it defined itself as a beckoning finger, altho still too far away yet to see our feeble efforts to attract it.

We pulled, pulled, lustily forgetting the strain and pain of innards torn and racked from pain, vomiting—oblivious of blistered hands and wet, half frozen feet.

Then a nodding of that finger of light—a happy, snapping, crap-shooting finger that seemed to say: "Come on, you men," like a dice player wooing the bones—led us to believe that our lights had been seen. This was the fact, for immediately the coming vessel flashed on its green and red side lights and we saw it was headed for our position.

"Come alongside port!" was megaphoned to us. And as fast as we could we swung under the stern, while a dozen flashlights blinked down to us and orders began to flow fast and thick.

A score of hands reached out, and we were suspended in the husky tattooed arms of those doughty British jack tars, looking up into the weather-beaten, youthful faces, mumbling thanks and thankfulness and reading in the gold lettering on their pancake hats the legend "H. M. S. Laburnum."

(Continued from page 282.)

as three new silver moons to the poor lace peddler.

"Angela no thief," she gasped. "I no cheat you, Signor, when you so good to me. Angela give it all back. Fifteen cents all Angela want."

"No; keep it, Angela," I replied. "It is for you and Alsandra. It is to help bring him to America."

The great dark eyes looked at me incredulously. Joy and fear alternated in their limpid depths.

"Oh, Signor," she gasped, "you joke. You play trick on Angela. You make her so happy like heaven and then she want to cry."

"It is no joke," I said. "They are for you and Alsandra. I want to help you to bring him to America."

EAGERLY she gathered the three shining silver dollars into her small hands. I could see her breast heaving; her pearly teeth bit hard over her lips. She was winking very fast, but tears were shining between her lashes.

"Signor," she sobbed, "God is so good to Angela. I just say such bad things about Him."

She caught my hand in her own brave small hands, and before I knew what was coming, covered it with kisses and tears.

"O Signor, Alsandra—he—I—" she could get no further.

With a great sob of uncontrollable joy she fell upon her knees before a chair and buried her face in a cushion. Her atti-

tude was so tense and devout that at last it dawned upon even my slow intelligence that she was praying. Returning thanks to the good God for three "plunks."

The silence in the room grew so profound that it was painful, yet it seemed filled with sweet peace. Faith was there—faith like that of a child. The little Dutch clock on the mantle ticked away so loudly that I wanted to get up and smash it. It had no sense of beautiful things; of the faith and love in that simple-hearted little lace peddler.

It was no place for a doubting Thomas like myself, so I tiptoed softly out of the room. Like Moses, I wanted to take off my shoes. It was holy ground.

After a few minutes I returned to the room, first announcing my coming with a deep cough.

Angela was sitting upon a chair strapping up her pack. But it was not the same Angela who had sold me the lace a few minutes before.

The face of this Angela was all sunshine and joy. Her eyes were two great stars, and no pain was in them. Her voice, when she spoke, was all music.

"Signor," she said, "you make heaven all about you, and gladness all through Angela, so she want to sing.

"I will pay you all back some day—Alsandra and I. I will pray to the mother of Christ every night. She will be good to you, because you were good to Angela. I will bring Alsandra as soon as he comes, and he will thank you, too. We will both pray for you always."

I helped her with her pack to the door, and she went singing down the street.

SUMMER slipped into Autumn so quietly that no one knew when one departed and the other came, but Autumn was here. The goldenrod and the asters were bright along the roadside, and the bees were gathering the last honey.

The grapes on my vines hung in dark purple clusters, and their fragrance filled the house. Especially was this noticeable in the evening, when the dew fell. Grapes whether in blossom or with the bloom on always made me think of Angela.

I had been thinking of her three weeks before when I noticed a rate war among the competing steamships plying between America and Italy. Would it help Angela and Alsandra? Would they know? I would have advised her of the cut, but knew nothing of where she lived. She was just the little lace peddler to me, homeless as the wind.

I sat in my study one beautiful October morning writing when I heard the triumphal procession coming from afar off. But I was not wise. Who would expect a triumphal procession to be announced by a hurdy-gurdy?

Instead of rushing to the door to meet and greet them, I said, to the devil with hurdy-gurdys, for they interrupted my thought.

Nearer and nearer came the triumphant music-box, playing away like a whole brass band. It had been a bit of "Il Trovatore" when I first heard it, but it lapsed vulgarly into "The Wearing of the Green" as it came into my street.

Just in the middle of my most beautiful thought there came a timid knock at the door. Somehow the knock reminded me of something or somebody, but I was so deep in thought I did not know what. "Buy something, Mister," called a cheery voice as I stepped into the hall.

Then a laugh like a score of silver bells pealed out through the hall. It was my little lace peddler come back to me.

I laughed too, and opened the door for her. She was so radiant and full of sunshine and happiness that I wanted her inside, that I might warm my own flagging spirits from her abundance.

"O no; you come out," she said. "Alsandra is here—I want you know Alsandra. He want to thank you, too."

THEN Alsandra came limping forward. He went upon a crutch, but his spirits were not lame. He was too full of sunshine and laughter.

He was not over twenty, and seemed even younger. He looked slightly pale even through his olive skin.

"Alsandra," said the girl, taking one of his hands in hers, and I could see by the touch, which was a caress, how she loved him. "Alsandra—this is my friend—the signor who gave us three dollars. It is because he make heaven always that you are here, Alsandra.

"Alsandra he not speak much American, but his heart will speak for him."

It was true that Alsandra could not speak much English, but the torrent of broken English and pure Italian that he poured out was like a brook in spring-time gone mad with the freshet.

I could not understand his jargon, but I could understand the tears in his dark

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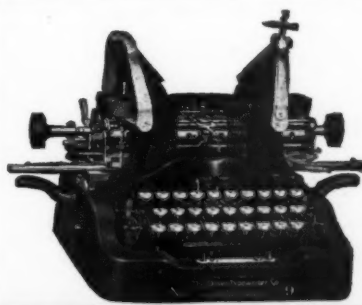
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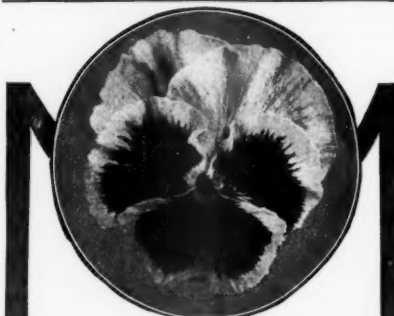
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eyes, and the blushes that covered his swarthy face.

"Alsandra feel so bad he can no tell you," said Angela apologetically.

Alsandra jabbered and gesticulated until he could stand it no longer, then he caught my hand in his own thin hand and kissed it just as Angela had done that day I gave her the money.

"Tell him I understand, and it is all right," I said. His gratitude was written all over him from head to foot.

"We hire hurdy-gurdy," explained Angela gleefully. "Alsandra have a boy push it. I help too. Some day we buy hurdy-gurdy. Some day we buy monk too. Some day we buy all things, but we so happy to-day, we no care."

"I am very glad for you both," I said. "It is fine that you have him at last. You are a brave girl, Angela, and you deserve all your happiness."

"Signor," asked Angela timidly, like a child seeking a great favor, "may we go into your grape-arbor? It smell so good. It like Italia. Alsandra say it like Italia."

"Certainly," I replied. "Eat all the grapes you want, and stay as long as you wish. It is cool in the arbor."

Like happy children, chattering their Italian, they went into the arbor.

I WENT back into my study, but sat down at a window overlooking the arbor. If I was not a partner of their joy I wanted to be as near it as possible. I had invested three "plunks" in this romance and a lot of real interest besides. In the cool arbor Angela made Alsandra sit upon a bench while she picked him the largest bunch of grapes she could find. She mothered him as tho he were a child.

There in the cool and the fragrance they sat, while their low Italian came to me in sweet cadence.

Presently Alsandra slipped to his knees and buried his head in Angela's lap.

"Angela," he sobbed, "you so good to me. I love you, I love you."

The girl bent over him, her nimble hands playing with his dark hair.

"It is because I love you, Alsandra," she returned. "Love makes me strong. I no feel ache when the pack heavy. I think every day bring Alsandra nearer."

Alsandra still sat upon the grass with his head in her lap and his arms about her waist. He seemed to wish to humble himself.

I knew how he felt. It was because of his lameness, and my heart went out to him. He could not do the man's part, and how he worshiped this brave little woman who had done it for him.

"Alsandra," said Angela coyly, "I like your arms about my neck."

Alsandra slipped to the bench beside her and took as full toll from her ripe lips as any bee ever did of honeysuckle or rose, while the morning sun filtered through the leafy bower and splashed them with golden sunbeams.

I watched and listened until I was quite sure that the love-making was over, and then I went back to the piazza, feeling much ashamed of my eavesdropping, but very happy myself, for some of their joy had spilled over upon me.

Presently, after they had wrung my hand again and again, and thanked me until I felt quite ashamed of my part in the love story of the two, they went chattering and laughing down the street, the happiest lovers in all America that day.

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